PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1983 **$3.00**

JIMMY CARTER'S FRANKEST INTERVIEW:

WHAT HE COULDN'T SAY AS PRESIDENT

CHILD MOLESTERS AND THEIR VICTIMS:

A SHOCKING REPORT ON THE MOST SECRET SEX CRIME

THE DEADLY YAKUZA:

MAFIA MADE IN JAPAN

PLUS:

DAVID BRENNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, FICTION BY ANTHONY BURGESS, AND MICHAEL KORDA ON POWER DRINKS

Austria 98.00S
Finland 25.00FM
Germany 14.00DM
Greece 400DRS

Come to
Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
FILTER CIGARETTES
100's
Marlboro
100's
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—
100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81

PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/April 1983

Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE
VICE-CHAIRMAN: KATHY KEETON
MANAGING EDITOR: HEIDI HANDMAN
SENIOR EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
GRAPHICS DIRECTOR: FRANK DEVINO
ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
ART DIRECTOR: RICHARD BLEIWEISS

CONTENTS			**PAGE**
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		10
FEEDBACK	Opinion		38
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	45
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	49
SCENES		James Delson	50
TELEVISION		Nick Tosches	52
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	54
WORDS		Marilyn Stasio	56
SOUNDS		Bob Spence	58
CHILD MOLESTERS AND THEIR VICTIMS	Article	Allan Sonnenschein	60
THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT	Pictorial	Photos by S. Duroy/Black Star	64
HOW I BECAME THE KING OF PRACTICAL JOKERS . . . AND OTHER DISASTERS	Article	David Brenner	74
YAKUZA	Article	Bill Lawren	78
VERONIQUE	Pet of the Month	Photos by Hank Londoner	81
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson	100
THE U.N.: INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF ANTI-SEMITISM	Essay	Arnold Forster	102
WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE	Pictorial	Photos by Burt Bunger	107
JIMMY CARTER	Interview	Russell Warren Howe	116
ORI HOFMEKLER	Satire		119
THE END OF THE WORLD NEWS	Fiction	Anthony Burgess	120
MARTY	Pictorial	Photos by Ron Raffielli	126
HARD TIMES	Humor		135
HOW TOUGH ARE YOU?	Quiz	Frank Donegan	139
POWER DRINKS	Service	Michael Korda	144
SPUDS IN DUDS	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	156
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	174

This month's cover features Linda Kenton, who was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 37.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 00902020), U.S. Volume 14, Number 8. © Copyright 1983 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. Distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications, Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by SM Distribution, Ltd., 16/18 Trinity Gardens, London SW9. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y. and at other mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$30.00 one year; Canada—$40.00 one year; and elsewhere—$40.00 one year. Single copies $3.00 in U.S. and AFO ($3.50 December and January issues), $3.50 in Canada. Address changes, etc., should be mailed to Penthouse Magazine, 80 New Bridge Road, Bergenfield, NJ 07621. Tel. 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272).

Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, California 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications, Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181—Telex 919865. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.

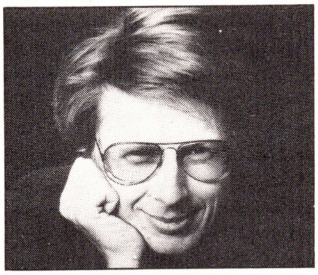
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

"Hey Montana Joe! Show us how you Dingo!"

When a superstar like Joe Montana pairs off with Dingo® boots, nothing can keep him down. Dingos are tough, good-looking leather. For dressing up or just kicking around. Take it from Montana Joe. The man knows style. He knows comfort. And he sure knows how to Dingo.

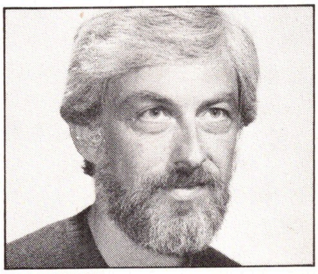
dingo®

Acme Boot Co., Inc., P.O. Box 749, Clarksville, Tenn. 37040. Toll-free 800-251-1382 (except in Tenn.). A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc.

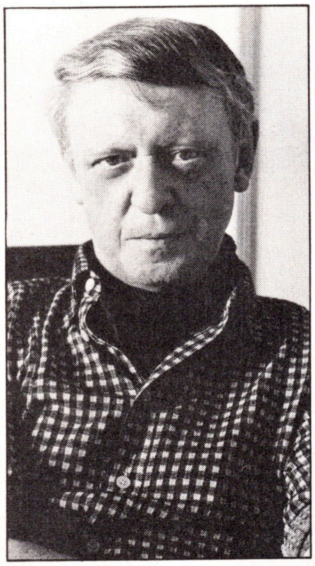


MICHAEL KORDA

Milton H. Greene

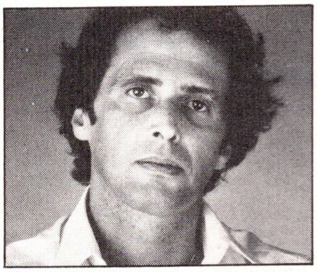


BILL LAWREN



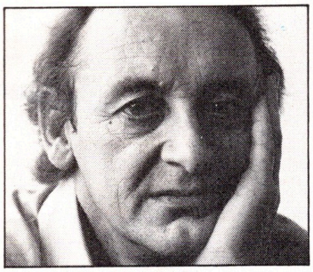
ANTHONY BURGESS

Jerry Bauer



ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

John Muth



RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

SHOJI NADAYA

We're proud and happy this month to announce the birth of yet another member of the ever expanding family of *Penthouse* magazines. Joining the six foreign editions already on sale around the world—i.e., British, German, Spanish, Italian, Brazilian, and Australian—is the all-new Japanese edition, produced by Kodansha, Ltd., one of Japan's leading publishers. **Bob Guccione**, founder-president of Penthouse International, has flown to Tokyo to help celebrate the new arrival, which, in the words of Shoji Nadaya, its editor-in-chief, will be a "new, vital, and very visual magazine," geared to anyone with a genuine appetite for life, love, and adventure and the sensitivity to understand and appreciate them. With the launching of *Penthouse* in Japan, it can now truly be said that the sun never sets on the *Penthouse* empire.

HOUSECALL

"Most people aren't aware of the problem," *Penthouse* contributing editor **Allan Sonnenschein** was told. "Some get sick over it ...or they simply don't want to know about it." Sonnenschein was talking to a therapist at the New York State Psychiatric Institute. They were talking about men who sexually molest very young children, a subject so repulsive to most people that they refuse to acknowledge some of its harsher truths—first, that the problem is much larger and more widespread than commonly believed; and, second, that most sex molesters are not the stereotypical dirty old man or seedy-looking, rubber-raincoated stranger but rather clean-cut, "responsible" people. In his shocking, firsthand report, "Child Molesters and Their Victims: Close Encounters of the Worst Kind" (page 60), Sonnenschein talks to many sex offenders and their doctors as well as to police officers and spokesmen for pedophile groups (who, in many instances, are actually proud of their behavior). "Your magazine can stop this unfortunate chain of thinking, viewing sex with children as harmful," one of the pedophiles told Sonnenschein. "But," he added, "if you want to promote body guilt, as most of your questions indicate, then you're being one of the master devils of the journalistic world." At the risk of suffering further condemnation, we're happy to publish Sonnenschein's article in the hope that by exposing to public scrutiny the kind of men who, among other things, proselytize the joys of anal sex with four-year-old boys and girls, we will take a first step in helping to safeguard our children.

The Japanese criminals who call themselves *yakuza* ("useless men") are obviously under no illusions about their status. But, according to investigative reporter **Bill Lawren** (page 78), these self-styled descendants of the great samurai warriors have created "an organized-crime network whose influence and political clout at home and abroad make the Cosa Nostra look bush-league." From extortions and white slavery to narcotics, gambling, and pornography, there is hardly a criminal activity that is not dominated by these gangs. But the scariest thing of all is the very real possibility that these thugs will form an unholy alliance with the American Mafia, creating "the first multinational syndicate in the history of organized crime."

This month's interview, a candid conversation between former President **Jimmy Carter** and Washington journalist **Russell Warren Howe**, is also certain to have international repercussions (page 116). Carter, Howe told us, "came across as a man convinced that his loss of office was God's will, intended to make him contribute his considerable talents to humanity in other ways." And clearly Carter sees his first task as helping to bring peace to the Middle East—discussing the issues and personalities involved with an openness that was impossible while he was president.

The newest book by **Anthony Burgess**, the best-selling author of *A Clockwork Orange* and *Earthly Powers,* vividly depicts an even greater threat to all of us—namely, the end of the world. But so far, fortunately, it's all fiction; and, thanks to Burgess's genius, it's hair-raisingly enjoyable. You can sample *The End of the World News* beginning on page 120.

Simon & Schuster editor-in-chief **Michael Korda** has made a best-selling career writing witty books about power and success (like *Power!* and *Success!*), in addition to family chronicles (*Charmed Lives*) and novels (*Worldly Goods,* which we excerpted last year). On page 144 he gives us the latest inside report on what libations are favored by truly powerful men—a group of people Korda has been studying closely all his life.

David Brenner, one of America's most successful comedians, makes a hilarious *Penthouse* debut in an excerpt from his new autobiography, *Soft Pretzels With Mustard and Other Revelations of a South Philadelphia Boy* (page 74), which will be published by Arbor House.

Other features include the latest in men's fashions, displayed by that most fashionable new-wave rock band, Devo (page 156); satirical art by our newest regular contributor, **Ori Hofmekler** (page 119); and **Frank Donegan**'s Psychographic Quiz, which tests your hidden vulnerabilities (page 139).

Of course, we're all vulnerable to the feminine charms so lavishly bestowed on this month's April flowering of Pets! Trying to resist them is a test we would most happily fail—again and again (and again)...Try it yourself and see!

"In my book, quality makes Smirnoff worth asking for. Its value makes it a best-seller."

ROBERT LUDLUM,
author of
The Parsifal Mosaic
and 10 other
best-sellers.

"I weave webs of intrigue in my books, but when it comes to vodka, I'm easy to read.

"Whenever I'm in a restaurant or bar, I simply ask for Smirnoff® vodka. Smirnoff. *Specifically.*

"Why? Because no other vodka is filtered for purity and clarity the Smirnoff way. That's what gives Smirnoff its ultimate quality. And when I spy Smirnoff at the bar, I know the people who pour it won't settle for less. That's my kind of place. And drink.

"Sure, Smirnoff may cost a little more, but in my book, quality always does."

Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CT.—"MADE IN U.S.A."

A BEAUTIFUL DEFIN

Torque by itself isn't very exciting. It's just a way of measuring how much force an engine exerts on its crankshaft.

It's what torque does for a motorcycle that's the exciting part. A motorcycle, for instance, like the CX650 Custom.

Beneath its teardrop tank is the same engine configuration that powers our incredible Turbo: A liquid-cooled, shaft-driven 80° V-Twin with high compression four-valve heads.

And what it produces is a staggering 40.8 foot-pounds of torque.

For those of you who never went to M.I.T., we'll tell you exactly what that means.

This motorcycle pumps out loads of power where you don't usually expect it. In the low-range and the mid-range.

Which makes the powerband wider, so you don't have to shift gears as often.

CAL
4U5931
DUNLOP
QUALIFIER
Custom CX
HONDA
CX650
HONDA

ITION OF TORQUE.

HONDA
FOLLOW THE LEADER
DUNLOP

It can cruise at lower rpm's so it's smoother and more economical. And when there's something to pass, its incredible torque lets you pass it effortlessly. Without downshifting.

If this sounds like your kind of engine, wait'll you see what kind of motorcycle it comes with. With its rakish front forks, low slung seat and sculptured rear fender, the CX650 Custom gives you a totally new way to look at a 650.

Which is only natural. Because all that torque is going to give you a totally new way to ride one.

ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET AND EYE PROTECTION. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. ©1983 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. For a free brochure, see your Honda dealer. Or write: American Honda, Dept. 563, Box 9000, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

PENTHOUSE®
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION
Bob Guccione *(chairman)*
Kathy Keeton *(vice-chairman)*
David J. Myerson *(chief operating officer)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(secretary-treasurer)*
Marianne Howatson *(associate publisher)*

EDITORIAL
Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Managing Editor:* Heidi Handman; *Senior Editors:* Jonathan Black, Peter Bloch, Robert Hofler; *National Affairs Editor:* William R. Corson; *Fiction Editor:* Kathryn Green; *Associate Editor:* Laurie Lister; *Automotive Editor:* Reggie Jackson; *Fashion Editor:* Ed Emmerling; *Humor Editor:* Bill Lee; *Food and Wine Editor:* Laurie Lister; *Research Editor:* Eric Goldstein; *Senior Copy Editors:* David Grambs, Nadine Hwa; *Assistant Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Editorial Assistants:* Karen Schwarz, Rorie Sherman; *Contributing Editors:* Roger Greenspun, Xaviera Hollander, Robert Palmer, Emily Prager, David Rorvik, Robert Sherrill, Allan Sonnenschein, Bob Spitz, Marilyn Stasio, Ben Stein, Nick Tosches, Ernest Volkman; *West Coast Editor:* Toni Biggs

ART
VP/Graphics Director: Frank DeVino; *VP/Art Director, Int'l:* Joe Brooks; *Art Director:* Richard Bleiweiss; *Assistant Art Director:* Sheila Lynn; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Pat Hill, John Copeland; *Associate Staff Photographer:* John Muth; *Photo Editor:* Hildegard Kron; *Ass't. Photo Editor:* Lisa Shapiro

ADMINISTRATIVE
Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Executive Vice-president:* David J. Myerson; *Associate Publisher:* Marianne Howatson; *Sen. VP/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Sen. VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *VP/Corporate Director of New Business Development:* Beverly Wardale; *VP/Finance:* John C. Prebich; *Director of Advertising:* Sharon Amanzio; *Southern Advertising Manager:* Peter Goldsmith; *West Coast Advertising Manager:* Wendy Bloxham; *Midwest Advertising Manager:* Gene Smith; *Associate New York Managers:* Carla J. Edwards, Nancy Kestenbaum, *Advertising Administration Manager:* Leslie Krell Moses; *Controller:* Terry Schott; *National Manager, Chain Accounts:* Woody Bragg; *National Newsstand Sales Manager:* Vincent DeLisi; *National Field Sales Manager:* Charles Anderson, Jr.; *Direct Sales Manager:* Bruce Eldridge; *Subscription Manager:* Paula Collins Hope; *Traffic Manager:* William Harbutt; *Advertising Production Director:* Toni Wagner; *Public Relations Director:* Rich Jachetti; *Production Manager:* Michael Weinglass; *Ass't. Production Manager:* Tom Stinson; *Director of Research and Marketing Services:* Carole Rossant; *Sales Promotion Manager:* Beverly Greiper; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Suzanne Locatelli; *Associate Publisher/Special Publications,* Don Myrus; *Pet Promotion Director,* Jeff Zelmanski

ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York (Sharon Amanzio): 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. *Midwest* (Gene Smith): 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. *South* (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C., 20006, Tel. (202) 298-6050. *West Coast* (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. *U.K. & Europe* (Eleanor Graham): Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

FOREIGN EDITIONS
Sen. V.P./Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Horwitz Grahame Brooks Pty, Limited, P.O. Box 506, Cammerary, NSW 2062; *Brazil:* Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411, Curitiba; *Italy:* Alberto Peruzzo Editore, Milano, via Tito Speri 8; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Wope Verlags Ag, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Penthouse Publications, Ltd. 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England; David Jones, Director of Publications

APRIL

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

JUNE BRIDE

It had been one of those long, hard weeks and I was one guy glad to see Friday afternoon arrive. Looking through my closet at the old wardrobe, I decided to spice things up a bit and go shopping. I went to a local department store and quickly found some new high heels with ankle straps and a lovely, pleated skirt in cream-colored polyester-silk. Moving on to the lingerie department, I saw some cream-colored panties with a ribbed design in the center, outlined by lace. There was also a matching camisole, with a bra in it, that gathered gently at the waist, as well as a half-slip. I made my purchases and returned home. The first thing I did was mix myself a strong drink and slip into a warm, relaxing bubble bath. The booze and the bath quickly took the week's work off my mind. My legs needed a fresh shave, and I let the razor glide up my calves, not stopping until I got to my waist. I was charged up now, so I dried off and began to get dressed in the clothing that I had bought. From the closet I removed a chocolate-brown, silk blouse with a bow on it that matched perfectly and put it on.

My heart pounded with anticipation as I applied my makeup and favorite cologne. Feeling pretty, I slipped out the back door of my apartment and drove to the bar district. When I arrived, I could hear the disco music knocking the walls down. I pranced in the door like I owned the place, but was scared to death. I found an empty table at the back of the dance floor, pulled up a stool, crossed my legs, and ordered a drink. I sipped on it quietly and took in the show. This great-looking guy must have noticed that I was staring a hole in him and asked me to dance. Four or five dances with Greg alleviated my case of nerves and I felt great. Then they played a slow song. Our bodies pressed gently together and when his hands glided across my silk-covered ass, I laid a big kiss on him. This was too much to handle and I said, "Let's get out of here!"

We quickly drove to his place and wasted no time getting to the bedroom. His bed had a satin, quilted comforter that covered up a fine set of satin sheets that I quickly dove into. He undid my blouse and skirt as we kissed passionately. I lay there in my lingerie as he got naked and then I began to lick his smooth cock slowly and expertly. The silky clothes hung down on him, driving him wild, and he soon came in buckets. I removed my heels, hose, panties, and slip and rolled over on my back. My water-balloon tits giggled wildly beneath my lacy camisole as he went down on my throbbing dick. I was absolutely in heaven. He licked the insides of my thighs, my hairless balls, and back to my dick. I soon had the longest and wildest orgasm of my life!

We made love until dawn, and I dressed, kissed him good-bye, and hurried home.

That was three months ago and I have since joined a "tea club" of other transvestites who enjoy dressing and getting together. Greg does not cross-dress but he is still my special lover. I am looking at wedding gowns and we will be married in June. Several of the club members have promised to be bridesmaids at my wedding!—*Name and address withheld*

POINT OF ORDER

I have an interesting idea for a spread. It has to do with how the Muslims classify vulvas: as either cracks or slits. This is according to pelvic inclination and general contour. On a Hamitic or black girl, the cleft is long and deep and the labia are large and thick and sometimes gape, showing the vestibule. This type is bereft of a mons veneris, so this is why the term *slit* is used. A Semitic or Aryan girl has a large mons veneris and the labia are low on the pubis. This is why it is termed the crack.

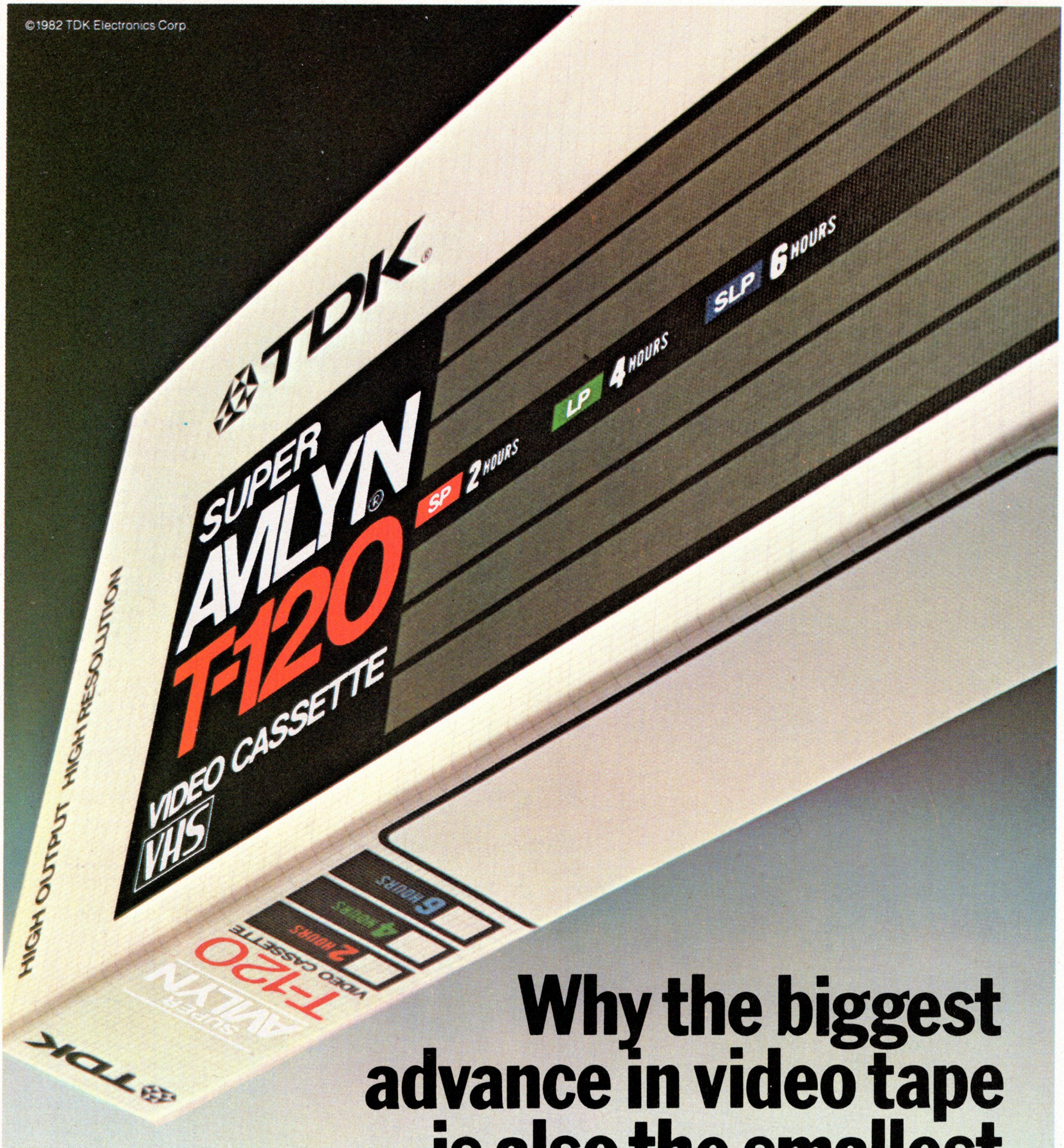
I think this has a lot of potential, for are there any things more beautiful on a woman than her eyes and her vulva? They are like snowflakes in all their forms.—*Name and address withheld*

WATER MUSIC

Like many other young women, I have often wondered if the letters to "Forum" were real or the product of some incredibly gifted staff writer. But I really didn't care, because they have provided the basis for some of my greatest masturbatory sessions. I would like to share my most recent, and one of the most stupendous, sessions ever with you all.

I was vacationing with a girl friend at a Southwest resort ranch. She went on an overnight camp-out, and for two incredibly peaceful days I was left alone. Well, this first night, I got to try something I'd always wanted to do—luxuriate in a Jacuzzi. I spent the entire evening preparing, for the cabin's hot-water tank was not very large and would not provide enough hot water to fill it to the level I wanted. So, all evening, I boiled water on the stove, three potloads going at a time. It took almost three hours to get enough in the tub to compen-

©1982 TDK Electronics Corp.


TDK
SUPER
AVILYN
T-120
VIDEO CASSETTE
VHS
HIGH OUTPUT HIGH RESOLUTION
SP 2 HOURS
LP 4 HOURS
SLP 6 HOURS

Why the biggest advance in video tape is also the smallest.

We developed TDK Super Avilyn magnetic tape particles because we knew that they would make a bigger difference in video picture quality. Super Avilyn particles were made possible by nearly 50 years of TDK's technological research and advances.

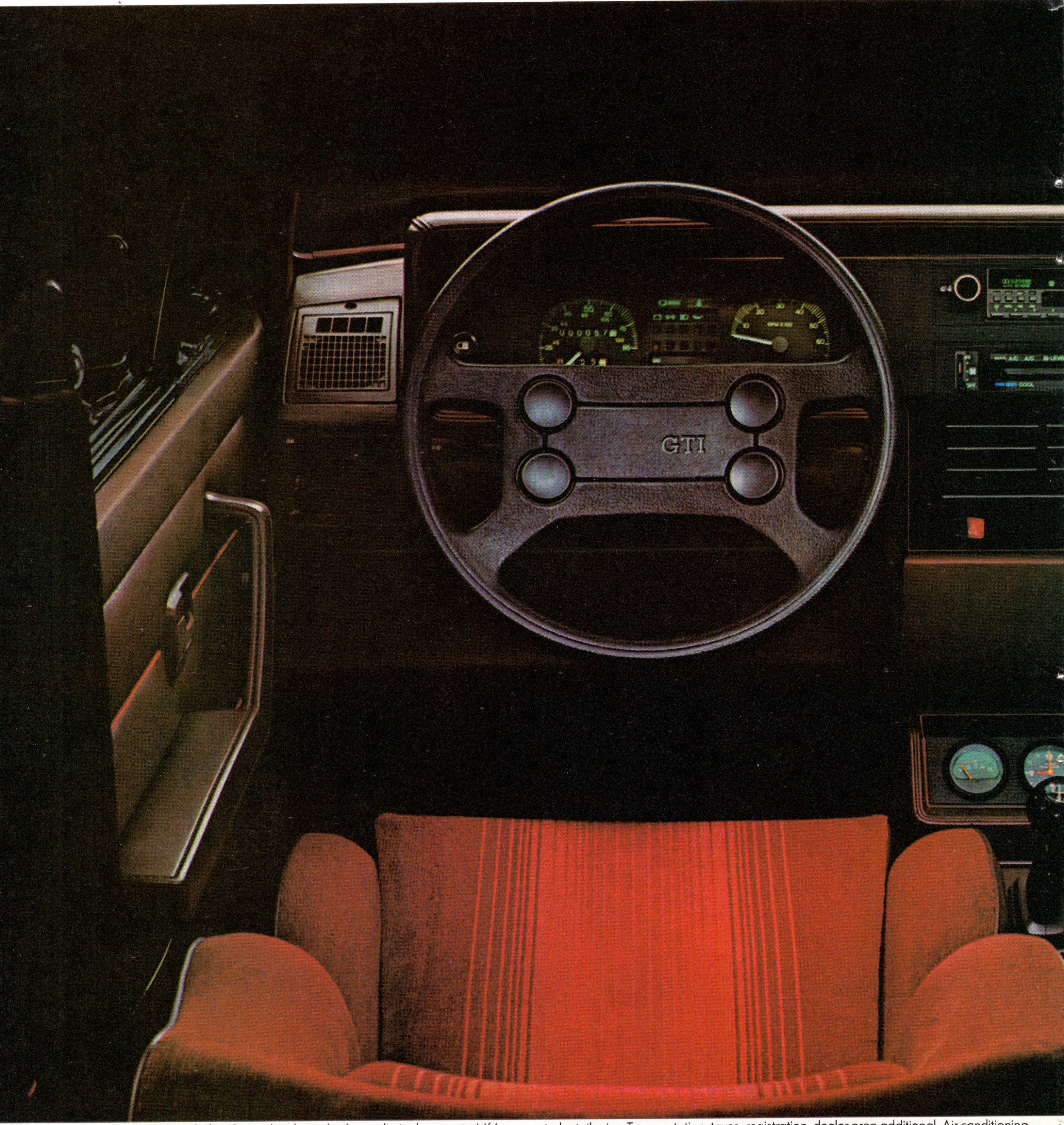
With Super Avilyn, images stay crisp and colors stay true-to-life, even in the six-hour mode. You also get better sound quality because of Super Avilyn's high signal-to-noise ratio. That's why TDK Super Avilyn is America's favorite video tape.

We put our extraordinary tape into an extraordinary shell. TDK's cassette mechanism is built to tolerances 2½ times the industry standard, giving you greater tape-to-head contact, proper tape tension, and most importantly, longer tape life.

So why not get yourself the biggest advance in video tape: TDK Super Avilyn. You'll see why we say great pictures come in small particles.

TDK
SUPER
AVILYN
L-750
TDK
SUPER
AVILYN
T-120
VIDEO CASSETTE
VHS

TDK®
The vision of the future.



$7990. Rabbit GTI includes 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. Mfr's suggested retail price. Transportation, taxes, registration, dealer prep additional. Air conditioning

It compensates for the

German engineers at Volkswagen wanted to know what would happen if an ordinary mortal reached for the shifter on an autobahn at 100 mph and hit the hood release.

Or squirted the windshield instead of lighting the headlights.

Or missed the brake pedal.

Putting controls in the best possible place to fit the driver to the car is a science called ergonomics.

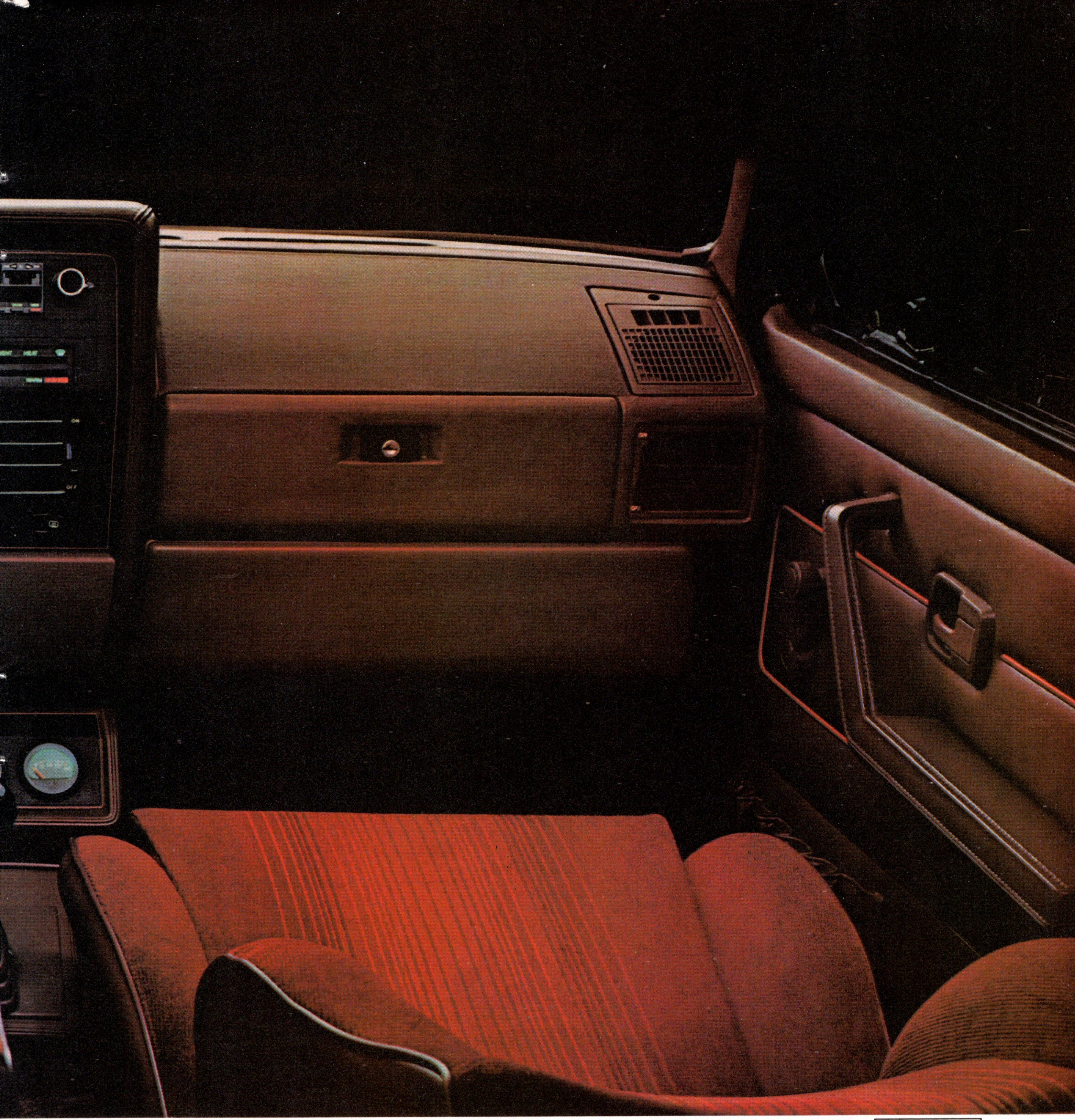
And in a high performance car like the Rabbit GTI, it's vitally important.

Sit inside, you'll see what we mean.

Our engineers designed a tach and speedometer you can read instantly.

The GTI's steering wheel and column—in fact every VW's steering wheel and column—are designed around the length of your finger.

The wheel is thick, but easy to hold.



and radio optional.

Seatbelts save lives.

fact that you're human.

The horn, turn signals, wipers, and high beams are but one finger away.

(That way your other nine stay on the wheel where they belong.)

If you drop your right hand outside your knee it falls square on the shifter.

A Volkswagen won't talk to you.

We don't have fancy light displays in place of a functional dashboard.

We ring you and buzz you as seldom as the law allows.

In a Volkswagen Rabbit GTI even our seats don't just sit there. The design, position, even the fabric play a part to make you a better driver. Engineers at VW even saw to it that the seats are quite attractive.

After all, they're only human.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

sate for the lack of water from the heater, and I even turned the air conditioning off so as not to pull even one smidgen of steam away.

The effort was worth it. I set up my portable tape deck so it wouldn't fall in the water, and I put my favorite Bee Gees tape on, one I had made combining all their later sensual love songs. While the last of the water was running in, I set my lover's picture on the vanity and smoked my second joint of the evening: the high from the first one had just worn down to where the second would give it a great booster shot. I finished the joint just as the faucet started spewing pure cold water out of the hot tap, so I shut the water off, set the timer for twenty-five minutes (the maximum), and gently eased myself in.

I have never felt such wonderful sensations! I've used a shower massage as well as personal vibrators, even a Swedish massager, but they could not compare to this. It was almost as if I were in a Magic Fingers–type water bed. I let the jets spurt all over my body, twisting and turning to let their force strike every possible erogenous zone. All the while, I was writhing in that slow, circular rhythm my lover delights in working me into. My imagination went wild conjuring up all the various things we could do if only he were with me.

His cock does wonderful things in my cunt: it's thick and oval—I'd say it was probably three inches, if not more, across and a good, healthy six inches-plus long, which is more than enough for me, especially when I go down on him.

I finally found a wonderful position, sort of fetal, so the jet at the bottom end was pointed directly at my cunt, forcing the lips apart and striking just below my clitoris, where I could slide back and forth, letting it thrust at me, just as his cock would move me when he was in me. By lying back slightly, the two side jets were each hitting my 40D breasts, arousing me as never before.

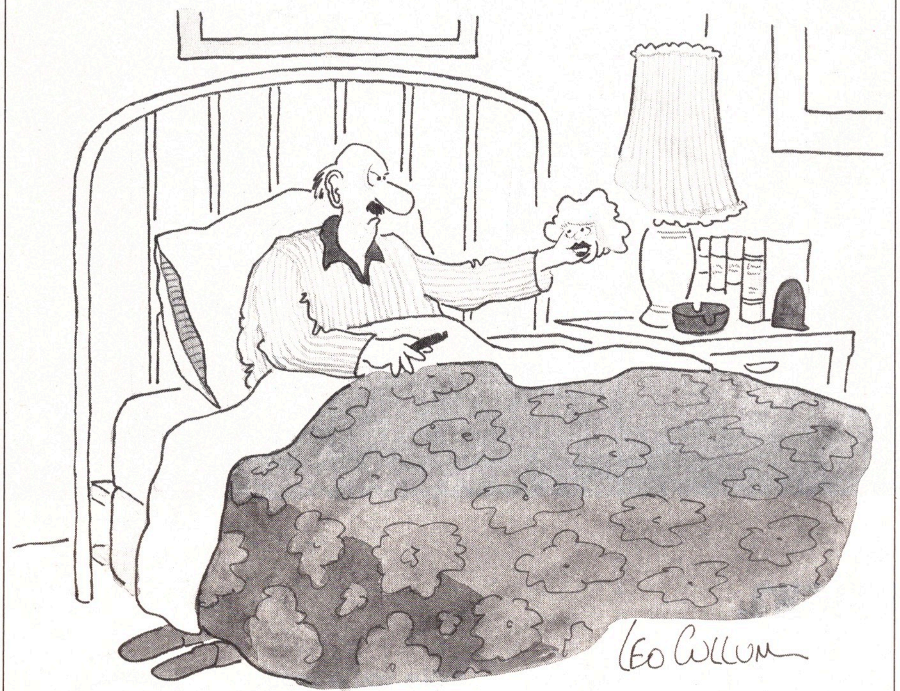
The pressure wasn't as great as with a hand-held shower massage, but it was more stimulating, for it was a serenely steady buildup, not the overwhelming quickness of the other. And with the weed, which I knew from experience would intensify my horniness, it was all the more exciting. While moving slowly back and forth, Barry Gibb was crooning "Fanny, be tender with my love" in my ears, and I was getting more and more excited, remembering some of my favorite "in the pool" letters from "Forum" and putting my lover in the male's position.

And suddenly, I knew I had to use my most potent fantasy: anal intercourse. My lover is fearful of hurting me, so we have never attempted it. But I just *know* he wouldn't hurt me, and until I can convince him, I have this fantasy.

He was lying behind me, attempting to penetrate my cunt from the rear. As I angled my ass hole towards that bottom jet, I focused on his picture and imagined him greasing his finger, then slowly inserting it into my trembling rear opening. As my fingers busily worked themselves in my cunt, I felt the jet becoming two fingers, then three, as Barry eased into "Love So Right." And as the jet found the precise center, I could actually feel my boyfriend's cock easing its way in, as his hands came around—one kneading each breast in turn, the other replacing my fingers on my clit.

Back and forth I moved, feeling his cock going in and out, deeper and deeper, as the jet of water nearly numbed me. Then the water hit just the right spot, as my fingers triggered just the right nerve. I exploded to the crash of multi-tracked Gibbs driving into a chorus. My cunt was almost in pain from the rapid movements of my fingers, but I couldn't bring myself to stop: every nerve in my body seemed to be aflame, and the water, instead of dousing it, only fed it further. By the time the song was over, I had exhausted myself.

I couldn't move. My hands just dangled limply in the water, my body still aquiver with "postquake shocks." I could only murmur over and over again until the timer shut the jet off, and I knew I had better get out before I passed out under the sheer pleasure of it all.—*Name and address withheld*



"Believe me, Harold, if I were faking my orgasms you'd be the first to know."

FATTENING FARE

Here is a recipe you might want to print for your gourmand readers:

CHICKEN CAKE
Ingredients:
1 tender chicken
1 banana
1 cherry
2 legs
2 nuts
2 breasts

Instructions: Take one tender chicken in arms and hold tightly. Hold two breasts, one in each hand, and mold gently. Take two legs, slightly spread, and drop in one banana and one cherry, and take nuts in hand. Stir gently until banana creams, nuts crack, and cherry pops. Let cool, and if cake rises, leave town immediately.—*Name and address withheld*

MASKED MARAUDER

After reading the letter in your October "Forum" entitled "Tickled Pink," I was quite turned on. I'm a male college student who, like that person, has very liberal values about sex, especially when it comes to bondage and tickling.

My tickling fantasy begins like this: I am home from college on summer vacation. My parents leave for a week to go to California, leaving me with the house all to myself. It's a hot summer night, so I strip down to my bikini swim trunks and fall asleep on my bed, forgetting to lock the downstairs door.

I hear some noises in the middle of the night. I go downstairs and turn on the

It's all true.
Jose Cuervo
IMPORTED
Premium
Tequila
Cuervo Especial
Distilled by
Tequila Cuervo, S.A.
Tequila Jal. Mex.
Product of Mexico • 80 PROOF
FABRICA LA ROJEÑA
TEQUILA
A Distillate From The
A Variety of The

Cuervo
Premium Tequila

JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1983 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

lights. I see a tall, gorgeous brunette, wearing tight black leather pants with a black tank top and a Lone Ranger mask. She points a gun at me and says that she has been looking for cash and that I had better give her all the money in the house.

I tell her I don't know where the cash is, that my parents probably used all of it on their trip. I also notice that she has some rope coiled up and attached to her belt. "Maybe I can get it out of you," she smiles. She then directs me to go upstairs.

I go into my room with her gun at my back. She commands me to lie on the bed. She then takes the rope off her belt and ties my hands over my head and to the headboard. I am now helpless and am scared as to what her next move will be.

She asks me again where the money is, and I refuse to tell her. "Okay, you asked for it," she says. She then takes her long fingernails and proceeds to tickle my feet. I gasp and struggle but she holds my feet down and continues to drive me wild. She then proceeds to tickle my thighs and then my belly.

She again asks me for the money. I say I don't know. By now this tickling has given me a large erection. She notices this and begins to stroke my bikini trunks. Then she tickles my balls as I beg her to relieve me. She stops stroking and takes off all of her clothes, except for the mask.

She then strips off my bikini and slowly sucks my rigid member while also tickling my balls. I thrash and fight the bonds as I am ready to climax, but she puts on the squeeze and again demands to know where the money is. I still refuse to answer. She then climbs on top of me and puts my aching prick into her pussy. She slides up and down my shaft while she tickles my stomach. The combination is driving me wild with ecstasy. Again, she stops before I'm about to come to demand the whereabouts of the money. I refuse.

Well, this torture goes on for the week until I finally submit to telling her where our emergency cash is. She then strokes me off to an incredible orgasm as I flood my belly with come. She leaves me bound to the bed and takes off with the money. Fortunately, one of my friends drops by the house later on and unties me. I tell him the story and he does not believe it!—*Name and address withheld*

ROLL 'EM

My wife and I thoroughly enjoy your magazine, and particularly the "Forum" section. I know people write into your magazine with their first swinging experiences. We always become very aroused and my wife generally always wants to go to bed early. She gets very horny and always talks about these letters as we fuck. I have asked her several times if she would like me to get one of our male or female friends to join us in bed for a ménage à trois, or perhaps get a couple to join us. Although we have come very close to one of these encounters, my wife, Linda, would never go all the way through with it.

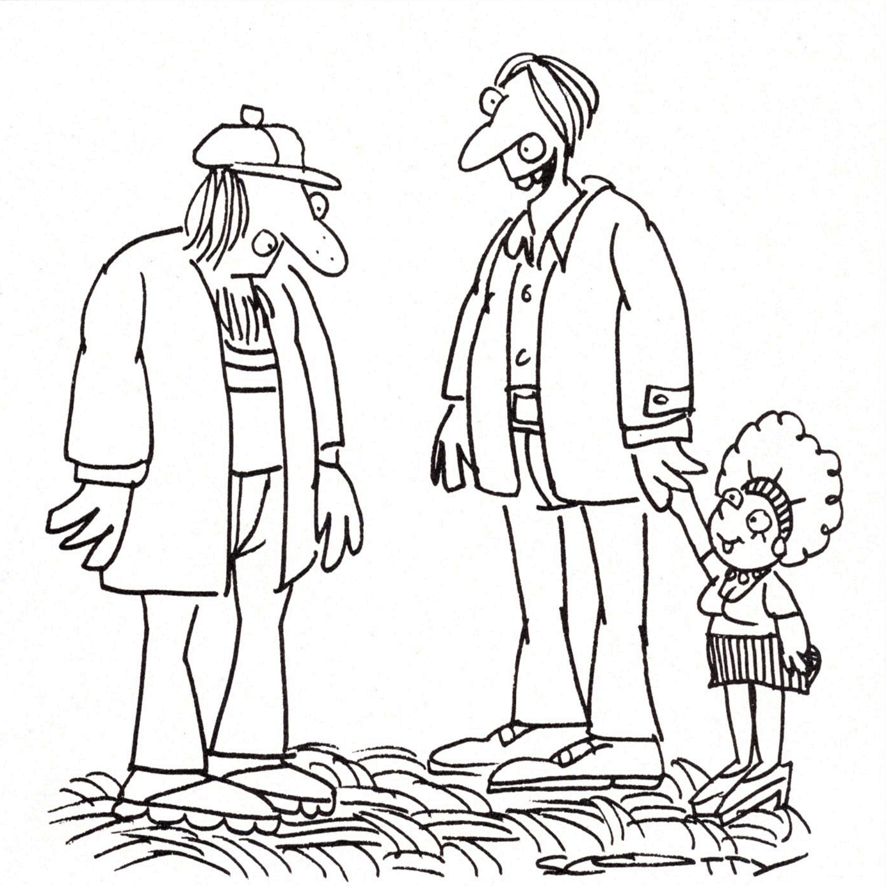
Currently, I am doing a brief tour of duty in the service and while here on a base, which is about 350 miles from where I live, I got an idea. I was bullshitting with one of the guys in my barracks one night about how I tried to get Linda into a swing-type deal, as I knew I would be turned on watching her with another guy or a girl. He said from the way I described Linda he would volunteer anytime I wanted to try again. One week later I told him I was ready. He was shocked, excited, and apprehensive all at the same time but he agreed to help.

I called Linda and told her to come over for the weekend. Friday night she showed up. I told her to bring sexy clothes since she would be away from home, and she certainly did. Linda has very nice tits, not large but firm, and large nipples. She also has very long legs. Overall, she is very sexy. To top off her already sexy body, she wore a moderately short silk-type dress that buttoned all the way up the front. I talked her into leaving her bra and panties in the motel room and we were off. Linda had no idea where we were going or what I had planned. I had told my buddy Roy—the one who had volunteered to help—where we would be going. Linda was surprised but excited when I took her into an X-rated movie. We walked right by Roy and I winked at him. I don't think he saw me, because he couldn't take his eyes off Linda. She had no idea who he was but she commented about the jerk in the lobby staring at her nipples, which were protruding very nicely through her silky dress. We went in and sat down and soon Linda leaned over and whispered that the jerk in the lobby staring at her nipples had come in and was sitting right next to her. I told her not to worry about it.

The movie was a hot one that had several scenes of two or more guys fucking this one girl. Linda was getting very turned on. Suddenly she leaned over and told me the jerk next to her had pulled his cock out and was slowly jacking off. It was all I could do to keep from laughing. I had told Roy to do and try anything and that I would see to it that Linda did not scream or make a scene.

Anyway, I told her to keep quiet and not make a scene. She started to argue, but I told her not to look if it bothered her. She wanted to move and I told her to sit still and enjoy the show. She finally quieted down. She was actually quite aroused and I was certain she was just doing these things for my benefit. I watched out of the corner of my eye. Linda would watch the movie, then look down at Roy's cock, then back at the movie. I think she was probably very nervous and embarrassed, as this was a first for her.

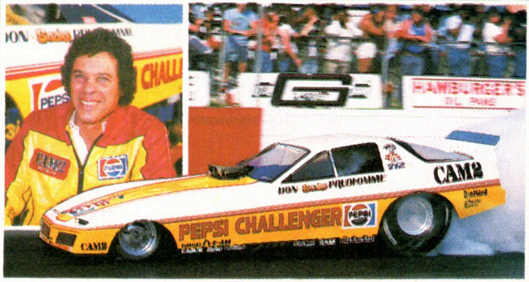
I could see Roy's cock glistening with pre-come quite clearly. Linda was beside herself. Several times she urged me to move someplace else. At one point, I told



"My penis enlarger didn't work, but fortunately . . ."

Pros Demand Mallory . . .

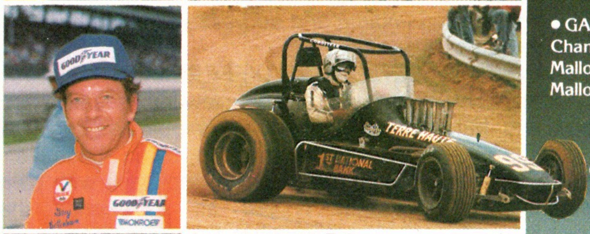
- GORDON JOHNCOCK
1982 Indy 500 Winner
Mallory Ignition
Mallory Pro Ignition Wire
*Pro Wire & Mallory Ignitions have been used by the winners of the past 14 consecutive Indy 500 races!



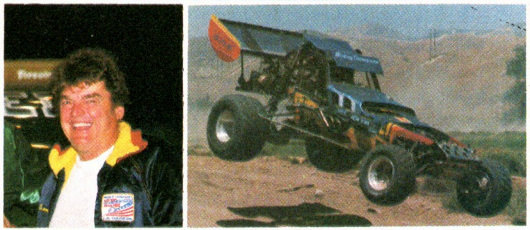
DON PRUDHOMME •
Four time NHRAWorld Champion
Mallory Ignition
Mallory Pro Ignition Wire

- BRUCE HUTCHERSON
NTPA 1982 Modified Champion
Mallory Ignition
Mallory Pro Igntion Wire

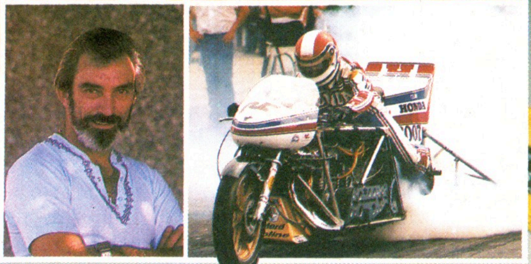
EDDIE HILL •
Champion Boat Racer
Mallory Ignition
Mallory Pro Ignition Wire



- GARY BETTENHAUSEN
Champion Sprint Car Driver
Mallory Ignition
Mallory Pro Ignition Wire



MICKEY THOMPSON •
Off Road Driving Champion
Mallory Ignition
Mallory Pro Ignition Wire



- RUSS COLLINS
Drag Motorcycle Champion
Mallory Ignition
Mallory Pro Ignition Wire

- SHIRLEY MULDOWNEY
Three time NHRA World Champion
Mallory Ignition & Mallory Pro Ignition Wire

So Should You !!

During 1982, winners and world champions in all forms of motorsport relied on Mallory Pro Ignition Wire.

The explanation is simple . . . Mallory is the undisputed leader in performance and racing ignition technology. For what you drive, Mallory manufactures complete, simple to install ignition systems and wire kits for all domestic and foreign made engines.

Take some advice from the Pros in motorsports . . . Mallory makes the best ignition wire for your car.

Mallory
IGNITION ®

MALLORY APPAREL

Mallory Apparel is right in step with today's styles. For the very best in racing apparel go with Mallory!

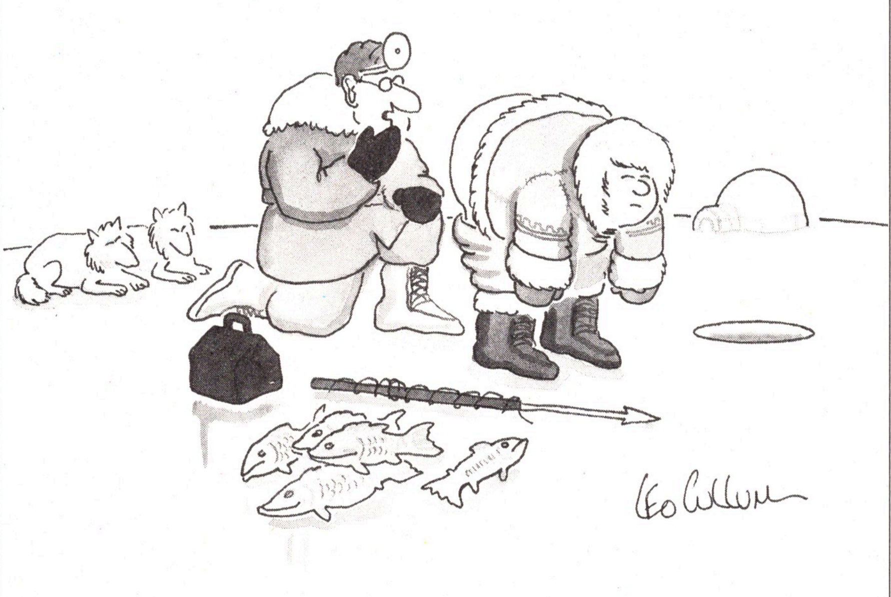
Winter Jacket (pic.)	$32.00
Lightweight Jacket	22.00
Adjustable Hat	5.00
"T" Shirt	7.00
ALL NEW CATALOG!	4.00

To order, send a certified check or money order, specify size and carefully print your return address.

1801 Oregon Street • Carson City, Nevada 89701
702-882-6600

her to help the guy out and jack him off. She said never, and how could I suggest such a thing. I just laughed and told her to hush. Then I told Linda I would be right back, because I had to go to the bathroom. She told me not to leave her with that guy beside her but I told her to be cool—enjoy the show, and I would be back in a minute. I quickly walked out, then right back in, and very quietly sat down behind them. Linda sat like a stone statue, afraid to move. I had a perfect view as Roy put his hand on her knee. She pushed his hand away but he grabbed her hand and pushed it onto his cock. Linda did not move an inch and continued to watch the movie as though this was not happening to her. Roy gripped her hand around his cock, and changing hands, moved a hand back onto her knee. With one hand he was gripping her hand on his cock and jacking himself off and with his other hand he was pushing her dress up. Linda gripped the armrest and simply sat there. I was reasonably certain she was afraid and excited at the same time. Roy had soon reached her cunt. This was obvious, because she kind of lurched in her seat and gripped the armrest tighter. Still gripping the armrest for dear life, Linda began squirming in her seat and spread her legs apart. Then Roy released her hand from his cock and she just let it drop—still on his cock, but she did not continue to jack him off. He reached over and unbuttoned her dress from top to bottom, fully exposing her entire body. I was halfway over the seat but, surprisingly, she never saw me. I could see Roy's right hand buried between her legs, which were spread apart quite far. He squeezed her tits a few times, then gripped her left hand around his cock again. Her right hand still had a death grip on the armrest and she was staring at the movie. I think she was still scared, but from the squishing, smacking sounds coming from her cunt I think she was super turned on, too.

Roy began jacking himself off again with Linda's hand wrapped around his cock and his hand moving hers. I am not sure if she had an orgasm, but from the sounds it seemed as though she had several. Roy's hand began pumping Linda's rapidly up and down. He pulled his fingers out of her cunt and reached around and clutched her behind her neck. He pushed Linda's head down and, jacking himself off with her hand, forced his cock into her mouth as he began spurting his come. Linda jerked back for an instant as his come shot into her mouth, and I saw one spurt of his come hit her on the cheek and hair. He quickly forced his cock back into her mouth and I could hear her gulping and swallowing. This was definitely a first, as Linda was not fond of swallowing even my come and had only done it once or twice in the nine years we had been married. Anyway, apparently she drained him. After quite a while and a lot of gulping, he released the grip on her neck and cock and she sat bolt upright, wiping the come off her face and licking off her lips. Roy reached over and squeezed her still-exposed tits and fingered her cunt a few more times, then zipped up and left. Linda buttoned up and I snuck out, only to walk back in a minute later after telling Roy I would see him the next day.



"Hmmm . . . Polaroids."

I went back and sat down. Linda was buttoned up. I asked what had happened to the jerk who was playing with himself. She said he had left, and she wanted to know what had taken me so long. I told her I had run into a friend in the lobby. I asked her if she had helped the guy out as I had jokingly suggested. She said definitely not. We left after a while, and she fucked and sucked me silly back at the motel and said she would like to go to more X-rated movies. She still has not told me what she did at the show. But Roy has volunteered to repeat the action anytime, anywhere. —*Name and address withheld*

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

I've been reading a few things lately about anal sex. Frankly, this topic has been one I've always tried to avoid because I couldn't help but associate it with pain. Recently I had an experience that changed my mind. I'd like to share it with those who are skeptics like I was. It may help to change their minds and make them want to give it a try.

My boyfriend and I have enjoyed a fantastic sex life since day-one of our relationship. Ned has the ability to be gentle or tough, depending on our moods. He always takes the time to be sure I'm 100 percent satisfied, which is not always an easy task. We are both always ready, willing, and able to try something new. When he first suggested he'd like to fuck me up the ass, I put him off. Lately we talked more about it, and every time he came across something in *Penthouse* or *Forum* on the subject he would read it aloud to me. I think he was hoping I'd change my mind about it. I knew he was anxious to "break me in," but just the thought of his stiff cock up my ass hole sent shivers up my spine. Both of us knew it was just a matter of time before I decided to give it a try.

One evening, we went to bed early and I began playfully stroking his limp penis. Before long he had a beautiful erection and we were well on our way to another glorious fucking session. Ned wasn't long inside me and we were both getting close to an orgasm. I suddenly had this urge to feel his cock up my ass. I made the suggestion, and before I knew it he was greasing us up for the deflowering. He didn't want to give me the chance to change my mind. I was very excited and actually looking forward to what was about to happen.

He positioned me on all fours and knelt behind me. As I felt the tip of his cock at my anus, I bit my lip anticipating the pain of

TAKE A SHOT IN THE DARK...

CONTAX TLA 20
CONTAX
CONTAX TLA 20
RTS CONTAX
CONTAX TLA 20
CONTAX

...WITH A FREE CONTAX FLASH!

January 1, 1983 until May 31, 1983, when you purchase any one of three Contax cameras from a participating authorized Contax dealer, you'll receive a fully automatic, $92.00 value, Contax TLA-20 electronic flash, absolutely free. No strings attached.

Choose from three great 35mm SLRs, each at the head of its class: the **Contax 139 Quartz**, the world's first quartz-controlled camera; the **Contax 137MD Quartz**, with built-in micro-motor drive; and the newest and top-of-the-line model, the **Contax RTS-II Quartz.**

Add to this selection, more than 50 Carl Zeiss T* and Yashica lenses **plus** over 300 other accessories, and you have the most extensive professional line of 35mm camera equipment available. **And**, a **free** $92.00 electronic flash on top of that!

Take a "shot in the dark" — with a new Contax camera and free Contax flash.

CONTAX 50 Years

SPECIAL ADDED BONUS.

Purchase a Contax camera between January 1, 1983 and May 31, 1983 and receive, FREE, an attractive silver Contax jacket (a $69.95 value), direct from Yashica/Contax. See your authorized Contax dealer for details.**

**Some restrictions apply. See your dealer for details, or call or write us directly: Contax, A Division of Yashica Inc., 411 Sette Drive, Paramus, New Jersey 07652. Phone: Toll-free (except NJ) 800-526-0266; in NJ, (201) 262-7300.

Here comes

BRIGHT

A fresh new taste experience that outshines menthol.

It not only tastes fresher while you smoke.
It even leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.

7 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

You never had it this fresh!
BRIGHT 100s
20 Cigarettes
BRIGHT 100s
Fresh Clean Taste Low Tar
BRIGHT
BRIGHT
20 Cigarettes
BRIGHT
Fresh Clean Taste Low Tar

penetration. Before I knew it, he was inside me up to his balls and the feeling was absolutely wonderful. He began to move slowly at first and it wasn't long until I began to move with him. Before too long we were banging each other hard, my ass meeting his every thrust. I heard Ned moan that he was going to come. I reached down and began fingering my clit. I felt his hot come squirt up my ass, and he rode me to one of the best orgasms I've ever had.

I'll never turn down his invitation to bumfuck again. It was such an enjoyable experience that just thinking about it makes my cunt wet with anticipation of the next time I get to feel his cock rammed up my ass. I still love the feeling of his stiff rod in my pussy and in my mouth, but I sure am glad he introduced me to the joys of anal sex.—*Name and address withheld*

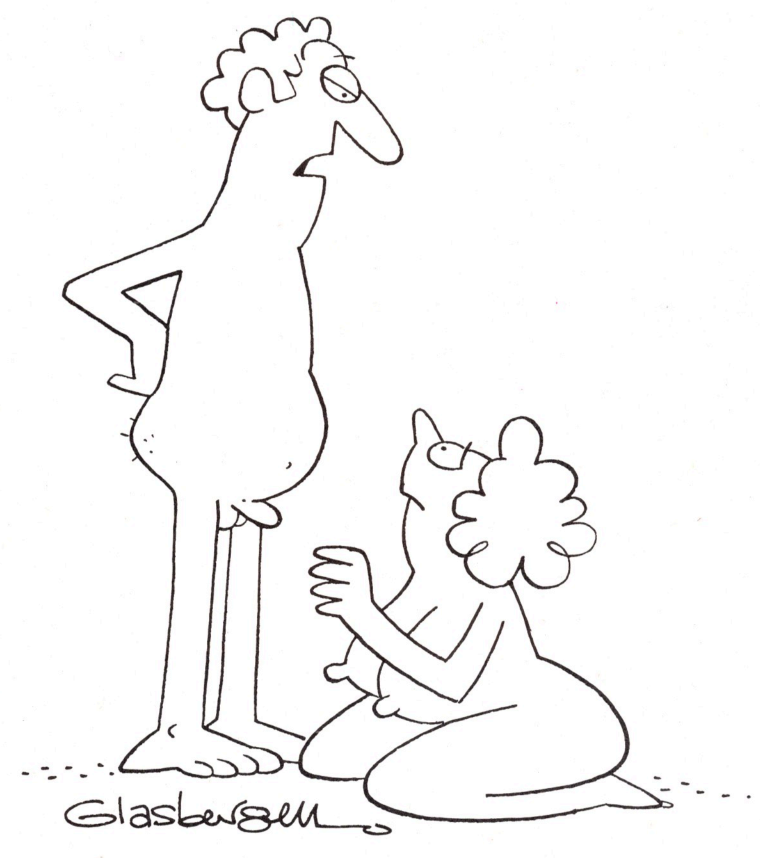
A PUNISHING EXPERIENCE

I enjoy reading your articles on female domination and would like to relate my experience with others.

My boyfriend is a good-looking professional who is going places. We have had a rather rocky relationship in the past. My possessive nature and his roaming hands have led to many arguments. I have suspected foul play in the past (on several occasions) but have never confronted him, because I love him and do not want to lose him. Thankfully, Fred has an Achilles' heel—his love of S & M and his transvestite tendencies.

Just two days before we were to take a two-week vacation overseas, I caught him and his secretary in bed. That night he tried to apologize with wine and flowers and a lot of sweet talk. I had something totally different in store for him. I pretended not to be hurt, and after the wine started flowing we were going at it hot and heavy. I managed, with little complaint, to tie him spread-eagle, legs high in the air, on his back. After making absolutely sure he was securely bound I put my plan into action. I retrieved my trusty razor from the bathroom and proceeded to shave all the hair off his legs, crotch, ass, and underarms. At first he put up an awful struggle, swearing and calling me a cunt, but he soon realized he could lose an awful lot of skin in the process. I intended to do a thorough job, so I then went to work on his face. I first shaved his sideburns. Next I produced a pair of tweezers and slowly plucked his eyebrows thin and pretty. By this time he was practically in tears. At that point I took out my makeup. I applied eye shadow, mascara, eyeliner, blusher, lipstick, the works! He was now begging me to let him go, which only got my juices flowing. Realizing I was nowhere near finished, he allowed me to polish his toes and fingernails with little resistance. Next I pinned his hair up on his head in real junior-prom style. All the way along I took several Polaroids, which I showed to him and then promptly hid. At this point I added a lot of verbal abuse, calling him "bitch," "slave girl," and "cunt." All the while he pretended to be mad, but he had a raging hard-on. I ignored his straining prick—"Jennifer" looked gorgeous!

It was time to test my power and free my humiliated slave girl. I ordered her to get down on all fours, where she was to lick my nylon-clad feet. Obviously, the transformation was far from complete. I helped her get into a garter belt and stockings. Next, matching pink panties and 38-C bra, which I stuffed with pantyhose. I added a short black slip. Because her feet were too big for my high heels, I ordered her back to all fours and gave her a good spanking with a nearby hairbrush. Despite her tears and pink ass cheeks, she strained to admire herself in the mirror. She was mine!



"No, I don't think Richard Simmons would be upset if you took in a few extra calories."

I loved my newfound power. The more she cowered, the juicier I became. I decided to tease my little slave with my cunt. I straddled her face and positioned my pussy inches from her tongue. "You worthless cunt, beg to eat me," I yelled. I was becoming weak and could hold back no longer, forcing her pretty head between my steaming-hot thighs. She lapped me for what seemed like hours. After multiple orgasms my slave begged me to satisfy her. I loved the torment and slowly rubbed her shaft. I positioned my captive, with ass up on the bed. I smeared K-Y all over her virgin hole. I then took a dildo and pushed it in, while ordering her not to come. But it was too much and "Jennifer" shot her load into my waiting palm. Screaming insults, I pushed the come into her panting mouth. "That will teach you, bitch!"

Her transformation was anything but temporary. "Jennifer" spent the next few weeks serving me hand and foot. We are both extremely happy with this arrangement, and I expect that with any luck the honeymoon will be twice as much fun.—*Name and address withheld*

WHO'S THAT LADY?

I was tending bar last Friday night, almost ready to close up, when this very nice-looking lady walked in to get out of the rain. I gave her her drink and got on with the closing. After a few minutes she went to the phone on the wall and spent a few minutes making lots of phone calls. Then she came back to the bar and ordered another drink. After a few more moments she asked me if there were any motels near that had any vacancies. As a joke I suggested she could sleep on my couch, which has a fold-out bed. She said yes and asked if it was far from there. I was surprised by the answer. She was a very classy lady. Her clothes were good, and she had a great figure under her clothes. She was dressed in a long skirt that came down to her boots and wore a sweater that was just loose enough that it hid her figure without being baggy. Her black hair was better than shoulder-length and styled expensively. A very nice face with big green eyes. She didn't look like she would accept such an offer just like that.

But I told her that it was right down the block, and that I could sleep on the couch, and she could use my room, which can be locked from the inside. She said sure.

I closed up and we walked down to the apartment where I live. The rain had lessened and we shared her umbrella. When we were at my apartment, I got busy making up the couch for me and changing the sheets on my bed for her. I have a very nice place, and I was glad of that at the time. She was busy in the bathroom, doing whatever women do to get ready for bed.

When she came out I asked her if she wanted a nightcap. She said yes.

I gave her a small glass, and took one myself, then we sat and talked. When we finished our drinks I got up to put them away and she followed me into the kitchen. When I turned around after putting them up on the shelf, she put her arms around me and gave me a kiss, then told me that I was a nice guy. I told her that she was nice too. That may not sound like much of a line, but I wasn't being too hot at the moment. Things were out of hand.

We went back to my chair and she sat on my lap. After a short while of kissing like a pair of teenagers, she reached over and turned out the light. We kissed for a bit more, then she reached down to lift off her sweater and pull it off. She was wearing a black bra that barely held in her breasts, and I got a terrific view while her arms were way over her head taking that sweater off. Next she reached back and unhooked it, letting it fall off. Her breasts were large and very firm, and her nipples were nice and stiff after all our necking. She turned so that I could kiss one for her, and she pulled my head to her so that I could do it better. After a while she moved so I could do the same for the other one. I alternated like that for a while, sometimes taking a break to kiss her lips and neck.

After a bit more time she looked at me, and it was obvious she was asking a question, so I suggested we go to bed. She gave me one of the most seductive yes answers I've ever heard. I can still remember the throaty tone of voice she said it in.

We lay on top of the bed and necked for a while. One thing I have learned is not to hurry. The lights were off, the rain was falling outside, and the place was warm and snug. Talk about romantic!

I took my shirt off, so that we were bare from the waist up, and kept on. After a nice long while I said, "Let me love you," and she said, "I need you in me."

We stripped and I kissed her all over for a while. Like I said, I've learned not to hurry things.

After a while I finally entered her, and was treated to another yes from her. With her sexy, husky voice, that girl could say yes better than anyone else I've ever been in bed with.

It was great. She was nice and moist by then, and both of us were more than ready. We made love slowly, taking our

The bald eagle is in danger of extinction. For a free booklet on how to help save this living symbol of our country, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, N.Y. 10151.

Eagle Rare Bourbon.
A higher level of taste.

No bird in America soars as high as the eagle. And no bourbon reaches the taste level of Eagle Rare 101 proof Bourbon. A taste so mellow, yet so distinctive, that it can only be achieved after ten full years of careful aging.

Indulge in the finest Kentucky Bourbon ever created. One sip will tell you why it's expensive.

Eagle Rare Bourbon.
The 101 proof bourbon aged 10 years.

time. I had some slight half-comes a couple of times, and I felt her come a bit at least twice before she finally came in a very good climax at the end. She wrapped her legs and arms around me and held me tight while she was coming. She kept her arms and legs around me until I came, then repeated her grip until I was through.

We were both exhausted. After a while she went into the bathroom and came back with a towel. She dried herself off, then me. Then we both got under the covers and went to sleep.

We made love again in the morning, not as dramatically as the night before, but it was good and satisfying. Then we went down to breakfast in a diner nearby. We talked for a while. Then she said goodbye, walked out, and hailed a cab.

That was when I realized I hadn't even learned her name. But it was one of the sexiest nights and she was one of the sexiest women I've ever met. No, let me say that again: she *is* the sexiest women I've ever met.—*Name and address withheld*

THE CAT'S AWAY

I never thought I would see the day when I would be writing you. But I just had to tell someone this.

My husband works nights for an oil company, so I'm home alone every night. Anyway, one night one of my husband's friends stopped by to see him. I invited him in because it was pouring outside. He was very tall and had a body that wouldn't quit. I told him my husband was working but that he could stay until the rain slacked off a bit.

I rolled a couple of joints for us to smoke while we waited. I couldn't help notice him staring at my tits. I was wearing a pair of tight Levi's and a white T-shirt that fit pretty snugly. I wasn't wearing a bra and my nipples, which were erect, showed right through my shirt. I also couldn't help noticing he was getting pretty tight in the crotch (if you know what I mean).

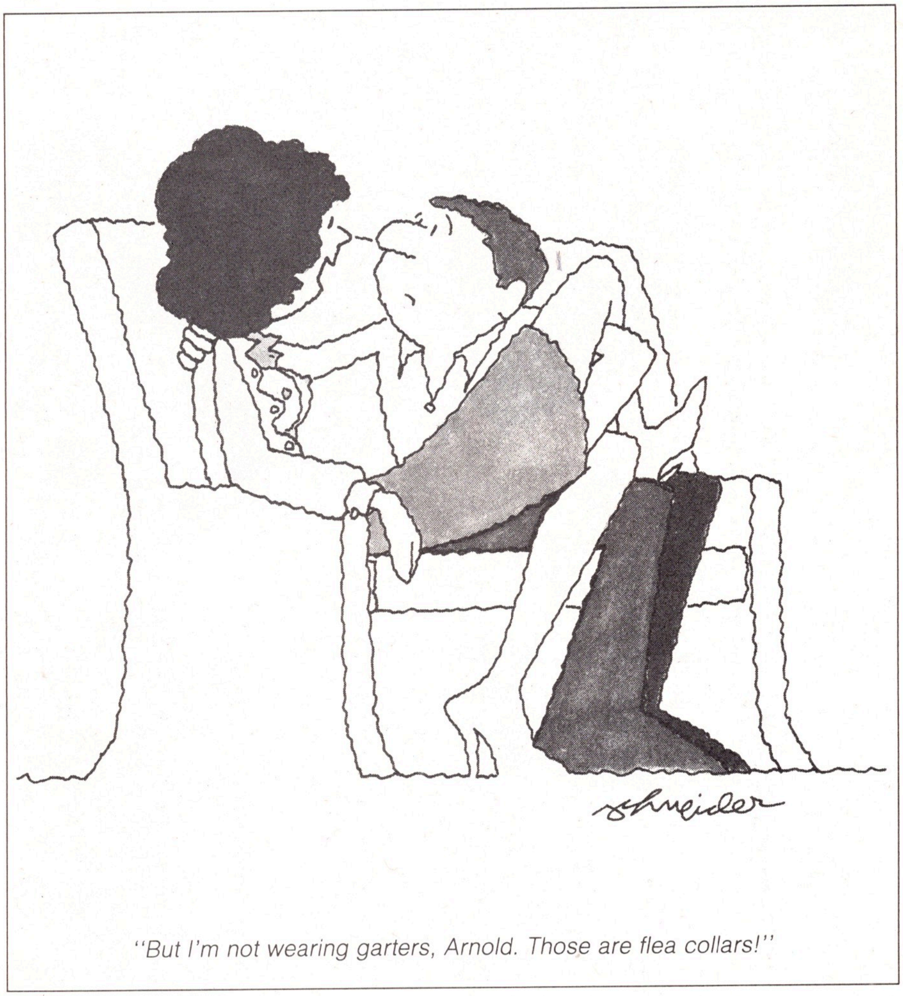
After we had smoked a joint and talked awhile, he just leaned over (we were on the couch) and gave me the best French kiss I had ever had. That alone made me hornier than hell. He put a hand on one of my tits and began to rub and squeeze it, then moved his head down and began biting and flicking my nipple with his tongue through my shirt. I couldn't believe this was happening. I'd never been unfaithful before, yet the thought of fucking someone other than my husband really turned me on.

He moved his hand down, undid my pants, and pulled my shirt up and over my head. I stood up and he pulled my jeans and panties down. He was kissing my stomach and had me spread my legs a little. He then slid his fingers between the lips of my wet pussy and over my clit. I was so horny I couldn't stand it. I knelt down and undid his pants while he unbuttoned his shirt; he was soon naked. I couldn't believe the size of his throbbing cock. I took my tongue and slid it around and around the head of his cock. Then I slowly put my lips around it and sucked every inch of it into my mouth. I began sucking firmly, yet gently moving up and down in a steady motion. I squeezed his tight balls and he began to buck, jamming his cock deeper and deeper into my mouth. I knew it wouldn't be long before he came.

After he did come, he pulled me up to his lips and gave me another juicy kiss. Then he had me lie on the couch with one leg propped up on the coffee table and the other over the back of the couch. He leaned over and began circling my nipple with his tongue and sucking it. He took his hand and slid it down my stomach to my wet pussy, rubbing it and sliding his fingers in and out. I began to hump and he took his hand away and slid his tongue down my body, up the inside of my leg, and back down to my pussy. He slid his tongue in between my lips and around my clit, sucking and licking. I was on cloud nine. My juices were flowing faster than he could lap them up. I was humping and moaning, I wasn't aware of anything. I had the best and longest orgasm that I've ever had in my whole life.

He stood up and I could see his cock was ready for more, so I pulled him down to me and gave him a passionate kiss while his throbbing cock found its way to my soaked pussy. He pulled my legs up over his shoulders and rammed his cock in me as hard as he could. Before I knew it the muscles in my thighs locked up and my body began to tremble and I had no control over my movements. It was as though I were possessed. It seemed the more I came, the harder he pumped, till I thought I couldn't take it anymore. Finally he came, having the wildest orgasm I'd ever seen from a guy.

It was the greatest sexual experience that I had ever had. I hope it won't be my last. We cleaned up and he left. I never told my husband and neither did his friend. His friend still comes over and we act as if nothing had ever happened. It's almost like it never did. The whole thing seems like a dream.—*Name and address withheld*



"But I'm not wearing garters, Arnold. Those are flea collars!"

VIDEO EROTICA

My lover and I are faithful readers of *Penthouse* every month. We especially enjoy the "Forum" section and have used many of the ideas presented there as a basis for our own lovemaking. Since we have benefited so much from others' experiences, I felt it was only fair that I share an experience of our own.

One night after dinner, we were sitting around without much to do when I suggested that we pull out our video game and play for a while. Liz agreed and we were soon in a heated battle with creatures from outer space. To make it more exciting, Liz suggested that we play for some sort of stakes. After a little discus-

© AMERICAN ISUZU MOTORS, INC.

In a tough town like El Paso, we beat the big gun.

It was a classic duel out of the Old West. Except the gun-fighters were out of the Far East.

There was Toyota. The big company with the big name. And there was Isuzu. The young company with the unusual name.

The setting, El Paso, Texas. A town with temperatures that would make a sun dial ask for salt tablets.

A town of over 500,000 people—and not one of them afraid to get dirt under their fingernails. In short, a town that doesn't cotton to city slickers.

It's not surprising then, to learn that in a town that still retains so much of the frontier spirit, a tough truck like Isuzu has managed to outsell Toyota** in only a very short period of time.

And the reasons are simple. The Isuzu long-bed's diesel's range of 840 miles* is the greatest range of any truck in its category. And when you're riding the range of El Paso, this becomes very important.

What's more, Isuzu delivers the greatest mileage of any imported pick up in America—with an incredible 49 MPG highway—and an estimated $\boxed{38}$ MPG in the city. And that's better than Toyota or Datsun.

Of course, while all of this should make you think the Isuzu is one tough truck, you should also know Isuzus do have a soft spot. The inside. Once you step inside the cab, you'll have more leg and head room than a mini-pick up is supposed to have. With a choice of three across seating or bucket seats.

What it all comes down to, is after 67 years of proving how tough we are all over the world, Isuzu has just added a new chapter of how the West was won.

Tougher than the world's toughest roads.

Isuzu. Driving into your future.

*ISUZU DIESEL 4-SPEED TRUCK 38 EST. MPG, 49 EST. MPG HIGHWAY. USE ESTIMATED MPG FIGURES FOR COMPARISON. ACTUAL HIGHWAY MPG MAY BE LESS THAN ESTIMATED. YOUR OWN MILEAGE MAY VARY DUE TO SPEED, WEATHER, TRIP LENGTH AND ROAD CONDITIONS. CALIFORNIA DIESEL MPG WILL BE LESS.

**SALES FIGURES BASED ON R.L. POLK NEW VEHICLE REGISTRATIONS FOR THE PERIOD JANUARY 1982 THROUGH AUGUST 1982.

sion, the agreement was that the loser would have to obey one order from the winner, no matter what the winner wanted the loser to do or perform. As we started to play again, my dick started growing hard at the thought of all the possibilities ahead. I know we both had the same sort of action in mind.

I won the first game and my order was for Liz to remove her clothes. She did this quickly. I could see the wetness already glistening on her cleanly shaven pussy lips. Needless to say, the second game was a disaster for me and I was ordered to remove my clothes for my loss. As I removed my pants, Liz was delighted to see my dick at its full seven inches, throbbing and ready to go.

It was my turn to avenge a loss, and I went at it with more determination this time. Liz now had something else to look at besides the screen, my victory was easily achieved and I ordered her to get the vibrator from the bedroom. I ordered Liz to insert the vibrator into her glistening cunt. She did this slowly, working it in and around, knowing I was thoroughly enjoying the show.

This was almost too much for me as I watched Liz work the vibrator in and out of that bald cunt, her large pussy lips gripping the shaft as it vibrated steadily. How she could concentrate anymore was beyond me, but she demanded another game and soundly defeated me this time. I was too engrossed in the action beside me to be concerned with competition on the screen. As the final scores flashed, Liz turned to me and ordered me to replace the vibrator with my now glistening dick. This I did with pleasure, using both of my hands to guide the tip of my dick up and down the length of her hairless pussy before fully inserting it deep into her cunt.

We started a slow and very pleasurable fuck, both enjoying the silky feeling of my dick. I knew Liz was on the edge now, so I quickly repositioned myself so that I could work over her pussy with my mouth and tongue. I would alternately suck on her clit and stick my tongue as deep as I could into her pussy. In no time at all, Liz screamed she was coming and locked her legs around my head as her intense spasms began. I continued to feverishly use my tongue until she could stand it no longer and pushed me away. I crawled up beside her and held her as she had one powerful orgasm. With that, we called it a night and turned off the set as we crawled to bed. We can hardly wait for our next session.—*Name and address withheld*

DIRTY LAUNDRY

To let you know something about me, I must tell you I'm a thirty-two-year-old divorced male. Also, I have had a fetish for woman's lingerie since my early teens.

I am by no means gay. But I truly love the feel of women's panties, bras, etc. I have on three different occasions been involved in threesomes with two females (never another man), and each time the ladies made me "dress" for them. They would put makeup on me and would even paint my nails.

Well, today seemed to be shaping up for another wild session. I went to do my wash at a local laundry, and by chance I had decided to clean my "toys." Included in my toys were quite a few pairs of pure lace panties and some bras, slips, and garter belts. The main reason I take these things out in public is because I feel I can tell someone about my fetish without really saying anything.

Well, I was finished washing and almost done drying (I had been alone up until then) when the most beautiful lady came swaying in. She was carrying a very large basket of clothes that seemed to be quite heavy. Normally, I'm real shy when I first meet someone beautiful, but for some reason she was different. As I took the basket from her hands, I began to look over her body. What I saw was unbelievable. She had very long, sensuous legs that were covered by extremely tight jeans. Maybe "tight" isn't the right word. "Painted-on" would be more like it. Well above her legs, underneath the "paint," was a set of lips straining to be let out. I was going crazy. And that's not all. She also had a long, flat stomach and the biggest, fullest set of tits I have ever seen. And I hadn't even gotten a

DEEP PENETRATING
SPORTSCREME™
STRONG, EFFECTIVE PAIN RELIEVING RUB
NET WT. 3 OZ.
Introducing the new pain-relieving rub that actually smells good.

New Sportscreme is the modern way to get strong, fast relief from the pain of sore muscles caused by over-exertion.

Because Sportscreme has a penetrating pain-reliever that works so differently, it doesn't need heat to give you fast, effective relief.

And because Sportscreme works in a different way, it smells different. Which means instead of the embarrassing odor of old-fashioned rubs, Sportscreme's greaseless formula smells light and clean. And that means you can use it anytime, anywhere.

So when you need fast relief from the aches and strains of overdoing it, do it the modern way... with new Sportscreme.

© Thompson Medical Company. 1982.

New Sportscreme.™ The modern way to get fast relief for sore muscles.

The CZ-747: Your Last Step Up.

TUNE
PUSH SEARCH
TAPE PRO
EJ
AUTO REVERSE
DOLBY SYSTEM
SENDUST HEAD
FM 108.9 MHz
MITSUBISHI CAR AUDIO COMPONENTS
H M
MEM
AUTO DIMMER
METAL
FADER
SRC
STEREO

Diamond Collection™

If we had to name the most important feature of our CZ-747 it would be peace-of-mind:

Knowing you've purchased a product that's earned the name Mitsubishi.

Knowing you'll never have to trade up, because you are already there.

The CZ-747 stands atop the prestigious Mitsubishi Diamond Collection™ — a sensible dollar-for-dollar, feature-for-feature grouping of car audio products that emphasize an overall theme of unqualified high-tech performance and unsurpassed reliability.

With peace-of-mind comes auto search-and-scan, digital tuning, clock, programmable touch-button tuning memory, Dolby® for tape and FM, Advanced Stereo Reception (SRC), sendust head, metal tape capability, plus separate bass and treble controls.

And we've packaged it all in a universal Diamond chassis that fits any production car in the world.

If you're tired of continuously "stepping-up" to a better system, take the final step up to the Mitsubishi CZ-747.

You can step no higher.

Diamond Collection: CZ-747

® Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
© 1982 MITSUBISHI ELECTRIC SALES AMERICA, INC.
799 N. Bierman Circle, Mt. Prospect, Illinois 60056
In Canada: Melco Sales Canada

MITSUBISHI®
CAR AUDIO

good look at her face yet!

And then she spoke. "Thanks! That was real heavy. I don't think I could have gone another inch." I don't exactly know how to describe her voice. It was like an angel talking with a southern drawl. I was stunned! Then she said, "Hi, my name is Debbie (not her real name). What's yours?" Well, I finally got my chance to really look at her face. Believe it or not, her face made the picture-perfect body take second place. Heavenly! Well, I stammered something real clever like "No problem!" She had to ask my name again, because in my shock I'd forgotten to tell her. Well, I finally stuttered it out and went back to my clothes, stiff-legged.

I knew I had to have this lady. We continued some small talk for a while. As I was folding my clothes, I picked up a bunch of my whites. What I noticed then horrified me. My "toys" were in this bunch. I tried to conceal everything, but it was to no avail. Just then she turned to say something and noticed my things. She looked at me disappointedly and said, "I see you must live with someone!" I knew if I said yes that I'd lose all my chances of being alone with my angel. (Some women are turned off completely by the fetish I have. Some, on the other hand, love it!) So I took my chances and answered, "No, I live alone." At first she was stunned, and then she smiled coyly and said, "Oh, these are yours?" I quickly answered yes. What happened next was beautiful. She grabbed my hand and led me to one of her driers. She proceeded to hand me the sexiest pair of undies I'd ever seen. "These should add something rather nice to your collection!" With that she very seductively stuffed them down the front of my pants. Needless to say, she had to notice my very hard cock as it strained to be released. When she touched it, a fit of passion came across me and I grabbed her and kissed her hard. She responded by grabbing my hand and leading me to the rest room.

On the way she said, "Hurry! I've got to be alone with you right now!" I certainly didn't argue. Once inside she attacked. She was kissing me like I'd never been kissed before. Well, I don't need to tell you that I was returning the passion, and before I knew what was happening we were groping and grabbing at each other wildly. In no time flat I was fondling her breasts like there was no tomorrow. The thing that happened next was a miracle. In seconds flat my angel was pulling at my zipper. She grabbed for my cock and found it covered by a dainty pair of pink panties. She squealed with delight and proceeded to give me the best blowjob of my life. I couldn't hold back any longer and shot my load down her throat. She gobbled all of my come, not missing a drop.

She wiped her mouth, straightened her clothes, and walked out, leaving me standing with my jeans and panties down around my ankles. After what seemed like hours, I finally got my senses back and rearranged my clothes. As I walked out of the bathroom, she was standing by my clothes (completely folded, might I add) with an address book in her hand. She very directly asked, "Where do you live?" I stammered my address and she wrote it down hurriedly. She then said something that was beyond my wildest dreams. "I'll be at your house at 7:30 tonight and you be wearing my panties! I'm bringing my girl friend and she has a pussy that will put you over the brink!"

With that, she swayed out while blowing me a kiss. Right now I'm lying on my bed with her panties on, masturbating myself to a frenzy, and anxiously waiting for my "date" with my little bit of heaven. I'll write more after this experience is over and let you know how it turns out.—*Name and address withheld*

TRUE CONFESSIONS

My husband and I thoroughly enjoy your magazine, and I especially get off while reading your "storytelling" section. Those stories have greatly contributed to the wild and terrific lovemaking sessions we have! Ever since I can remember, one of my goals in life was to participate in a sexual experience with another man besides my husband, Dave, so that I could write about it and someday read it right there in your pages—along with millions of other peo-

ple—while gettin' hot being reminded of it! Dave knew of my goal and would always say, "Someday, baby, it'll happen." I knew how he felt about it and was happy he understood. Dave was the only man I'd ever made love to, and he figured that by allowing me to make love to another guy he might calm me down a bit—I tend to get a little friendly while partying, and sometimes it's not too cool, I realize, but usually too late.

I love him more than anything in the world and would never do anything that would jeopardize our fantastic marriage. I always told him he'd be involved with my story.

Well, he was right. My "someday" came! Less than a month and a day ago (a date I'll obviously never forget), we were partying with friends of ours, Lee and Irene. We were having a great time, smoking lots of pot and drinking our faces off. From the moment I met Lee I was in love with his eyes, the greatest blue I've ever seen.

As I was sitting across the room from him, I couldn't help becoming horny as hell while staring at those baby blues. I needed to get closer to him, so since Dave and Irene were having a grand ol' time dancing, I knew that now was the time to become friendly.

We talked awhile and then just stared at each other and I couldn't help but tell Lee how much I was turned on by him. He answered with a beautiful, sensual smile! I then got very comfortable by cuddling up against him—that's when I realized I wanted to get friendlier with him than I've ever wanted with anyone else. I turned and noticed that Irene and Dave were enjoying their own little encounter—Irene was playing with Dave's balls! He didn't seem to mind, and when I caught his attention he gave me that "You're being a real slut, I can see it in your eyes, I know what you want" look. He knows me so well.

Next thing I knew, Irene and Dave had gone upstairs to pick out an album. They seemed to be gone a long time—I wondered what they were really doing.

I again found myself telling Lee how very attracted I was to him and those blue eyes. He loved it. I wanted him and he knew it. Sounds of someone returning downstairs had me turn around and try to contain my womanly desires. I was on fire and my pussy was gettin' wetter and wetter with each passing second. It was like music to my ears when Dave appeared in the room, saying, "Hey, Lee, your wife wants me to take her to bed—is that okay?" I just about came in my pants! I knew my answer and also was counting on his to be the same, and ooh, was I hot and ready! He said he wouldn't mind, so with that I yelled out that I wanted our bedroom. So off Lee and I went. I couldn't believe it was really happening. We were on the bed, hugging, kissing, and undressing each other oh so beautifully. I lay on his chest, confessing that I'd never made love to any other man besides Dave and that making love to him was going to be very special to me. I also told him about my story-writing goals—to submit to *Penthouse*—and that surely turned him on! The following five hours were terrific. Beautiful encounters of caressing, kissing, sucking, and fucking! It was all I could handle, having my pulsating cunt opened up by his long, thick cock! My tits were swollen with excitement and I felt hotter than when one of my throbbing vibrators are at work deep inside me.

Exhausted, we fell asleep in each other's arms, and upon awakening we continued with more of the same. I sure was sorry it had to end. We got cleaned up and went downstairs only to find Irene and Dave still sleeping, so back upstairs we went for some more fondling. I didn't want our sexual adventure to end, but it shortly had to. We four said our good-byes and I felt the supreme pleasures of contentment and closeness toward my second lover. I'll never forget that special night and I especially thank my number-one lover for allowing and understanding my lustfulness.—*Name and address withheld*

CENTERFOLD MATERIAL

I have a neighbor, a guy twenty-six, really cute, who has nagged and asked me for quite a while now to do some posing "like

BACKWOODS
WILD 'n MILD SMOKES
ALL NATURAL TOBACCO

IF YOU EVER WANTED TO RIDE THE ALLAGASH, YOU'RE A NATURAL BACKWOODS MAN.

The white water of Maine's Allagash river looks wild. And so is the ride you get. But Backwoods Smokes are different. They look wild. But taste mild. All natural tobacco is the reason. And Backwoods gives you a genuine Broadleaf wrapper aged a year to bring out its natural sweetness. Backwoods Smokes. For the man who likes things wild and mild.

ALL NATURAL TOBACCO.

HOW CAN ANYTHING THAT LOOKS SO WILD TASTE SO MILD?

WE'LL PAY YOU $1.00 TO STOP LEAKING ON YOUR GARAGE FLOOR.

wynn's
ENGINE
STOP-LEAK
AUTOMATIC
TRANSMISSION
$1.00 OFF
$1.00 OFF

America, you're leaking. In your garage, on your driveways and all over the road.

Now through June 30, 1983, we'll pay you $1.00 to buy Wynn's® Engine Stop-Leak and Wynn's Transmission Treatment.

They'll help rejuvenate seals and o-rings, help quiet your engine down, get you running smoother. And help stop the leaks.

Get all the details at participating stores. Then clean up those embarrassing puddles.

wynn's

WYNN'S FRICTION PROOFING SUPPLY, INC.
2600 E. Nutwood Avenue Fullerton, Ca. 92631

© WYNN'S FRICTION PROOFING SUPPLY, INC. 1983

the Penthouse Pets.'' He (Ted) is quite a camera buff and occasionally catches me doing things around the outside of my parents' house, which is right next to his. Washing the car, gardening, and especially when I'm sunning in the back yard I can hear the clicks of his shutter in the distance. Finally, last August, two weeks before my birthday I told Ted that if he bought me a sexy outfit I would pose for him. I thought he might buy shorts and a top or maybe even a bikini, 'cause I couldn't see him buying any really sexy items. Was I surprised! Ted asked me over to his place (he lives alone) to pick up my birthday presents. He had bought me nineteen presents for my nineteenth birthday.

I could not believe the beautiful and sexy things he bought me. I opened a box that was packed full of sheer bra and panty sets in various colors; next were a couple of teddies; then some really slinky gowns, a frilly corset with panties to match, and some silk stockings, too. All of the gifts were really beautiful. After I thanked Ted I told him to get his cameras and I would pose in every outfit he bought me. When I put on the first bra and panty set, I was a little embarrassed because they were so sheer, but Ted reassured me and things became more easy for me. I looked through his collection of *Penthouse* magazines to find different poses. Ted loved every minute of my posing and, to tell the truth, I did too! It was really nice to be the center of attention and to know every inch of your body was being admired. Ted never asked me to pose completely nude, but, being so close to having nothing on, I asked him if he would like me to change in front of him so he could catch me nude. He said it was up to me. So, while changing into the first teddy to be modeled, I stood in front of his camera as he snapped away. He admired my small but firm breasts and was really pleased with my rear end. He said it was ''perfect.'' After eight rolls of thirty-six-exposure film, Ted had a couple of shots of each item he bought me, and a few of me in the buff too.

I dressed and helped Ted develop the pictures. They were really nice, really! His use of different lights and colors really made me look quite sexy. It really turned me on, and if it did this to me I knew Ted was in the same turned-on state too. I asked Ted to take his camera upstairs in his bedroom so I could do a striptease for him and so he could get a few bedroom shots. I had his favorite sheer pastel-purple bra and panties on under my jeans and sweater. As I began my strip, he clicked away. After I was nude I hopped into bed and gave him some sexy bed shots. When he finished that roll of film I asked him to join me. He didn't waste any time and soon he was nibbling at my crotch. This was the first time a man had done this for me and it was terrific. We changed into a sixty-nine position so I could do some intimate kissing for him. When we finally met each other at the top of the bed again Ted started to put his cock into me. It was so big I thought I would burst, but I know he loved my tightness. When he finally buried it in me completely, it felt as if it was in my stomach but the pleasure overcame the pain and soon I was meeting his every thrust. I wasn't used to such big cocks but I did like being filled up. Ted and I still have sessions, usually a couple times a week, and I am building one of the largest and sexiest collection of undergarments and nightgowns in the world.—*Name and address withheld*

COLLABORATORS

Unlike many of your readers who write and relate their experiences because they can't believe they were lucky enough to have them, my wife of seven years, Helen, and I actively pursue such experiences. I'd like to tell you about a very memorable evening we had about six months ago.

Helen, who is five foot eight and twenty-eight years old, with blond hair and blue eyes, is a knockout. I am always catching men leering at her, no matter whether she's in a loose skirt or in skintight pants. So you can imagine how she looked on our night out after spending hours getting ready. She had on a skirt with a slit on the side, which showed leg up to mid-thigh because she had unbuttoned it all the way. Just above the slit were the tops of her stockings, which were being held up by a lacy garter belt. She also had on red panties, which matched her garter belt. A silky semisheer blouse and a sexy bra over her large breasts ensured that no part of her would go unnoticed.

I tried to talk Helen into staying at home, especially after she playfully sucked my cock for five minutes after she was ready. But she talked me into leaving, so we headed for our destination, which was twenty miles away on an interstate highway. Helen was hornier on this evening than I'd ever seen her, as she kept rubbing my cock and letting me feel her pussy through her soaked panties. We passed four or five semis, and she had me pass them slowly while she pulled her skirt up over the top of her stockings—I'll bet she was the talk of the CB band that night!

If I thought she was horny then, my suspicions were confirmed when we had to get gas and she pulled her skirt up even further than she had for the truck drivers—the passenger side window was certainly cleaned off well that night.

We finally got to our destination—the local adult theater. We picked seats in the balcony and left several empty seats between us and the aisle. Over the period of an hour, three or four men sat down, none of whom she was attracted to, so she kept her skirt over her knees and we behaved ourselves, until each man left. Finally, a man started to sit down in the aisle seat, but he acted like it was broken, so he scooted over one seat and sat right next to Helen. The man was in his early thirties,

ON DEMAND 4WD.

MAXIMUM TRACTION. IN MINIMUM TIME.

Subaru pioneered the only vehicles in America you can switch into four wheel drive without stopping.

With our "On Demand Four Wheel Drive System", the instant you need extra safety and traction, you simply flick the lever.

And immediately you go from full time Front Wheel Drive to Four Wheel Drive. (For tougher going, certain models offer a dual range gear box). Subaru gives you the advantages of both Front Wheel Drive and 4WD in one road-hugging vehicle.

HOW WE DELIVER MAXIMUM VALUE. EVERY TIME.

Great gas mileage. The average mileage for our entire line of "On Demand 4WD's" is 26 EPA est. mpg, 35 est. hwy.*

Low sticker price. We offer some of the lowest priced 4WD vehicles in America. In fact, our "On Demand 4WD's" actually cost less than many cars without 4WD.

Optimum options.** The Hill-Holder™ clutch, when properly engaged, prevents drifting back after stopping as you go up steep hills. Power windows. Power steering. Cruise control. A new digital dash.

For all of the above reasons, and many more, Subaru delivers outstanding value. Not to mention 4 wheel independent suspension and power assist front disc brakes as standard equipment.

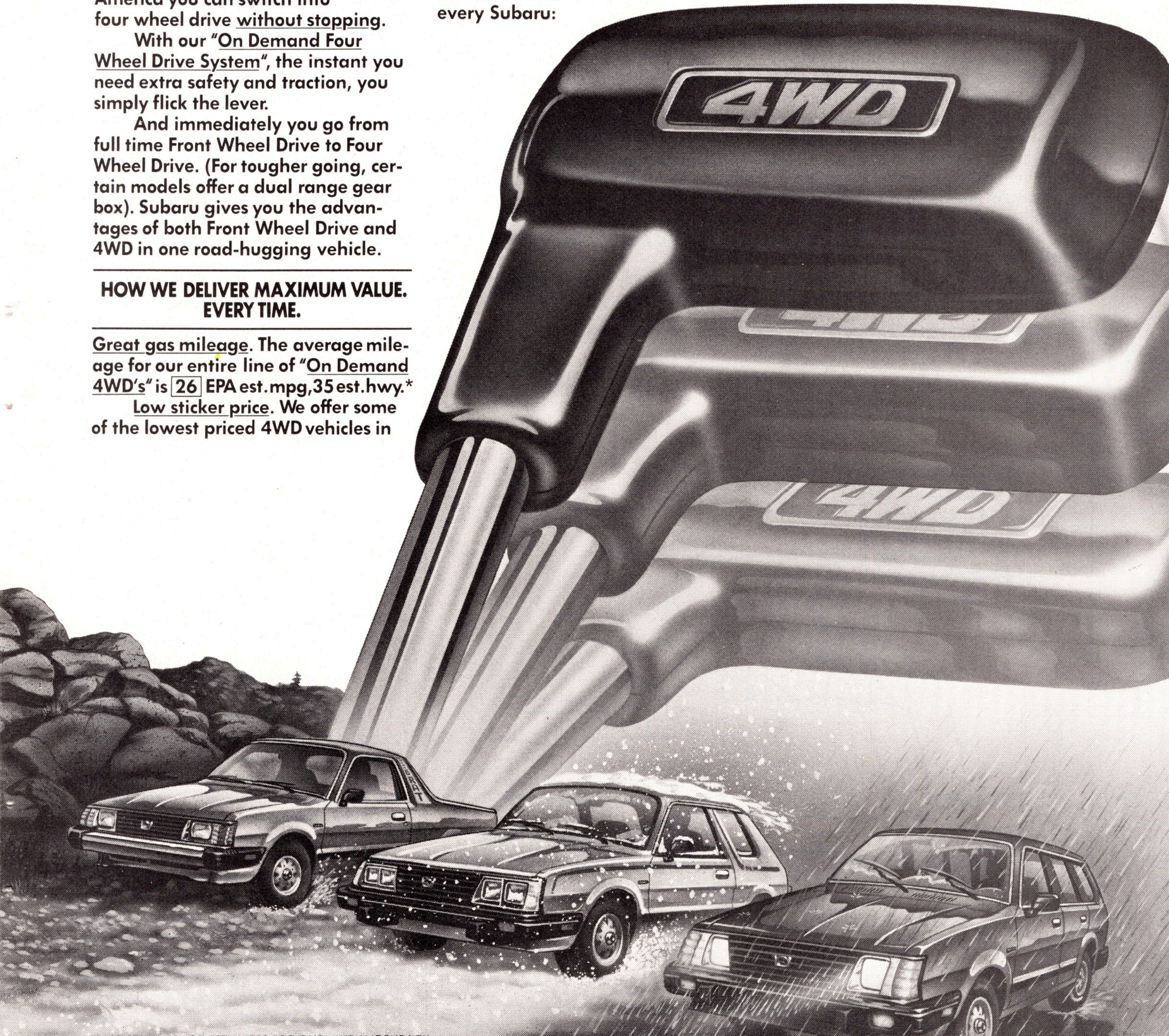
Also standard are two features that come with every Subaru: durability and reliability. And you don't have to demand them. We do.

SUBARU FINANCIAL SERVICES.

Participating Subaru dealers can now offer a lending hand in many different ways. Very attractive finance rates. Insurance. Extended service programs. They don't just take good care of you, they take complete care of you.

SUBARU®

INEXPENSIVE. AND BUILT TO STAY THAT WAY.



---

*1983 EPA AVERAGE ESTIMATES FOR OUR 4WD HATCHBACK, STATION WAGON, AND BRAT. USE EST. MPG. FOR COMPARISONS. YOUR ACTUAL MILEAGE WILL PROBABLY BE LESS.

**AVAILABLE ON CERTAIN MODELS.

© SUBARU OF AMERICA, INC. 1982

and Helen whispered to me that he was okay. Over the next fifteen minutes she crossed and uncrossed her legs, making her skirt ride up higher and higher. Her slit was on the same side as was our friend, and I was sure he would see the garter belt and tops of her stockings. By this time I had my hand on Helen's thigh and was gently rubbing her leg.

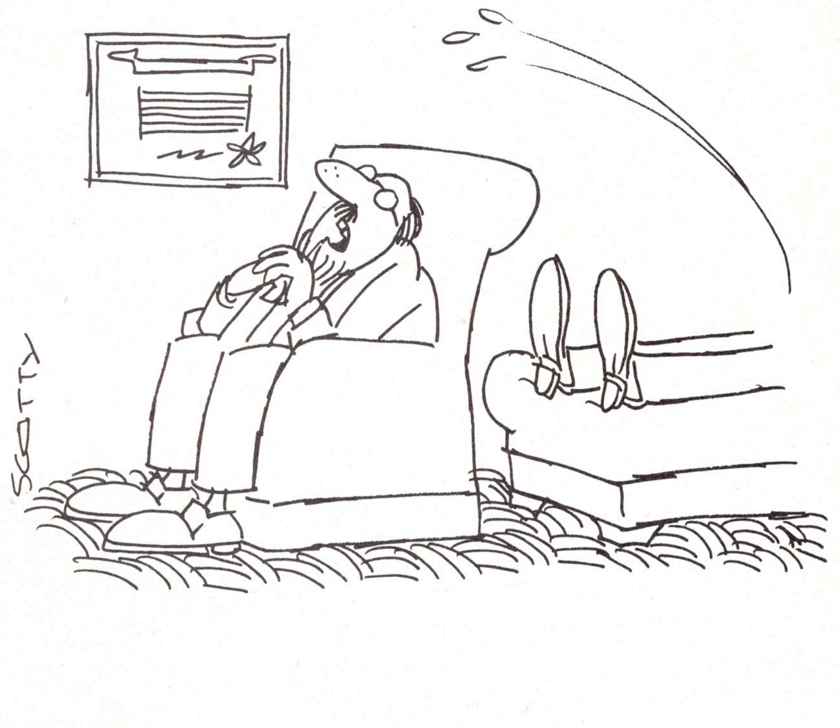
He started by gently touching his leg against Helen's. When she didn't move away, he slowly increased the pressure. By now Helen's eyes were focused on the screen but I don't think she saw anything—her eyes just had the look of pure lust. Then he got very brave and slowly started rubbing her leg above her stockings. He was careful not to let me see, or so he thought.

Soon afterward, Helen shifted and rested her head on my shoulder. She tossed her coat over her as if she were cold. Of course, what this did was give our friend perfect access, and he took advantage of it in a hurry. He started out rubbing her legs under her dress and soon got to her pussy. Helen had no panties on, and she started softly moaning in my ear as he rubbed her clitoris. She kept squirming in her seat in an attempt to provide him with better access to her pussy. I took advantage of this position to rub Helen's breasts, which got her doubly hot. After five minutes of this, she started coming and it was obvious what was happening as her body kept shaking and quivering.

Fortunately, we were in the back row of the balcony and there were no people close enough to hear what was happening. Our friend looked apprehensive, because he didn't know if I was aware that he had been feeling my wife's pussy. But I gave him a knowing smile, and we snickered like children. He told Helen that he'd like nothing more than to lick her pussy, and he'd pay for a motel room.

Needless to say, we were in the motel room in short order. I just sat back for a while as I watched him bring Helen to another shuddering climax by gently licking her clitoris. Helen then took his long, thin cock into her mouth and sucked him like a pro—I have been blown by many women, but few truly enjoy cocksucking like Helen does, and she was giving him everything she had. He begged her not to make him come in her mouth, as he wanted to fuck her. So I watched my beautiful wife, still dressed in her garter belt and hose, get on her back and beg this man, who was a stranger just two hours before, to fuck her cunt. And fuck her he did! I can go all out for fifteen minutes, but he was still pounding into her nearly thirty minutes later! She had come at least twice during this time and was now begging him to come in her pussy. Finally he grunted and shot his load into Helen.

I gave her only five minutes to rest, and then I took his place. My cock is not quite as long, but is extremely wide, so I split her pussy lips open and rammed my cock inside. I have no homosexual tendencies, but for those of you who have never fucked a woman just after another man has come in her, it's a feeling you should try. I only lasted about ten minutes, and then shot my load into Helen.—*Name and address withheld*



"I have now regressed you back to the age of twelve—what are you doing now?"

TRIPLE FANTASY

I read your magazine every month and I enjoy "Forum" the most. I like reading about other people's fantasies and also get some ideas from their own experiences. I have a fantasy I'd like to share with your readers.

I am a blond woman, twenty years old, five feet seven inches tall, and 120 pounds. My measurements are 38-28-36. Every inch of me is sex-starved.

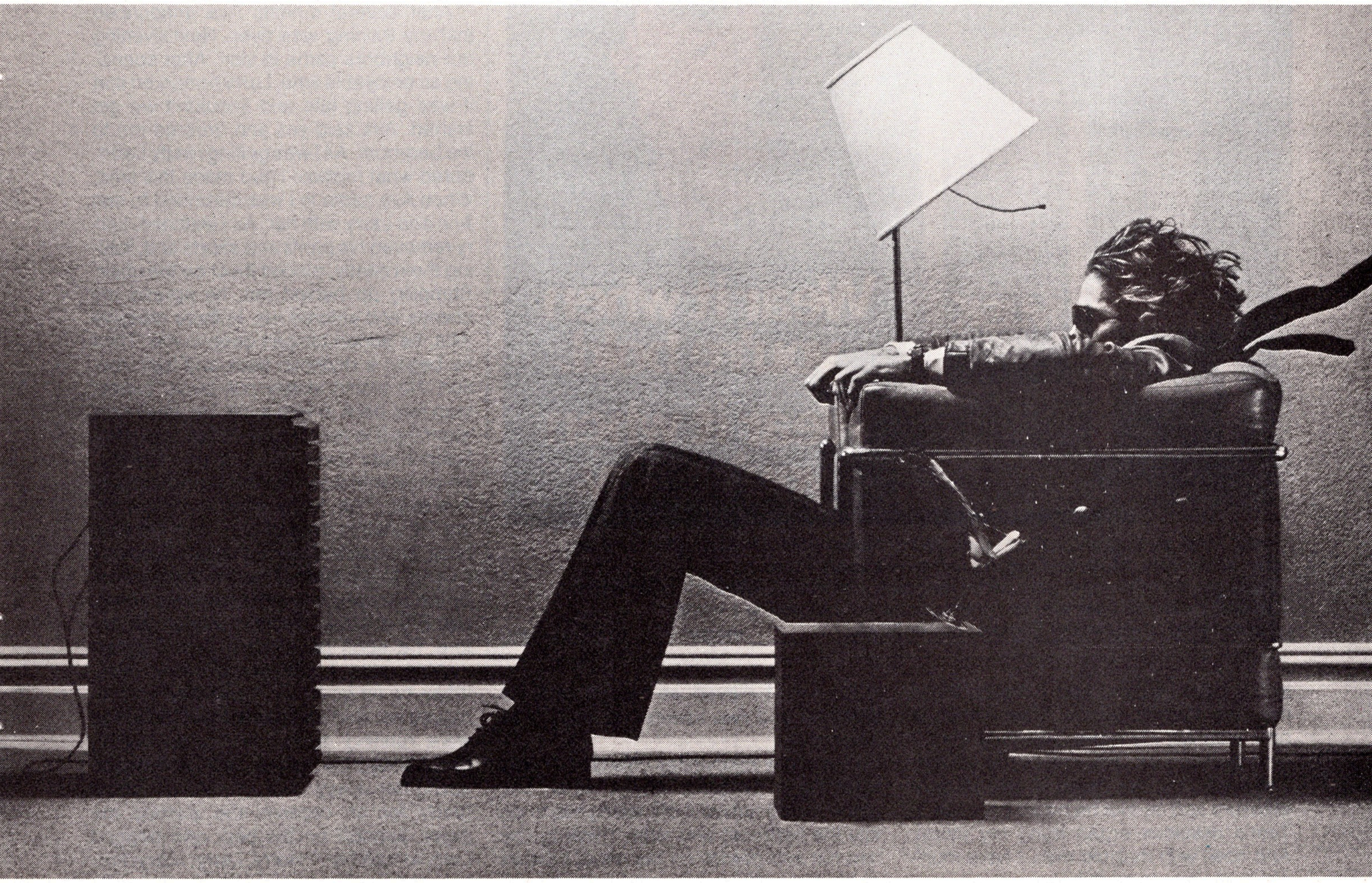
My fantasy starts when I am rocking, naked, in my bentwood rocker by the fireplace, smoking one of the best joints of sinsemilla I have had in a long time.

The heat from the big red flames is softly teasing my voluptuous breasts. I reach down to feel my swollen clit, and suddenly a rush of passion runs through me. I reach down further, feeling my pussy juices flowing freely.

As I'm involved with my erotic pleasures, I notice someone lurking outside my bay window. I turn to see three rugged, handsome men watching me. Looking down past their black leather jackets, I see their huge bulges. Dying for their beautiful cocks to be in me, I signal them to the front door.

As they enter, I hand my drink to the first stranger. He is a tall, dark man with coal black hair, beard, and mustache—I'll call him Dick. The second stranger enters and I hand him my joint. He is a stocky blond with blue eyes and a day-old beard—I'll call him Tom. Then the third stranger walks in. He's thickly muscled and has a beautiful tan—his name will be Mike. I have nothing left to hand to Mike, so I strip him from the waist down. As I kneel before him, I caress his firm ass and pull his ten-inch cock towards me. I lick up and down the sides of his shaft and feel his muscles tighten as I slowly take his full length down my throat. Suddenly, from behind, I feel strong, cool hands caressing my hard nipples and my soaking-wet crotch. I am lowered to the soft bearskin rug, and soon I feel hands all over me. Tom parts my cunt lips and wildly sucks at my throbbing clit. He slides his tongue into my love canal and I soon reach my first orgasm, trembling with great pleasure. At the same time, Dick is sliding his long, thick rod in and out of my mouth as I tickle and tantalize his quickly growing organ until he can stand it no longer. When he climaxes in my mouth, I swallow it all, sucking for just one more drop of his precious semen. While Tom and Dick are having their fun with me, so is my third stranger, Mike. He is passionately massaging my tits with his protruding tongue, lightly nibbling and biting

AFTER 500 PLAYS OUR HIGH FIDELITY TAPE STILL DELIVERS HIGH FIDELITY.



If your old favorites don't sound as good as they used to, the problem could be your recording tape.

Some tapes show their age more than others. And when a tape ages prematurely, the music on it does too.

What can happen is, the oxide particles that are bound onto tape loosen and fall off, taking some of your music with them.

At Maxell, we've developed a binding process that helps to prevent this. When oxide particles are bound onto our tape, they stay put. And so does your music.

So even after a Maxell recording is 500 plays old, you'll swear it's not a play over five.

IT'S WORTH IT.

Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

English Leather
MUSK
COLOGNE
4 FL OZ/100 ml
MEM CO. INC. NORTHVALE N.J. 07647
English Leather
MUSK
COLOGNE
4 FL OZ/100 ml
Wear it when you're bold.
Wear it when you're shy.

Wear Musk by English Leather when you're feeling bold. Or when you're feeling shy. Either way, Musk by English Leather will speak for you.
We know that the same guy can be outgoing sometimes, laid back other times.
So we created an easy way to communicate without saying a word.
Get the bold/shy scent of English Leather Musk. MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE N.J. 07647

at my hard nipples, and I realize these men are trading places. Mike's shaft is now entering my moist, yearning cunt. I start to moan as Dick enters my unlubricated ass, but the moan is only of pure pleasure and cannot be heard because of Tom's delicious organ filling my throat. And now, with multiple men, I have multiple orgasms, as do they.

We collapse in pure satisfaction and exhaustion. I wake to the sound of roaring motorcycle engines. I run to the window only to see my three studs leaving on their motorcycles. I feel sad as I watch them drive off until I find the note saying "Next week, same time, same place!"—*Name and address withheld*

SLAVING AWAY

A short time ago my wife, Ava, read a letter in the "Forum" section of your magazine, which described a wife's domination of her husband. She had read several letters on the same subject in previous issues also. Because of this I was ordered to write about our relationship, as many aspects of them are the same as our own.

For the first few years of our married life, things went along as in most households. We both worked, but Ava was always home first and had dinner ready when I arrived home. We would eat dinner together, after which she would clean and straighten up the kitchen and tidy the house. And I would read my paper and watch TV. I believed we had an ideal life together, and Ava seemed to enjoy it as much as I.

One night everything changed. I was watching a ballgame on TV when she came in and turned it off, telling me to go into the bedroom and strip. Thinking she had fun and games on her mind, I did as she told me. When she came in she tossed me across the bed and had me tied to it before I knew what had happened. Next she tied a cock leash to my testicles. She said, "From now on you'll do exactly as I say without questions. Is that understood?" I answered, "Yes!" She untied me but left the leash in place to be sure she remained in control of the situation.

While I was getting settled Ava had removed her skirt and panties. Sitting on my face, she ordered me to eat her. I had never eaten pussy before, but I sucked and lapped her juices and stuck my tongue in as deep as I could. As I tired and let up she said, "I didn't tell you to stop," so I went back at it until she had enough.

The following day when I arrived home, dinner was ready as usual, but I had to serve it as well as clean the kitchen and tidy the house. When I finished Ava gave me a list, explaining what was expected of me. From now on, I was to do all the house work as well as the cooking, which I would be taught to do. I was to be at her beck and call at all times. When called on, I was to stop whatever I was doing and run to her. Each Saturday I was to give the house a thorough cleaning. If my work didn't pass inspection I would be punished accordingly. While I cleaned, my buttocks were to be exposed so as to be ready for correction if warranted. If it became necessary I was to bring her a strap and stand touching my toes to receive whatever penalty she assessed.

After several months Ava announced that my training was over. Next evening our neighbors came to visit. After spending an enjoyable time, Larry remarked that it was getting late and shouldn't we get started. Ava said yes and ordered me to the bedroom. As I was getting ready I wondered what mistake I had made this time. When Ava came in I was surprised to see Ann and Larry with her. As I watched, Larry removed his pants and shorts and, folding them neatly, placed them on the chair. Stepping up behind me, he spread my cheeks and entered me. In three massive jolts, he buried himself deep in me. Then he began a rhythmic back-and-forth motion. He would slowly pull back, pause, then ram back in with a jolt. He was really ramming it to me but I dared not complain. Soon I was given my first jism enema. When he withdrew I stayed in position until Ava said, "You know what to do; get going." I knelt in front of him, took his limp hose, and started to lick it clean. Suddenly it came to life again. Now he grabbed me by the ears and shoved it down my throat. Using the same rhythmic motion as before, he soon gave me a jism cocktail, making sure I swallowed every drop. When he let go of me, I saw Ann had removed her skirt and panties and the juices were running down her thighs. Seeing this, I licked her thighs clean and began eating her pussy. Just as she was about ready for an orgasm she pushed me away, jumped on the bed, and begged Larry to fuck her. "Hurry, Larry, hurry, hurry," she cried. He entered her and rode her the same way he rode me. In no time they exploded together. I cleaned Larry and ate Ann again. When she had enough and pushed me away, Ava ordered me over the foot of the bed again. I remained in that position as they dressed and Ava escorted them to the door and said goodnight. When she returned she told me my mistakes and spanked me to be sure I wouldn't make them again.

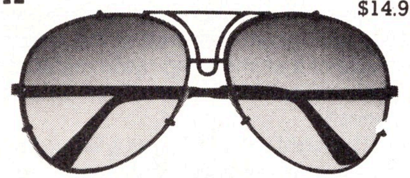
We now have a steady routine. Monday through Thursday I cook, clean the kitchen, and tidy the house. Friday is Fun-Fest Night. If one of the wives is indisposed, Ava takes her place. I now look forward to Fridays, especially if Larry is coming—he really knows how to put it to me. Thanks to Ava, I can accommodate his ten inches with little trouble.

Ava's latest innovation is to have me dress in a maid's uniform (which has been modified to expose my buttocks) and serve her guests very submissively. I have a paddle hanging from my side for correction, should it become necessary. On several occasions I had to eat pussy, and I

DIRECT FROM U.S. OPTICS™
QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

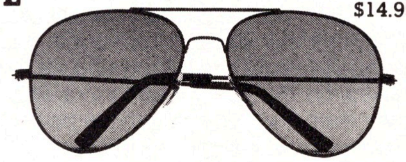
Metal Frame Sunglasses Feature • Impact resistant lenses • Handcrafted • Polished glass lenses • Hardened metal frames •

A Only $14.95



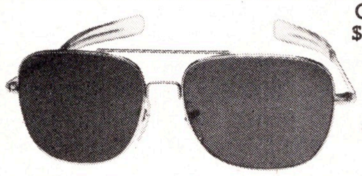
The Classic
Black metal frames, gray lenses.
A $30.00 value only $14.95. 2 pairs for $28.00.

E Only $14.95



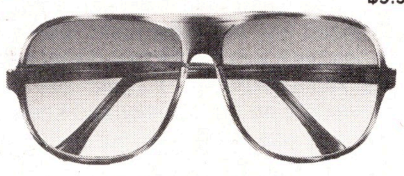
Black Metal Frames
Thin and durable black metal frames.
Aviator teardrop style lenses.
A $25.00 value only $14.95. 2 pairs for $28.00.

I Only $7.95



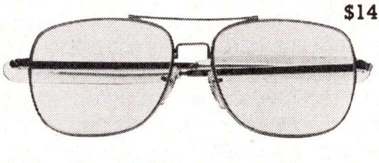
World Famous Pilot's Glasses
These precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only $7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over $20.00. Specify gold or silver frames. A $20.00 value only $7.95. 2 pairs for $14.00.

B Only $9.95



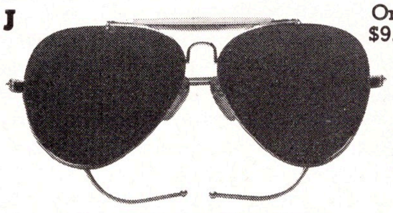
Rich Tortoise Shell Style
Classic style, large gradient lense.
A $20.00 value only $9.95. 2 pairs for $18.00.

F Only $14.95



Change-A-Matic Flight Glasses
Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frames. A $30.00 value only $14.95. 2 pairs for $28.00.

J Only $9.95

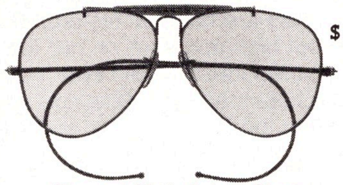


Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses
Flexible cable temples, gold frames.
A $20.00 value only $9.95. 2 pairs for $18.00.

C Only $10.95

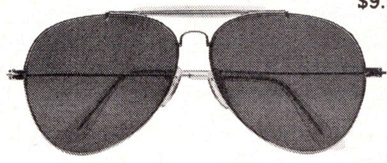
Mirrored Lens Flight Glasses
Unexcelled glare protection, gold or silver frames.
A $25.00 value only $10.95. 2 pairs for $20.00.

G Only $14.95



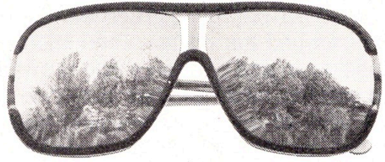
Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses
Gold frame, flexible cable temples.
Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors. A $30.00 value, only $14.95. 2 pairs for $28.00.

K Only $9.95



Standard Aviator Glasses
Traditional stems, gold frames.
A $20.00 value only $9.95. 2 pairs for $18.00.

D Only $9.95

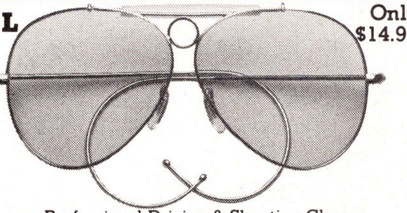


Girl Watcher
Gray mirrored lenses, black frames.
A $20.00 value only $9.95. 2 pairs for $18.00.

H Only $14.95

The Sportsman
Sports-graphic on black metal frame.
A $25.00 value only $14.95. 2 pairs for $28.00.

L Only $14.95



Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses
Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility.
Gold frames. A $30.00 value only $14.95.
2 pairs for $28.00.

Style #	Quantity	Frame Color	Price
A		Black	
B		Brown	
C			
D		Black	
E		Black	
F			
G		Gold	
H		Black	
I			
J		Gold	
K		Gold	
L		Gold	

Add Postage, Handling and Insurance
$1.00 per pair $________

Total $________

Free case with each pair.

To order your U.S. Optics™ sunglasses, send check or money order to **U.S. Optics,™ Dept. 851, P.O. Box 14206, Atlanta, Georgia 30324.** Credit card customers please fill in Card # and Exp. Date.
FREE — limited time only — deluxe velour-lined case with each pair of glasses ordered (a $3.00 value). Dealer inquiries invited.
Credit card orders may call 1-404-252-0703.

Visa or Master Charge # Exp. Date

Name

Address

City State Zip

NOTICE: Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. These glasses are made exclusively for U.S. Optics.™ To make sure you get the best, order now and if not completely satisfied return for refund within 30 days. No Non-sense 30 day guarantee.

© Copyright 1982 U.S. Optics™

have been given jism enemas.

There are those who would say I'm a slave having no say of my own, and they're probably right, but the fear of retaliation outweighs the urge to revolt. It must also be said that I have to enjoy some aspects of this relationship, such as when the fellows use me, especially Larry, as he has as much staying power with me as he has with a woman. Now I'm an expert pussy-lapper. I suck male or female with equal vigor and enjoyment. There is one thing I miss—it's been a long, long time since I've been in a woman. Ava says I'm good for only one thing where a woman is concerned, and that is all she'll allow me to do.—*Name and address withheld*

AN EYEFUL

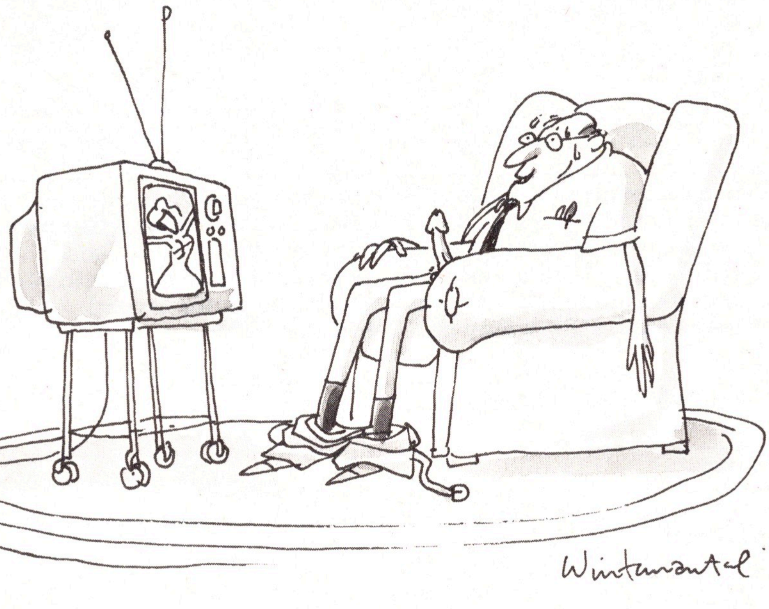
My wife, Rita, and I live on the seventh floor of a tower that sits at right angles to a twin tower. Our living-room balcony is nearest the opposite tower. Our sex life has been adventuresome. We regularly engage in oral sex and we both love sensual massage.

I came home one night to find my wife upset about something. We talked before dinner and I found out that earlier that day she had discovered a man watching her from a balcony two floors higher on the other tower. My reaction was twofold. I first felt a violation of our privacy, but second, I felt excited about the idea. I tried to calm Rita by telling her that we could do many things to ensure our privacy. But secretly I was wondering how I could turn this situation into a show for our peeper.

After about a week of living behind closed drapes, I asked Rita what we should do. She immediately suggested we move out to another apartment. I told her we could in about a month but until then all we could do was complain to the managers and keep our curtains shut. That night I decided to relax her with a sensuous massage and before long we were naked on the floor, running our fingers over every inch of each other's body.

She was working my lower back when I asked her if she thought we could get a bit of excitement out of this situation. She stopped. I rolled over to face her and we talked about how we felt. I explained about my voyeurism in my youth and how exciting it had been, and pretty soon Rita realized that she harbored some pretty strong feelings too. The honesty we shared that night mellowed into a generous dose of fucking. We decided together that we would give this fellow a show and then we would move away.

Rita has very lovely legs, with hips that blend easily into round and firm buttocks. Her waist is a 23 and her tits are 37 inches. Her nipples are her best feature, as they stand out high and hard on her tits. Her face is sculptured with elfin eyes, high and hollow cheeks, and a jaw that cuts sharply down into the loveliest neck and throat I have ever nibbled. Her hair is downy and falls in dark curls to her elbows. When she rides my cock on top, I love to watch her flail her hair about.



"Now that's *entertainment.*"

For the occasion she bought a set of white stockings, a shimmering blue garter belt, split-crotch panties that made her ass shine, and a matching blue half-cup bra that lifted her tits into bulging round orbs. The whole ensemble was finished with a sky blue gown gathered at the waist and made of a shimmering nylon material that seemed to float around her when she moved.

The night we chose was a Saturday and all day my wife and I could hardly contain our excitement. It had occurred to me that we might be enjoying this more than our onlooker. Late in the evening Rita opened the drapes. I made sure all the lights were on. She went into the bedroom and changed into her outfit and I took a few things back into the kitchen. From behind the kitchen drapes, I could see some movement on the balcony and knew that our plan was underway; our peeper saw the lights.

Rita looked gorgeous, her hair tumbled around her shoulders as she danced back into the living room to the music on the radio. She started taking off my belt and pants while I quickly unbuttoned my shirt. Rita exaggerated her moves so that she turned this way and that, stopping to let the gown settle on her beautiful body. She stood up and began to slip the top of her gown down past her shoulders, then switched to the other side with the top all bunched at her waist. She turned her back to the window and threw me a huge smile while jutting her ass out so that it shone in the lights. Very slowly she slipped her gown down past her ass and let it fall to the floor around her ankles. Then she slowly knelt down and crawled a little to one side so that her head and hair didn't obstruct the view of my cock emerging from my shorts as she slipped them down. She wrapped her left hand around my bulging seven-and-a-half inches, slowly pumping the shaft while her right hand ran around my belly and along both thighs. I was very excited at the thought of being watched; after all, I wanted to show off too.

I noticed that her movements were slow and deliberate, and her tongue stuck out farther, which helped exaggerate her movements and give our audience a real show.

I reached down and slowly slipped the straps of her bra from her shoulders and unhooked the clip from the back. This blowjob became the most memorable one Rita ever gave me. I watched her mouth leave the shaft again and again to slurp the tip and lick the underside and suck my balls. Finally I started to spurt and she laughed, drawing back to catch the globs on her tits. I was groaning loudly and she rubbed the semen into her breast. I knelt down to help her but soon found my mouth pressed to hers in a thank-you kiss. She was burning up. I turned her as I laid her down on the floor in the full lights. Her cunt was juicing but wasn't very visible, so I got down on all fours over her and put her knees up from the floor, spreading her crotch, and slipped a finger into each side of the panties, pulling them to either side of her cunt lips. I slipped my hand near her pussy and began inserting a finger or two into the folds until she was puffed out and the juices ran. Finally I dropped my pointed tongue down onto her protruding clit. Rita began thrashing and moaning and came. I loved her more than ever before for giving me a chance to live one of my adolescent fantasies.

She and I sat up together with tongues slashing into each other's mouth. I pushed her back firmly and got her turned around, letting her globes jiggle a bit as she lay back. I lifted myself onto her and laid my erect cock on her belly. This showed our onlooker just how far up her pussy it would get. I bent her knees up under each of my arms and met her juicy cunt with the head of my cock. I rolled it around and gave little pushes until she gasped that she couldn't wait, that she wanted me to drive it in right then. I glanced down and watched my cock slide slowly in and out between her cunt lips, then began to slide my hands along her nylon-encased legs. Rita moaned constantly to the rhythm of my thrusting. She moaned louder as she tensed, and I felt the grip of her muscles that always preceded her orgasm. Her breathing became heavy. She hoarsely groaned for me to push harder, and finally I felt her whole body become racked by an orgasm such as I had never witnessed before. She stopped breathing for a moment and then gasped a lungful of air and belted out a cry of passion I'm sure could be heard through the window. I slowed down but kept pushing in and out slowly.

She looked up at me and smiled dreamily, then pulled herself up clumsily to push me back. This time she was on top. She sucked me into her cunt and gripped my shaft firmly. I rested my hands on her thighs and then ran them up over her back when she had leaned far enough forward to lift her ass off my prick; then, very slowly, she lowered herself over my bulge and shivered. Suddenly she took a deep breath and began humping wildly. I pushed up as much as I could, but she had me under her power. Her cunt gripped me like a firm hand and began sucking the come right out of my prick and into her cunt. My balls were bouncing, her tits were swaying, and her ass was jumping within the silky and sopping panties. She stopped humping me and began panting. I brought my knees up a little more and began thrusting up into her cunt, hovering over my shaft. I was as hard as steel now and she wasn't going to miss this blast. I pushed up into her pussy and she bent her ass back so that her clit rubbed my bulge each time it came out. This was the movement I loved best, and soon I was pulsing my come into her cunt. I pulled her ass down onto my prick.

We lay there a long time afterward, forgetting our peeper, kissing and fondling each other gently. The kisses and soft caresses on the face were a sincere display of our affection for each other.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

The Pet of the Month, who appears on page 81, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, and Nikkor 35mm wide angle, 80–200 zoom, and 500 lenses. Burt Bunger photographed the pictorial beginning on page 107 with a Nikon FE camera, a Nikkor 85, and a 55-micro-mm lens and Kodachrome 65 film. Marty, who appears on page 126, was photographed by Ron Raffielli with a Mamiya RB67-Pro S 120 camera, 90 and 180 Mamiya lenses, an ASCOR QC 1000 strobe, and Ektachrome 120 professional film.

LEADERS HAVE TASTE
A&C
Grenadiers
NATURAL LEAF WRAPPER
6 PACK
ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA
TOP QUALITY LEAF
NATURAL LEAF WRAPPER
A&C GRENADIERS-THE TASTE LEADER
Grenadiers reward the choosy smoker every way.
Lean good looks.
Rich aroma.
Satisfying taste.
A blend of five imported and domestic tobaccos, in light or dark natural wrapper, flavor-sealed in our Fresh Loc pack.

7up
50
St. Anton
ROSSIGNOL

He's facing an uphill battle unless you help.

This year, the U.S. Ski Team has given Americans a great deal to be proud of.

Phil Mahre posted his second consecutive overall World Cup title while Bill Koch presented the U.S. with its first ever Nordic World Cup crown. The U.S. Women's team finished the season number one in the world.

It's hard to believe that these magnificent athletes should need anyone's help, but they do. They need yours. Our Alpine and Nordic teams are not subsidized by the government. Members of the team dedicate years of their lives training to win. And they depend on you for support.

Please send your tax-deductible donations to the U.S. Ski Educational Foundation, Box 100M, Park City, Utah 84060. Thanks.

US SKI TEAM

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

GUN CONTROL

Mark Benenson's "Why Gun Control Won't Work" (August 1982's "Advise & Dissent") is the most accurate, levelheaded, and original statement on the subject I have ever seen. My only complaint is that he bends over backwards to be fair to both sides of the argument and, in doing so, fails to use some of the formidable facts that support his position.

Take a good look at crime statistics *after* anti-gun laws are passed and you will be alarmed. Communities that enact very restrictive anti-gun laws promptly suffer a *rise* in the rate of violent crime, according to the most recent FBI Uniform Crime Statistics. This terrifying and little publicized trend is clearly seen in America's five most violent cities: Boston, New York, Baltimore, Washington, and Cleveland.

Boston was the fifth most violent city in America in 1974. In 1975 the state enacted the infamous Bartley-Fox act, which set a mandatory one-year prison term for the possession of an unlicensed firearm. This act also made firearm licenses extremely difficult to obtain. By 1980 Boston was America's most violent city.

New York was the fourth most violent city in America in 1979—and it already had strict gun-control laws dating from the 1920s. In early 1980 the state legislature added further restrictions on gun ownership with a law modeled after Massachusetts's Bartley-Fox act. By the end of that same year New York was the second most violent city in America.

Also in 1979, Baltimore passed strict city ordinances on gun-owner licensing and firearms registration that made it almost impossible for a civilian to own or carry a firearm. The 1980 violent-crime rate jumped 19 percent, making Baltimore America's third most violent city.

In 1976 Washington was America's seventh most violent city. In 1977 all private ownership of handguns was banned. By 1980 Washington was America's fourth most violent city—with a 17 percent increase in murder alone.

Now Chicago has just made the same mistake. In March of 1982 Mayor Byrne demanded—and got—a city-wide gun "freeze" almost exactly like the law that is currently being considered in California. Be warned! These laws are *not* simple "registration" requirements. They are almost total bans on the sale, possession, and carrying of firearms. They are gun prohibition laws that, in effect, deny citizens the right to buy guns after a given date, require all currently purchased guns be registered, and make it almost impossible to replace registered guns that are lost, stolen, broken, or worn out. Like the Massachusetts law, these bans forbid legitimate and registered gun owners from other states from even *traveling through* these areas with their firearms without first obtaining a license, a license that is, in effect, a form of internal passport. Internal passports are specifically forbidden by the U.S. Constitution.

The committee passed the proposed Byrne law by a six-to-one majority and the city council then passed the unchanged bill into law without comment, despite many citizens' protests at the hearings. Immediately after the vote was taken, I drove straight out to the edge of town and bought two pistols. I registered them the very next day, one month before the deadline. Then I found a target range where I could practice firing them. I believe that I would never have gotten around to buying a handgun if that law hadn't been passed.

The law went into effect on April 19, 1982. Since then, Chicago's violent crime rate has climbed drastically. I suspect Chicago will shortly become one of America's most violent cities. I'm moving out at the end of the year.

The problem is, I was originally planning to move to San Francisco. But if the proposed gun control initiative passes there, California will most probably become the most violent state in the union. There seems to be no safety anywhere from the pious dedication of the gun prohibitionists. And I can't afford to move every time they get a law passed in their favor.

I have no criminal record and no intention of getting one. But I promise you this: I will never give up my handguns, my longguns, or the right to defend myself—no matter what laws are passed. If I must technically become a criminal to survive in the real world, then so be it.

The only people who will be happy with the new gun prohibition are pious tyrants, officers of organized crime, and anarchists. Tyrants assume that the "niggers" and other poor will be safely disarmed by their laws. The mafiosi will be able to sell guns to an enormous market without competition. And the anarchists will have what they want—total chaos. There will come a time when the only anti-crime force that won't be the pawn of the elite and that the people-at-large will believe in will be Curtis Sliwa's Guardian Angels (the subject of your August 1982 interview). Maybe that's why the police hate them so much.—*Leslie Fish, Chicago, Ill.*

I am writing to answer a letter by Mr. Michael Ferguson that appeared in your December 1982 "Feedback" column on gun control. I am an eighteen-year-old inmate in the Green Bay State Reformatory in Green Bay, Wis. I was sentenced to five four-year terms for armed robbery. And I would like to tell Mr. Michael Ferguson, Ph.D., at the University of Illinois, that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

Handguns *don't* give the necessary courage to criminals to commit violent crimes. No criminal I know—and I know quite a few of them—got his courage from a Colt .45. If a man is going to commit armed robbery, he is going to use whatever weapon he can find, whether it is a handgun, a knife, or a tire iron.

Mr. Ferguson is talking about something he has no idea about! How can he say taking away handguns will make it harder for criminals to commit violent crimes?

Being in prison is just one step up from being in a Communist state. In both places they take away everything that can be used to protect our rights as human beings. And then they tell us where and how to work, sleep, eat, and even use the bathroom. They can do this only after we are defenseless to stop them. They have the guns and the power of the state and the government behind them.

Everyone who reads this: if you let the liberals take away your handguns, that is only the first step toward becoming defenseless and at the government's mercy! I personally do not like being at anyone's mercy to do with me as he sees fit.—*Eugene K. Schmidt, Green Bay, Wis.*

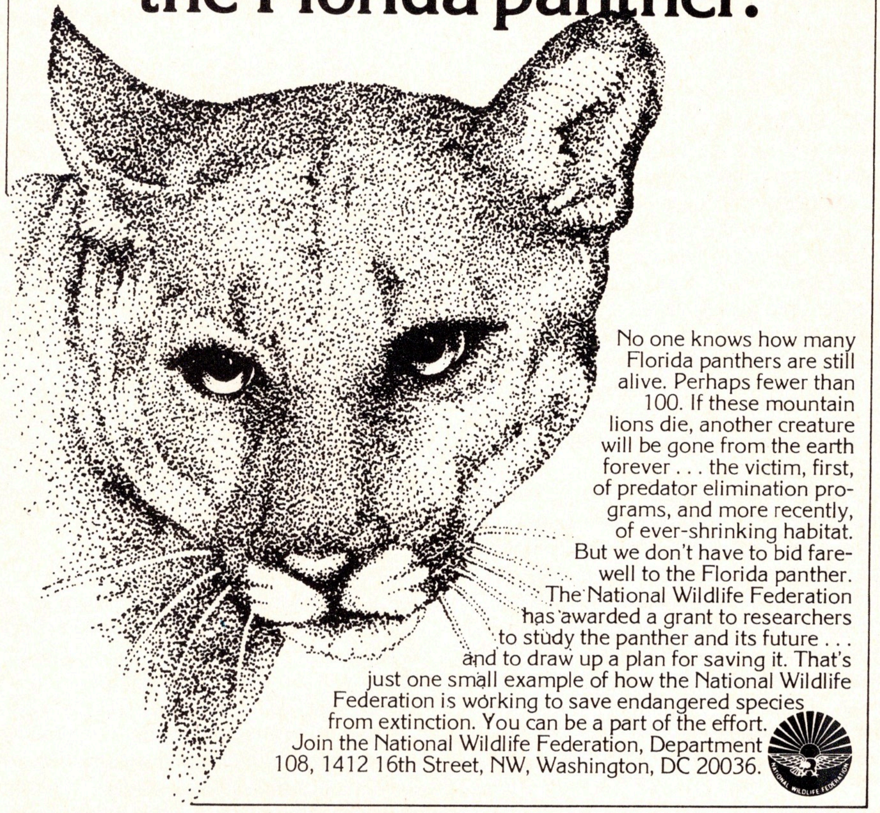
I was distressed by Mark K. Benenson's editorial, "Why Gun Control Won't Work." His arguments seem to be intentionally misleading. Nowhere in the United States has gun control outlawed *all* guns, as he seems to suggest. Gun control is aimed at handguns only.

Mr. Benenson never satisfactorily explains why law-abiding citizens need concealable firearms. As a member of the National Rifle Association, he must know that the NRA has found shotguns and rifles to be superior to handguns in self-defense. And if we ever have to stage another revolution in the United States, it will not be won with handguns, especially cheap ones. Shotguns and rifles—not Saturday night specials—are our physical defense against criminals and governments.

Many people agree that we would do well to reduce the number of concealable weapons in circulation. Mr. Benenson points out that there are many problems inherent in the logistics of this reduction, and I agree. But current gun control laws have not produced a rash of Fourth Amendment violations, as he suggests. Citizens everywhere still have the right to own a shotgun or a rifle, as I do.

Mr. Benenson is like many pro-handgun people, who sound the battle cry against an invented enemy—unnamed people

Farewell to the Florida panther.



No one knows how many Florida panthers are still alive. Perhaps fewer than 100. If these mountain lions die, another creature will be gone from the earth forever . . . the victim, first, of predator elimination programs, and more recently, of ever-shrinking habitat.

But we don't have to bid farewell to the Florida panther. The National Wildlife Federation has awarded a grant to researchers to study the panther and its future . . . and to draw up a plan for saving it. That's just one small example of how the National Wildlife Federation is working to save endangered species from extinction. You can be a part of the effort. Join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 108, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

Good times offer:

Seagram's
7 & 7UP

Fourteen oz. glass mug for sale. It's the two-fisted way to drink to good times and salute your great taste in drinks. Why not start a collection? Please send this coupon, along with a check or money order for $4.95 per mug (no cash please) to:
Seagram's 7 Crown Mug Offer, P.O. Box 1622,
New York, N.Y. 10152

Name______________________________ (Please Print)
Address______________________________
City__________State__________Zip______
Specify quantity________ Amount enclosed $________

Offer expires January 31, 1984. No purchase necessary. PENC43
New York residents add 8.25% sales tax.
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for shipment.

Seagram's 7

© 1982 SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY-A BLEND. 80 PROOF.
"Seven-Up" and "7UP" are trademarks of the Seven-Up Company.

who supposedly want to take away all our guns, i.e., all our freedom. Such tactics only attract reactionaries who don't think things through, and repel the informed and thoughtful people. There must be a better argument than Mr. Benenson's against handgun control.—*Howard Tomb, Cincinnati, Ohio*

PET REQUEST

As an enthusiastic reader of your magazine, I must confess you have recently disappointed me. Your latest Pet, Ms. Donna Barnes, is undoubtedly gorgeous, but you failed to provide any full-length views of her stunning rear end. I can't remember the last time you featured a girl who measured 38 inches across the bottom, and this was your chance to thoroughly satisfy fanny fanciers the world over. After all, a derriere with such an impressive statistic deserves to be slowly savored, not just glossed over.

I can remember back to the mid-seventies, when you featured Miss Angela Adams, who displayed the most luscious rear I had ever seen, personal experience included. We were treated to some very provocative poses on two occasions: first, when she was your Pet of the Month, and again, when she was in your Pet of the Year Play-off. Angela's unbelievable backside measured 37 inches and possibly could have made fanny lovers forget the classic derrieres of Marilyn Monroe and Barbara Eden.

So I'm sure you understand my disappointment. It's a special treat to see measurements of 38-25-38 in your pages, so I was anxiously hoping to feast my eyes on Donna's sexy cheeks and place her on my "top five" list, which also includes Kim Novak, Joey Heatherton, and Jill St. John. Is there any way you can appease us addicts with another photo of Donna, this time from the opposite direction? Thanks!—*Roger Burris, Ossining, N.Y.*

A rear view of Donna Barnes, below.—The Editors

DIVORCED FATHERS

I write to commend that article in your November 1982 issue entitled "Disposable Fathers," written by Peter McCabe. The article, in my opinion, is very well written and depicts a very widespread problem in our society today.

I am a recent "victim" of our current domestic-relations legal process. I can personally attest to Mr. McCabe's views on how men are shortchanged in the divorce courts. Something is awry. The victimization of men in divorce decisions does not stop with the family or visitation issue but, rather, continues throughout all parts of the process, including alimony, property settlements, which party is "guilty" or "not guilty" of certain acts, etc. The list is endless.

I fully agree with Mr. McCabe. Dramatic, substantive changes must be made in this system *now* to protect the rights of men who are made vulnerable objects in our family courts.—*Darryll R. Bauchert, North Fort Myers, Fla.*

MICHAEL LEVIN INTERVIEW

Being a *Penthouse* reader for well over ten years, I can say your interview with Prof. Michael Levin supersedes all previous endeavors.

Prof. Michael Levin should be commended for his values concerning women "attempting" to infiltrate man's role in society. It's certainly not a question of a man being threatened by a woman for a position. They're just physically inferior and unable to perform at a man's level.

Dykes supporting the E.R.A. obviously have their heads in the other end enjoying the view, because no one in his right mind would rely upon the strength and tenacity of a woman in a life-or-death situation.

Oh, ladies, please don't misconstrue facts of the female species. There are two circumstances where men cannot stand in your way: "on your backs . . . and in the kitchens."

Please print this. My life is on the line.—*John C. Ulman, Upper Montclair, N.J.*

BOB GUCCIONE

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

I greatly enjoyed V. K. McCarty's article "S & M for Beginners," in your August 1982 issue. As a Dominant Woman with a personal slave-in-training (I scored very high on your "Sadist Test"), I happily identified with the scenarios and techniques described. The whip and cat (for discipline), the dog collar (for public humiliation), and the cock ring (with frilly lingerie, for attitude adjustment) are all in my repertoire of training methods.

I must disagree with Madame X's referring to herself as a "Domme." This seems a trivialization of a most important title, like calling the minister "Rev."

I do hope your article will encourage Women to explore their dominant tendencies, experience the aphrodisia of power and control, and taste the thrill of inflicting sublime torment on the inferior male. I have found that adopting the S & M lifestyle, apart from its obvious erotic benefits, has given Me greater confidence in interpersonal relationships, provided an impetus to My career, and spurred a more acute awareness of Self.

My slave will soon take the "Masochism Test." He'd better get an A+.—*Mistress Pamela Bryant, Rochester, N.Y.*

CANCER DOLLARS

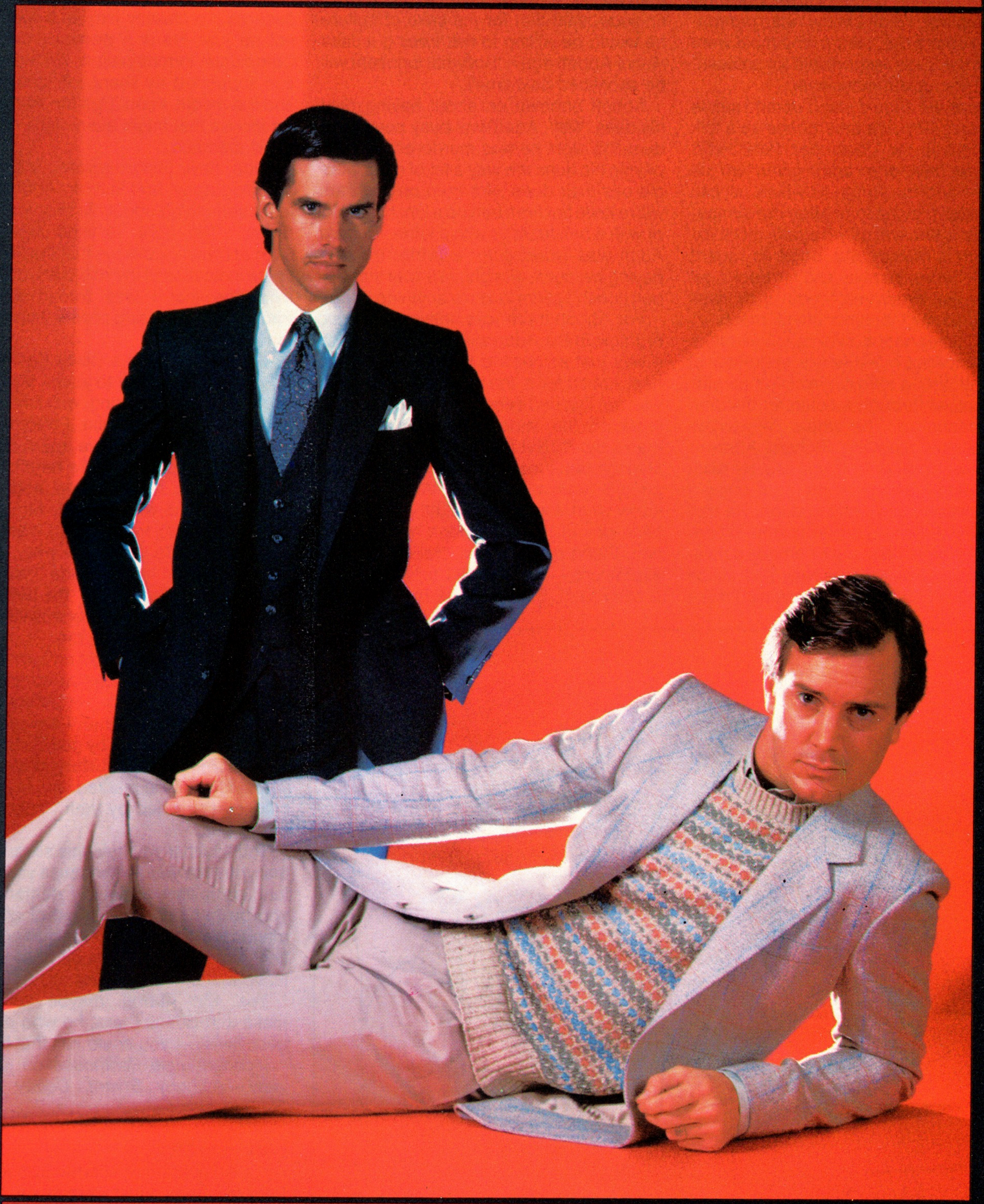
The *Penthouse* articles on cancer written by Gary Null, Allan Sonnenschein, and others should be required reading for donors to the American Cancer Society and all taxpayers who indirectly donate over $1 billion annually to the National Cancer Institute, a government agency.

Why do we allow the NCI to waste billions of dollars perpetuating the myth that chemotherapy and radiation are the only effective means of treating cancer—while ignoring promising research funded privately or basic cellular research that may lead to a preventative vaccine? Why do we continue to believe the propaganda from the ACS that a cancer cure is just a matter of time and money (a checkup and a check) when only 28 percent of its income goes for research? Why don't we put a stop to it? None of us may be the one of every four persons who will ultimately die of cancer, but all of us will see a loved one or friend destroyed by the disease and/or its current treatment.

Each of your readers should write a letter to his or her congressional delegation demanding an investigation of the cancer establishment. Our lives may depend on it!—*Robert McNellis, National Chairman, Project 100,000, Helena, Mont.*

JACK ABBOTT INTERVIEW

Richard Adan. A sack of bones in the ground somewhere. Richard Adan. A picture on someone's shelf. We the public know precious little about him. But we have endless information about Jack Henry Abbott. We know all about Abbott's early years. We know all about Abbott's incarceration. We know all about Abbott's deprivation and how he cast his con



© 1983 Hart Services, Inc.

For the name of your nearest Pierre Cardin
Suit dealer, write Pierre Cardin Menswear,
888 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10106

pierre cardin

man's line to fish out the literary do-gooders. Despite the storm warnings in Abbott's prose, Norman Mailer and his cronies fell over themselves to worship at the footstool of that cesspool "genius," Jack Henry Abbott. And Richard Adan paid the ultimate price for their consummate stupidity. I didn't know Adan personally, but others did, others who must want to indict the idiots responsible for unleashing that insouciant manslayer.

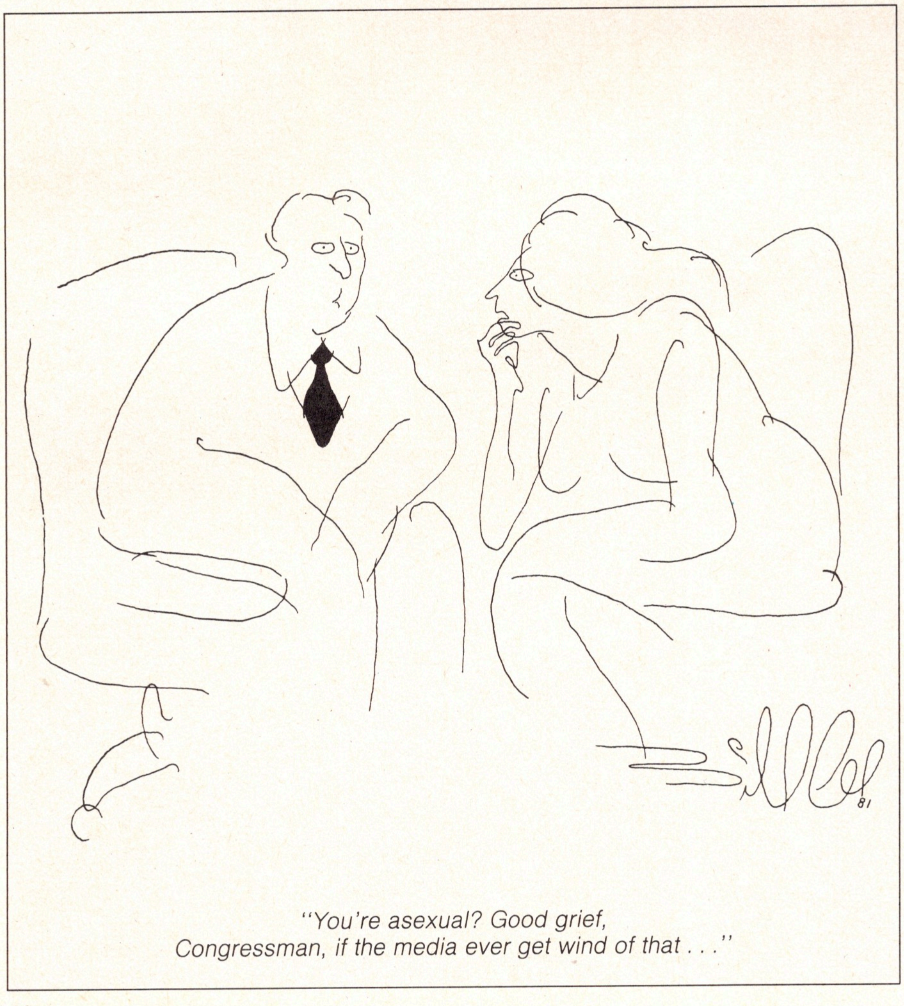
Perhaps we should stand up and salute Jack Henry Abbott's emergence as a folk hero. Here in the December 1982 *Penthouse*, we have once again given him the spotlight and the forum in which he can dance about, trying to engage our sympathies. He is thrust at us yet again; more explanation is offered. We begin to regard him with perverted awe, and his books get sold as the syndrome feeds upon itself with a rapacity that turns the stomach.

Jack Henry Abbott. What shall we make of his sniveling? The whole spectrum of right and wrong skews crazily as he sifts basic values through a colander of comical communism. The whole unfortunate episode—his stabbing Richard Adan to death—was not his fault, you see. He said, "They didn't put me in the right place." Out of prison just wasn't enough. He had *that* coming. He had done his time. Where should he have been put? Perhaps a palatial penthouse suite at the New York Hilton would have been more to his liking. I'd like a big, fancy New York penthouse too, Jack, but no one is out there pulling strings for me.

And today the potential for future horror lingers like the taste of bitter ash. Frankenstein would do it again. For culture. Norman Mailer, a prime mover in this tawdry episode, said that for the sake of culture he would be willing to risk freeing a Jack Henry Abbott again. But what innocent will be sacrificed next time?

Abbott babbles on about having paid his dues. Well, Adan was busy paying his dues the night he was murdered. He was paying his dues the way a lot of other people pay their dues. Not from behind bars with a knife but from behind a lunch counter or with a bulldozer or with a lathe. *Richard Adan was working for a living!* He was paying his dues, all right, in a way that Abbott doesn't seem to know anything about.

For Abbott there was nothing dramatic or tragic in the Adan stabbing. For Abbott it was just something that happened. To hear Abbott tell it, the fact that Adan's play was not finished serves as justification for reducing the importance of the young man's death. But there are people whose feelings don't make front-page news, the people Adan left behind. We will never know what sort of playwright Adan might have grown to be if Abbott hadn't killed him. Richard Adan—his dreams and his aspirations—are silenced forever.—*Alan L. Weinstein, Scottsdale, Ariz.*



"You're asexual? Good grief, Congressman, if the media ever get wind of that . . ."

After reading the interview with Jack Henry Abbott, I experienced a feeling of compassion—the same emotion I would feel if a rabid dog had to be destroyed. In 1969 I hijacked a 727 to Cuba and, after spending nearly twelve years in Cuban prisons, I have seen what even Mr. Abbott does not deserve. To classify him as a fool would not be just. He is a perfect example of Communist indoctrination. An indoctrination supported by liberals in government and the media. I could tell Mr. Abbott horror stories that might even make him sick to his stomach.

I, too, have just completed a book, an autobiography, and in it Mr. Abbott might learn something about his beloved "comrades." The book is titled *Nightmares Start at Dawn*—I believe that the title gives some indication of the debased, diabolical existence that I was forced to suffer through with the rising of each sun in Communist Cuba.

Mr. Abbott! I was a Black Panther. My background is similar to yours. My FBI rap sheet is three pages long, with time served in Soledad, San Quentin, Folsom, and a dozen county jails. I have spent eighteen years behind bars. I was a heroin addict, armed robber, hustler, pimp, and, finally, air pirate. And with all that, Mr. Abbott, when I returned from Cuba I was a man transformed. Do you know why, Mr. Abbott? Because I had seen the "masters of deceit" and truly lived in "the belly of the beast," and, most of all, because the revolution had come—within me.

I am on probation, the first airline pirate in the U.S. to be so considered. In Cuba I witnessed executions for offenses not nearly as grave as mine. I saw so many beatings and murders by guards that it became commonplace. I starved for twelve years. My body is marked with scars from machetes wielded by your "comrades," Mr. Abbott.

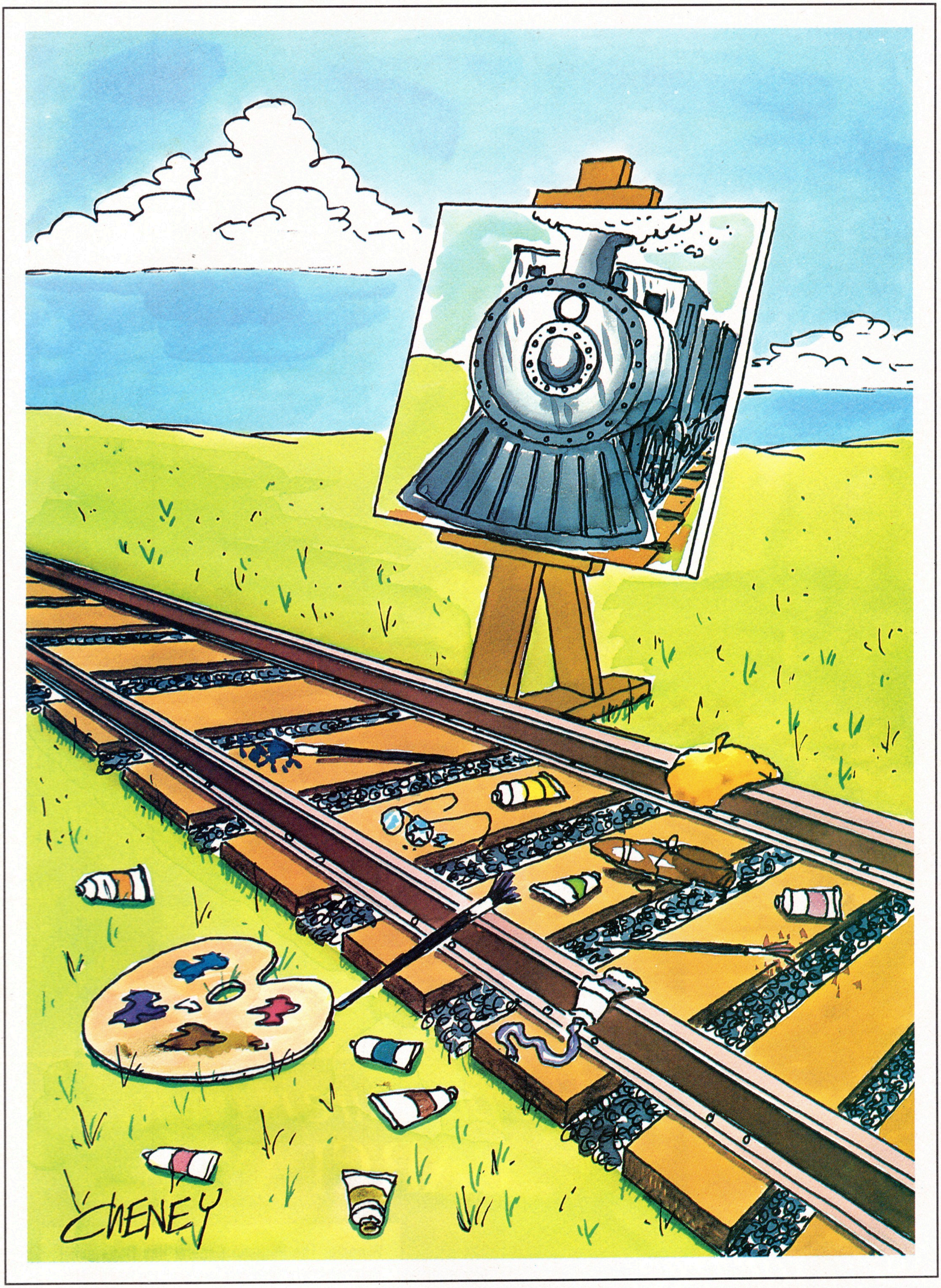
You say that you hate this society. I say that you hate yourself because you cannot function in this society. It demands that you be humane, and, most of all, it demands that you respect the human condition. I contend, Mr. Abbott, that you are incapable of these virtues.

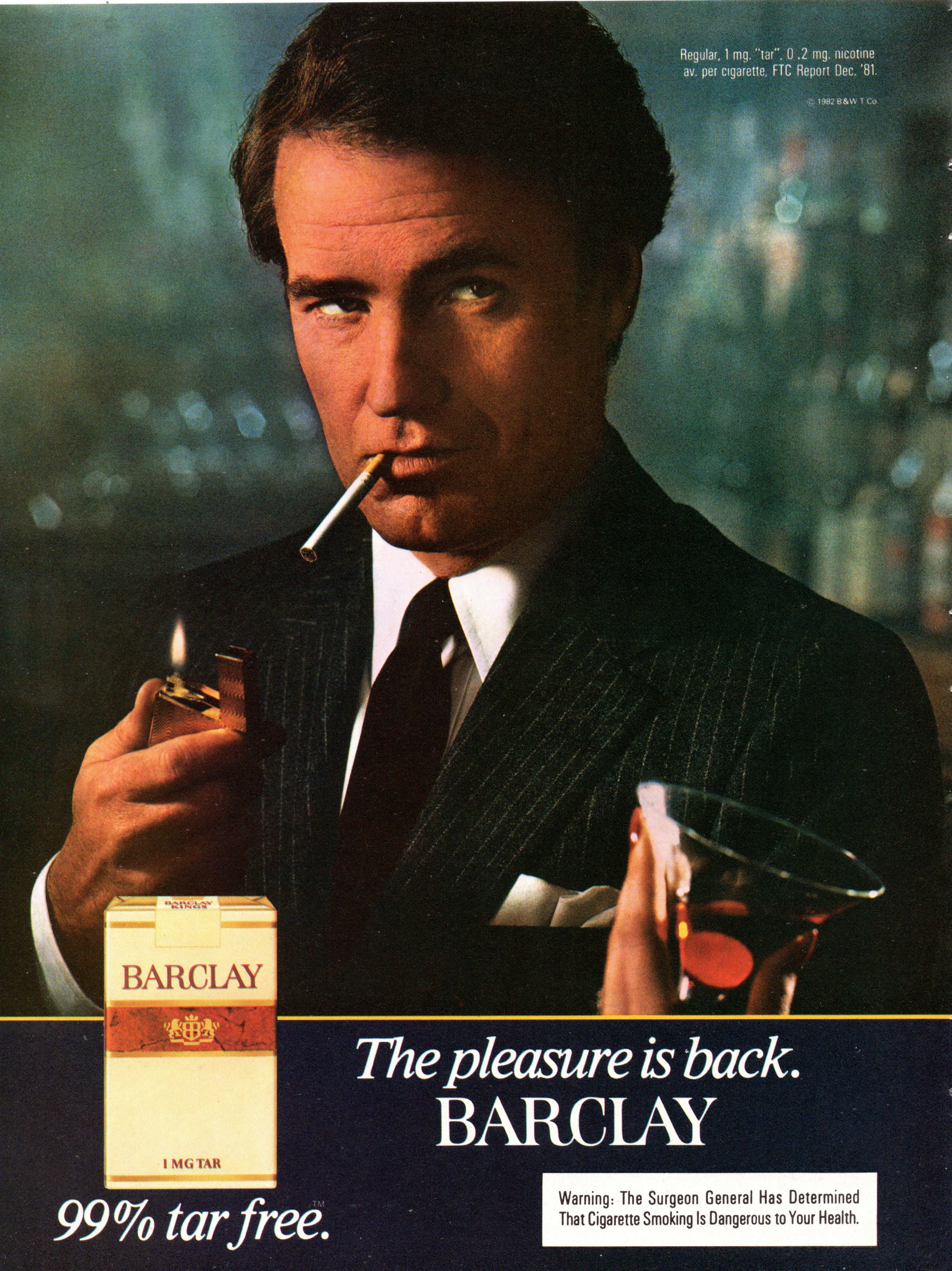
Yes, Mr. Abbott, maybe you could make it in Cuba. There, he who destroys best, lives—if you could call that living.

I congratulate *Penthouse* on its interview.—*Anthony Bryant, Delray Beach, Fla.*

FAN LETTER

I'm a sergeant in the army just returned from overseas. I just want to say that the December 1982 Pet of the Month, Miss Monique Gabrielle, is the most beautiful and the sexiest woman I have ever seen. No woman compares with her. Never have I seen a woman in any other magazine as perfect as Miss Gabrielle. I can see I've been overseas too long. My congratulations to *Penthouse* for photographing the most beautiful women.—*Name withheld*


CHENEY


BARCLAY KINGS
BARCLAY
1 MG TAR
The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY
99% tar free.™

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0 .2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

© 1982 B&W T Co.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

“I have actually been photographed sucking my own breasts. I could flick my tongue from the left to the right nipple. It was a great turn-on for me as well as for the photographer.”

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a twenty-eight-year-old housewife and have been trying to find a way to better my sex life, which for the last three months has been nearly zilch. My husband seems to have lost interest completely and I'm desperate to find a way to get him more interested in me. I'm not ugly by any means. In fact, I'm proud of my looks. My breasts are only average—36B—and I'm actually at a record weight for me: 120 pounds.

I recently responded to an ad in the paper for lingerie parties. I thought that by getting some sexy nighties I could attract my husband's attention. After I called the number a day was arranged for a salesgirl to come to my house to show me a few samples. I said that Friday morning, when Tom, my husband, would be at work would be most convenient.

I was a little apprehensive about this, and when Friday came I found myself quite nervous. I was in the shower when there was a knock at the door. I put on my pink housecoat and went to answer the door. Outside stood a girl of twenty-three or so carrying a suitcase. She introduced herself as Cathy. She said she was a little early and was sorry if she had interrupted anything. I said it was okay that she was early. We went into the front room and I explained to her that I needed something to perk my husband up. She said she could more than likely take care of that and proceeded to open her case. Cathy was very pretty: a blonde with beautiful shoulder-length hair. She was wearing a white silk blouse, red skirt, and black nylons.

I told her I wasn't sure what I wanted but would try anything that might excite Tom. She held up a couple of lacy nighties, a sheer jumpsuit, and a little white G-string. I was a little shocked at first, but at the same time I was already getting excited. I asked her if I could look through her selection a little and she readily agreed. So I sat on the floor next to her case and started to check things out.

I noticed Cathy looking at my legs, and I couldn't help but notice that my legs were crossed Indian style and I was giving her a view of my naked pussy. I must have blushed but continued looking at some very sexy little babydolls and teddies. I stopped when I found a peach see-through babydoll with matching bikini panties. Cathy noticed and suggested she try it on. I was surprised at hearing that but nevertheless agreed. She smiled and I pointed her towards the bedroom.

In a minute she came out and I was stunned by her beauty as she walked over to the couch. I could see every inch of her through the sheer material. She had average-sized breasts, but they stuck straight out, and they were creamy white in contrast to her dark tan, which carried just to the edge of her pink, pointed nipples. I found myself staring at her and was getting really turned on at seeing this great body so close. I watched as she walked past me and I got to see her very tight butt.

I was speechless at first but managed to tell her how good it looked on her. Cathy thanked me and asked me if I would like to try one on. I reluctantly agreed and she said she would find one for me. She bent over to select the next choice. In doing so the babydoll she was wearing had pulled up over her ass and I found myself looking right at her pussy and ass. She was a true blonde, and I could make out two very beautiful lips through her light pussy hair. Now I was really getting turned on and slowly slid my hand under my housecoat and gently stroked a finger across my cunt, which was by now very hot and wet. She seemed to be taking her time, but I wasn't minding a bit. After what seemed like ten minutes

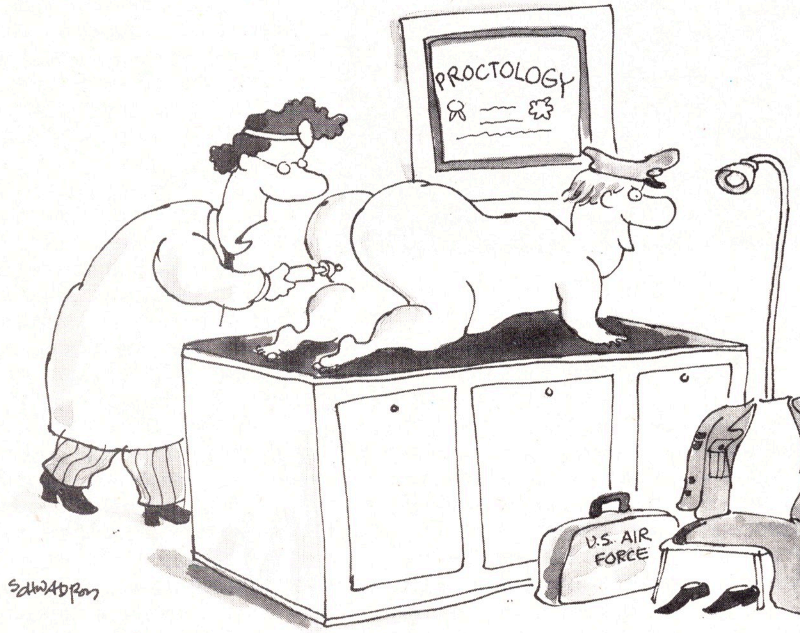
---

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

of searching, she stood up and presented me with a sheer black babydoll with matching G-string. As she gave them to me I got a little nervous, but she gave me a little kiss and pointed me to the bedroom. My tits hardened as the silky material brushed across them. I had never worn a G-string before, and it tickled as I pulled it up my thighs, into the crack of my ass. The front barely covered my bush and light-brown hair was peeking out.

Cathy smiled as I entered the room. She got up to meet me and complimented me on how good I looked and proceeded to walk around me. I told her that I liked the babydoll a lot, but wasn't accustomed to a G-string quite yet. She said I probably had it on wrong and got down on her knees, pulled the top up over my waist, and gently tugged at the strings going around my hips. She stretched the sheer front away from me while pulling the string down my hips until my pussy was completely exposed. I was getting so excited that my lips were swelling and my pussy ached to be satisfied. I started losing control and began stroking Cathy's hair as she anxiously approached my pussy to kiss it. I then dropped to my knees, gave her a deep French kiss, and started to explore her body with my hands. We both fell to the floor in a passionate embrace. Off came the G-string and Cathy was all over me. She started sucking my hard nipples right through the fabric of my babydoll. I started to moan and reached under her top and gently pulled Cathy's nipples. Cathy started kissing me all over. She worked her way down to my hot cunt. I spread my legs a little and she started moving her butt around closer to my face. I noticed she had already removed her panties, and now her pussy was only inches from my mouth. At the same time she was licking my hole, she was lowering her cunt to meet my kiss. I started kissing and licking, slowly at first and then faster. Cathy was really getting worked up now. I watched as she gently rubbed her erect nipples across my wet pussy lips. I was ready to explode. She continued moving her tits, one and the other, in circles on my aching lips and then started fucking me with her gorgeous tits. I started to finger her as she did this and within no time we both exploded in fantastic orgasms. It was the best thing that had happened to me in three months. After such a powerful orgasm, I melted into Cathy's arms and we just lay there for about a half hour. We agreed that we should arrange another lingerie party. She got her things together and I bought both babydolls.

Now I wonder if I'll ever be able to have as good a time with my husband. Am I turning into a lesbian, or is this kind of thing acceptable in a marriage? I hope I can excite Tom with these new nighties, but I'll never forget what led me to buy them.—N.W.



"I see a light at the end of your tunnel, but it's probably just a pilot light, Captain."

What a splendid saleswoman that Cathy is! Not only to make a successful sale to you, but also to make you feel like a real woman again. That's the ultimate combination of business and pleasure. I don't think you have become a permanent lesbian. I must agree, however, that the seduction scene with Cathy seems more exciting than life with your dull husband. If you use a little bit of fantasy, you may well revive your husband's languishing lust. Maybe he has problems at work that depress him. Talk to him. Don't give up so easily. After all, you took the trouble to buy the sexy lingerie.

That you got lucky with the saleswoman is just an extra benefit for you. I hope you won't get jealous with your new lady lover. Remember, she is making housecalls to other frustrated housewives. I must congratulate her on her choice of profession. Maybe you ought to join her in selling lingerie by appointment; and if you want more female variety, there are dozens, if not hundreds, of sleepy suburban housewives waiting "to come to life." But don't forget your own man. Maybe you and Cathy ought to surprise him all undressed to kill.

CLOSET CENTERFOLD

As I write this letter, I already feel myself starting to get wet between my legs. My husband and I own a large house near a college and rent out one of the rooms to a student to help pay the mortgage. It was late one morning when Kevin, our renter, came into the kitchen for some cookies. We sat down at the table and began to chat.

He paid me several compliments and I felt like a kid blushing. I found him sexually attractive and exciting. I found myself wondering what he would be like in bed. Kevin noticed on the living-room end table my husband's latest issue of Penthouse *and asked if he could look at it. He brought it back to the kitchen table and looked at some of the models. Kevin asked me if I knew that his major was photography. I knew this, because he had asked my husband if he could set up a darkroom in the basement. He was explaining to me, while showing me the pictures of the models, the type of filters and the shutter speeds used. Then Kevin asked me if I had ever done any modeling, which I hadn't. He asked if I would. I must have turned beet red. I told him I couldn't but I found myself wondering what I would look like dressed like those girls. Kevin asked if I was ashamed of my body and commented that it was beautiful.*

Kevin told me not to say no but to think about it, as he had to borrow the lingerie from a girl in one of his classes. I couldn't sleep at all that night, because I kept dreaming of Kevin and of modeling in front of him.

The next morning Kevin handed me a box with lingerie in it, but I told him I couldn't. He told me to go into my room and at least try the clothes on. I knew I *should have said no but I could not resist the temptation. Once in my bedroom, I opened the box and felt like a kid at Christmastime. I quickly put on a maroon lace bra with matching garter belt and the smallest pair of maroon panties I've ever seen. There was a pair of gray nylons and spike heels that had to be close to four inches high. I was so excited I couldn't help but start to masturbate. I came in about ten seconds. I looked so erotic, so wanton, I felt as if I were becoming someone else. Right then I decided I would be photographed by Kevin.*

I know Kevin liked what he saw. He took several pictures of me standing, then had me remove my bra and panties and move onto the bed. With that he started a succession of instructions: cup my breasts, pinch my nipples, spread my knees farther apart. It was as if I kept coming all afternoon. I was masturbating so hard I didn't see Kevin undressing. I didn't notice him till his knees were by my head and he was trying to insert his penis in my mouth. I never enjoyed sucking on a penis more.

Kevin was busy in the darkroom all night and when he showed me the pictures the next day, I got horny all over again. He even had pictures of me sucking his penis, having used a timer. I almost didn't recognize myself.

I have found that I like men looking at me and exciting them. I've gone to short dresses and the braless look. This change has even got my husband interested again in sex, but he's still only interested in satisfying himself. I am forever grateful to the coaxing by Kevin. It has brought me a new understanding of myself.—B.C.

I have no objection to people finding their fun outside if they can't get it at home. But be as discreet as possible with the pictures, even though you get a big bang out of seeing yourself in the buff, getting into so much action. Don't let the pictures get into the wrong hands, for they may well turn up under your husband's nose someday and cause a scandal. Is all this fooling around worth it? Make sure the negatives are destroyed immediately and keep all the shots yourself. Hide them well, maybe even in a safe-deposit box. You can't be careful enough. If you were not married, I would say: "Let it all hang out and do as you want!" In that case, though, these games probably wouldn't turn you on so much!

THAT FABULOUS FACE

I am a young wife, married two years to a wonderful man. I have blond hair, blue eyes, and a 35-25-34 figure. My husband is also blond-haired and blue-eyed and has a fantastic body on a six-foot, six-inch frame. I am like every other woman who gets turned on by looking at a cock or a shapely ass. But my obsession is my husband's face. While watching TV or riding in the car, I will stare at his face and get hot. He's got watery blue eyes with long, thick lashes. He has a perfect nose, nicely

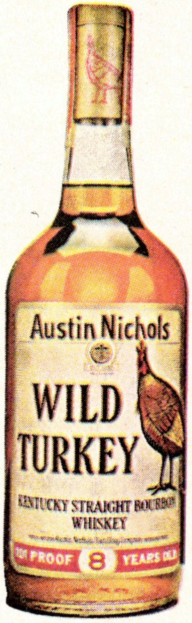
CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18" x 19", send $10, payable to "ANCO", Box 929-P, NYC, 10268

An Unforgettable Experience

To see a Wild Turkey rising from the forest floor is an awesome sight no man is likely to forget. The bird's wing-beats resound like thunder claps, and its feathers fan out in grand display.

The Wild Turkey is the largest native bird capable of flight and an apt symbol for America's greatest native whiskey–Wild Turkey.



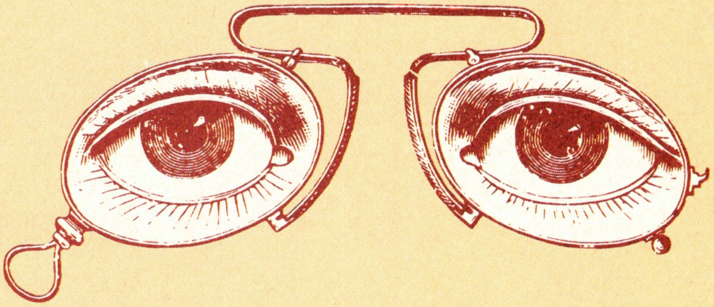
WILD TURKEY®/ 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky © 1981

FUJI
VIDEOCASSETTE
SUPER
HG
T-120
VHS
Super Fine
BERIDOX
T-120
VHS
Fine grain
BERIDO
CL
Beta
BCL-
FUJI CASSETTE
With Cleaning Leader Tape
METAL TAPE
90
FR METAL
TYPE IV (METAL) POSITION
FR-II
FR-I
ER
DR
Happy Birthday

IF IT'S WORTH TAPING, IT'S WORTH FUJI.

Moments worth taping are moments you'll want to live again and again. Whether they're fourth-quarter touchdowns or the first bars of solid gold, they belong on the best tape we ever made. Tapes that capture it all, in vivid detail, vibrant color and unsurpassed quality of sound. Fuji. Tapes that were made for moments like these.

© 1982 Fuji Photo Film U.S.A., Inc., Magnetic Tape Division, 350 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10118



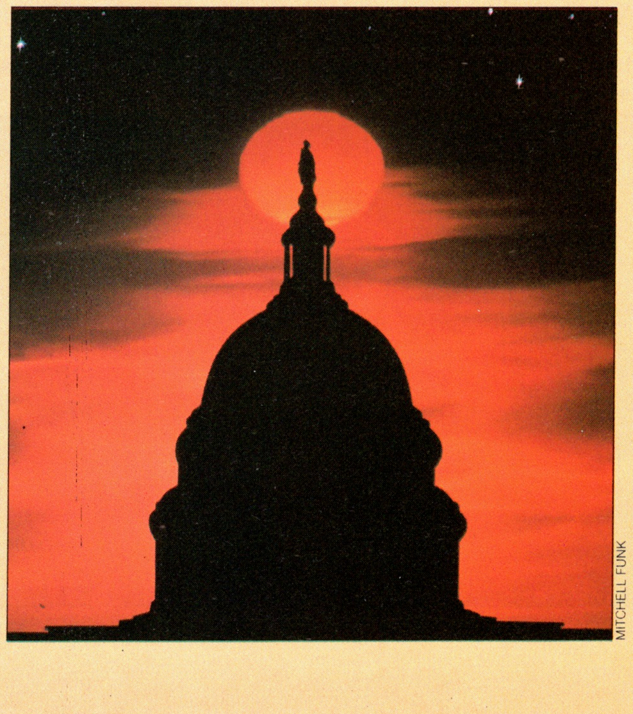
VIEW FROM THE TOP

NEW NATIONAL HOLIDAYS

BY EMILY PRAGER

It's Easter, 1983, and I think we've got to face it: America's holidays are outmoded. They no longer have any meaning. Easter egg hunts hold no fascination for a kid who's winning big at the video-game parlor. And why should they? Unless he gets gag writers and false eyelashes, the Easter bunny can't compete with Madame and Miss Piggy. How could he? He doesn't have sex. He's old hat. Thanks to genetic engineering, Christmas is a total loss. What with ovarian implants and fertilization in vitro, today's kids regard virgin birth as a viable option, something to look forward to in later life. It has dropped from the realm of miracle. Add to this a 10 percent unemployment rate that hardly puts one in the spirit of giving, and you've got the picture. It's time for a change. It's time for The 1983 Modern American Calendar of New National Holidays! A whole year of new days and rituals that modern Americans can really get into. Free, so far, from governmental intervention! Not yet advertised on television! Parental control assured!

Oct. 31, ALL FALWELL'S EVE, or SCHLAFLOWEEN. All the pagan weirdness of the old Halloween but in a refreshingly modern context, this holiday celebrates the birthdays of Jerry Falwell and Phyllis Schlafly on a single, bizarre evening. Schlafloween parties are the keynote, before which girls will be encouraged to give each other Tonette's, struggle into girdles, and comb the town for any circle pins not sold prior to 1962. Boys must put on hair tonic, polyester suits, and hold roundtable discussions on bad girls and damaged goods. Anyone not holding a signed doctor's certificate of virginity will not be admitted to the parties. But if kids bribe a doctor and get in, Schlafloween parties are a lot of good, clean fun as only Jerry and Phyllis can do it. There will be bobbing for wire coat hangers, after which winners, to the glee of all, will use them in simulated, illegal abortions on pumpkins. (A mess for Mother but lots of fun.) Followed by a new form of trick-or-treating in which girls go from house to house, threatening that if they are not given charge cards and country club memberships they will invade the premises and poke holes in condoms with their circle pins. Boys can help by flushing birth control pills down the toilet and sending campaign contributions to Reagan.

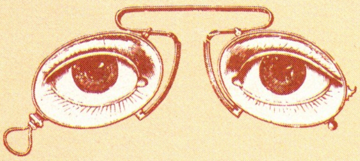


MITCHELL FUNK

Nov. 26, WATTSGIVING. Now that the harvest has been drenched in acid rain, Thanksgiving is a bit anachronistic. So let's celebrate Wattsgiving and the new post-Pilgrim environment James Watt has given us. Let's make this our travel holiday, and Mom and Dad can drive the kids to see strip mines and leaves sucked free of chlorophyll by the chemical dumps nearby. If they've got the money, they can take the kids north to see the polar ice caps, soon to be melting in the greenhouse effect. The vanishing ozone layer is important too, and if girls haven't snuffed it off by spraying their hair during Schlafloween, a trip to the planetarium might be in order. If you must have a Wattsgiving dinner, go ahead, but don't have turkey—it's hormonally injected and boring. Stick with nature and have an endangered species, like condor.

Dec. 25, PACMAS. It's tough to replace Christmas, but what better way than by commemorating the birth of an individual who has remade modern society in his own image and with whom the kids can really identify: Pac-Man. Yes, born in a hangar somewhere in Japan, Pac-Man has gathered over 70 million American teenage worshipers to date. On PacMas Eve, kids flock to local video-game parlors, exchange gaily colored quarter rolls, and play mindless video games until they're broke. Back at the house, along about midnight, the family decorating of the word processor begins, "Pac-Man Fever" is sung, and, as children are put to bed, the home computer is left on in hopes that Pac-Man might come in the night and leave software and printouts to be found on PacMas morning. Joystick to the world, Pac-Man is come!

May 8, STEPMOTHER'S DAY, and June 18, STEPFATHER'S DAY. Finally, national commemorations of the unsung heroes of modern American family life. These two holidays are reserved for that nice man or lady that Mom or Dad has managed to stay married to for at least one calendar year. These days are not to be confused with July 10, EX-STEPMOTHER'S DAY, and Aug. 17, EX-STEPFATHER'S DAY, on which is remembered that nice man or lady to whom Mom or Dad was married a few years back during your adolescence, and whom you haven't seen since, but whom, on the advice of your analyst, you'd like to call and chat with.



SCENES

GOOD HUMOR MEN

Comedy is king again. Following recent movie trends in science fiction, horror, and sword and sorcery, the humor film, long a staple of the industry but rarely its dominant attraction, has become the most popular and highly anticipated type of picture in America today. Over a hundred examples of the genre will flood the market this year. And we're not talking small change.

This year's comedy bonanza will feature the who's who of humor: Richard Pryor, Steve Martin, Goldie Hawn, Dudley Moore, Rodney Dangerfield, Mel Brooks, Burt Reynolds, and Cheech and Chong all have major projects in the works. "Saturday Night Live" alumni, Monty Python troupe members, and SCTV stars are writing, starring in, and/or directing features. And filmmakers Woody Allen, Carl Reiner, and Neil Simon will all be working their magic.

This is not your everyday lineup of talent. Many of these filmmakers do comedies only every two or three years, so the coincidental concentration of humor in 1983 represents a watershed year for the genre. But why did it happen now? "Contrary to some popular opinion, Hollywood doesn't operate in a total vacuum," says Bob Clarke, director of *Porky's* and its soon-to-be-released sequel, *Porky's II—The Next Day*. "They seem to respond to the mood of the country. And their decisions are now being made on the assumption that we're in the midst of a depression. People want to escape. And what better way to do it than through comedy?"

While humor will be the dominant trend for the next couple of years, the types of comedies that will be made are going to change. Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis, currently at work on *Strange Brew*, the first feature about their SCTV characters, the McKenzie Brothers, were able to strike a deal with MGM/UA before they even had a completed script. But the nature of their film, it was clearly understood from the start, would be nonpolitical and definitely nonsatirical.

"Comedy has become depoliticized in the past few years," Thomas says. "Nobody wants to talk about serious issues or make light of them."

Director Arthur Hiller, whose best work has been in pungent satires like *The Hospital* and *The Americanization of Emily*, reluctantly agrees. "I prefer the black-humor style, but I think the audience wants to see comedies relating to old-fashioned relationships again. My new film, *Romantic Comedy*, is a valentine to the '30s- and '40s-type romances, which seem to be the way things are going. This is not to say that a good black comedy won't do well. But whereas in the years between *Animal House* and now the black style was the rule, and romantic comedies the exception, I believe the tables are turning."

"The situation is a metaphoric revision of the 'Me Generation,' " says writer Marilyn Suzanne Miller, whose current works, *Kittens in a Can* and *Four Gals on a Spree*, lean towards parody. "Everyone's sick of the *Kramer Vs. Kramer* style of movies that abounded in the past couple of years. They could puke from the 800 versions of it that have come along. People want to see a movie that tells us that life isn't as bad as we imagined it. That's the bottom line."

The dissenting voice in this consensus is that of Frank Price, president and chief executive officer of Columbia Pictures. A long-standing champion of comedy in the Hollywood power structure, Price was the one studio head who had the nerve to disprove the moth-eaten adage that comedies could not make enormous box-office profits. His successes, including *Stir Crazy*, *Seems Like Old Times*, and *Stripes*, have cleared the way for the current trend.

"There's always going to be room for every sort of comedy," Price says. "And those who think that one type or another will dominate the field are simply making it easier for the rest of us to maneuver. I would make more comedies than we're doing now, except how many people can write a really good comedy script, and how many outstanding personalities can you come up with? I'd do sixteen Richard Pryor comedies a year if I could, but for some reason he just won't work that hard."

"It'll be interesting to see whether these comedies all tread on each other's toes," says Michael Palin, whose gentle comedy *The Missionary* is followed by another group effort with his old chums, entitled *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*. "It's one thing to say that everyone wants to see comedies, but it's another altogether to see whether they'll continue to feel that way once all these pictures flood the market. My fear is that the whole thing will fall into a programmed rut, like horror did after *Halloween*."

Sydney Pollock, director of *Tootsie*, has a more optimistic attitude. "It's far nicer to have this trend at the moment than any of the other recent waves that have come our way. It's apparent that everyone's in a depressed mood over economic problems, the Middle East, the nuclear situation. But I can't think of a better way to escape from it all than going to see comedies. You just can't beat what happens when people get into a theater and laugh. It's the best."—*James Delson*

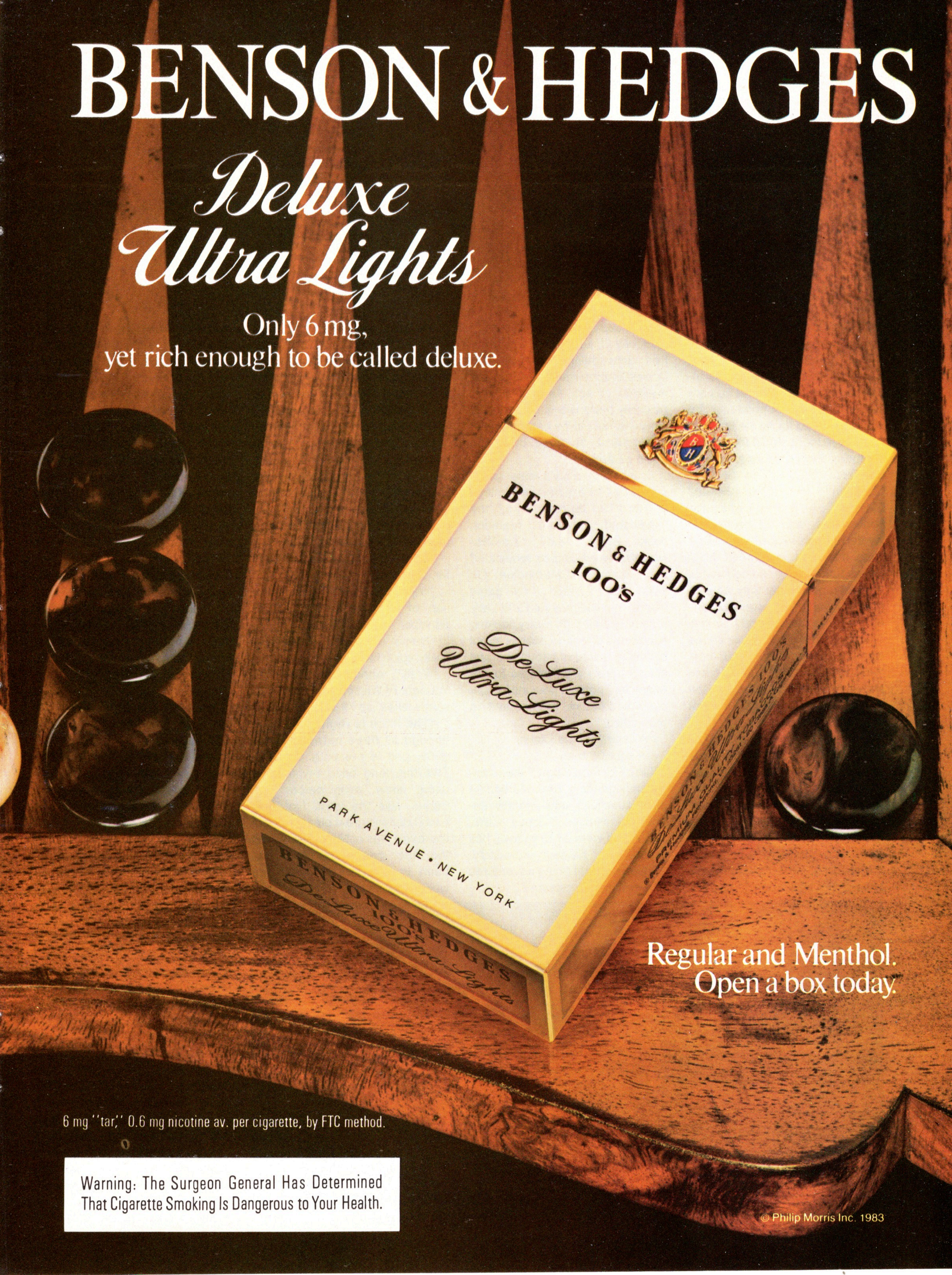
GREAT
WHITE
NORTH
Elsinore
GREAT TASTE MAKES IT A GREAT BEER
Labatt's Lite

Strange Brew: *the McKenzie Brothers bring "SCTV" and "Great White North" to the movies.*

BENSON & HEDGES

Deluxe Ultra Lights

Only 6 mg,
yet rich enough to be called deluxe.

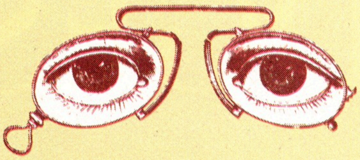

BENSON & HEDGES
100's
De Luxe
Ultra Lights
PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK
BENSON & HEDGES
100's
De Luxe Ultra Lights

Regular and Menthol.
Open a box today.

6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983



TELEVISION

GOING FOR IT

I recall a time, twenty years ago and more, when television game shows involved some sort of smarts. I am sure that this is not purely an illusion accounted for by the fact that I was even more stupid then than I am today. Programs such as "You Bet Your Life," "The $64,000 Question," and "The General Electric College Bowl" rewarded contestants who correctly answered general-knowledge questions. It is true that some of those shows turned out to be rigged; but the fact remains that they were informative, and they ostensibly celebrated intelligence and learning. The last of the old-line quiz shows was "Jeopardy," which ran from 1964 to 1975. Since then, game shows have for the most part forsaken general knowledge in favor of general foolishness.

What most amazes me about these mindless spectacles, aside from Bob Barker's hair, is that people do indeed get carried away by them. Audiences cheer and holler as if they were at some grand Neronian gladiatorial game. That current cliché "Go for it!"—born amid the childlike, simian glee of twenty-yard-run touchdown scorers, popularized by the gaudy romance of *Rocky III*, adopted by everyone from galumphing joggers to McDonald's copywriters, and so expressive of soft America's vain, delusive pretensions of agonistic glory—is now to be heard even in the context of these droll and vapid games.

Only two of today's major game shows call for a modicum of intelligence: **"The Joker's Wild,"** the syndicated program featuring Jack Barry, and **"Tic-Tac-Dough,"** which is also syndicated and stars Wink Martindale. On "The Joker's Wild" ("the game where knowledge is king and Lady Luck is queen"), Mr. Barry, looking sallow and dissolute, stands about clutching a wad of filthy lucre and asking barely alert people to, for example, "name a poisonous, spider-like creature represented in the zodiac."

"A crab?" offers Diana.

"A squid?" tries Jim.

On "Tic-Tac-Dough," the evangelically grinning Wink Martindale asks questions that virtually answer themselves. "*Equus, Evita,* and *Annie* were all Broadway hits in the '70s," he says profoundly. "Which one told of the adventures of a comic-strip orphan?"

The other game shows have no such intellectual airs. **"Family Feud"** is the most popular of them. It is seen every weekday on ABC, and is the only game also to be shown in an evening edition. Richard Dawson, the host, has become, along with Messrs. Donahue and Simmons, one of the darlings of housewifedom. More than any other game show, "Family Feud" makes clear the depths of abject mediocrity to which the made-for-TV mind has fallen.

"Name a famous Willie," says Mr. Dawson.

"Willie the Pooh," replies the son of a California high-school principal.

"Name a country known for really spicy food," says Dawson.

"Well," announces Blair the Younger of Wisconsin, "I like hero sandwiches, so I'll say Greece."

"The Price Is Right" has gone through all three networks since 1956, and is presently on CBS. This has long been my favorite game show, even before Bob Barker was the host. Not only have I derived great pleasure from the lovely legs of Nancy, Pam, and the other girls whose job it has been to salaciously caress the worldly goods that Bob describes; but I have as well never ceased to be affected by the sight of gentle women weeping and wailing in paroxysms of greed as they come close to guessing the price of a Ronco electric food-dehydrator and yogurt-maker.

The two programs that best define the essence of game shows and, to a lesser extent, the essence of TV itself are **"Tattletales"** (ABC) and **"Match Game"** (syndicated). The former, self-described as "the game of celebrity gossip," is hosted by Mr. Bert Convy, the quintessential TV nonentity, and features the bantering of "celebrity couples," like Dick Gautier and Joyce Bulifant, whose main claim to celebrity, aside from an occasional cruise on the *Pacific Princess*, is that they appear on "Tattletales."

Such celebrities often wind up eventually on "Match Game," a grim, funereal affair that seems to be the end of the line for those whose moments of popular glory have ebbed. Brett Halsey and Charles Nelson Reilly have been sitting there, decaying almost perceptibly, for years, along with the likes of Maria Wallace, vaguely familiar from her long-dead role as the ugly receptionist on "The Bob Newhart Show." Presiding over this dismal elephants' graveyard is Mr. Gene Rayburn, who, hollow-eyed and stoop-shouldered, barely seems able to summon the force to groan, "Tommy the punk-rocker was so dumb that he stuck a safety pin through his *blank*." The audience stirs faintly in its lukewarm anguish, like the mass of dull dead souls whom Dante disallowed to enter either heaven or hell, sentencing them instead to sit forever in a limbo such as this, wailing piteously as Brett and Charles try to fill the ever-growing blankness that in the end will consume them all. Except, perhaps, for the guy with the hero sandwiches.—*Nick Tosches*

ABC

"Family Feud" with host Richard Dawson: is Greek food really the spiciest in the world?

A unique solution to a serious turntable problem: Technics introduces turntables with the P-Mount system.

Unfortunately, standard turntable design has left too much to chance in terms of cartridge mounting and performance.

Technics turntables with the patented P-Mount tonearm/cartridge system change all that. By providing complete compatibility between tonearm and cartridge to achieve the optimum tonearm resonant frequency: the level at which bass frequency interference is minimized. For the accuracy and fidelity conventional turntables can deny you.

In addition, P-Mount is a plug-in system. You'll get outstanding performance without struggling to install the cartridge. There's nothing to wire. There's no longer a headshell. There's no more fumbling to calibrate overhang or stylus position. In addition, tracking and anti-skating adjustments have been virtually eliminated.

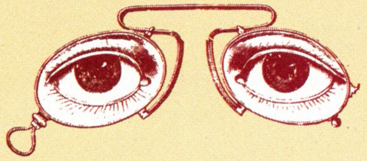
Just plug any P-Mount cartridge into a Technics straight, low mass, high performance tonearm, and tighten one locking screw. With Technics, your records are now virtually immune to the groove wear, poor channel separation and distortion caused by improper cartridge-to-tonearm mounting.

And Technics standardized all key specifications with manufacturers of P-Mount cartridges: cartridge weight, external dimensions, connector shape, stylus position and more. So you have a wide range of cartridges to choose from.

The P-Mount plug-in cartridge system. Just one of the many advances you'll find in the new line of sophisticated Technics turntables. From belt-drive to direct-drive to quartz-locked.

The turntable revolution continues at Technics.

Technics
The science of sound



FILMS

STAR QUALITIES

Nothing else about Sydney Pollack's ***Tootsie*** seems so extraordinary as the ease with which it outclassed all the official gifts of the season when it opened last Christmas. *Gandhi*, *Sophie's Choice*, *The Verdict*, aren't so much movies as Motion Picture Events, demanding gratitude and rapt attention from the press. But *Tootsie* came along, and it was better than those films. Furthermore, lots of people recognized it was better, that it graced its medium in a way most movie critics honored. That's the nicest thing I've noticed about movie critics in some time.

My gut feeling is that *Tootsie* may not look quite so wonderful in the very long haul, against the greatest comedies, like *The Lady Eve*, *Ninotchka*, even (and obviously) *Some Like It Hot*. But it will do well enough for now, where its virtues—tact, pace, good humor, good sense, literacy, exuberance, an unforced and absolutely unpretentious sophistication—seem like blessings from the Spirit of Movies Past. *Tootsie* isn't exactly hilarious comedy. I don't remember rolling in the aisles. But I also don't remember that I stopped laughing much. Everything in it works, from its big ideas to its supporting characterizations (the best of which is by Sydney Pollack himself, as a theatrical agent), down to its smallest sight gags.

There are a lot of small sight gags. Like any good comedy, *Tootsie* keeps hinting it has more at its fingertips than it needs to make use of. There are also some ideas. Like many Dustin Hoffman movies, *Tootsie* indulges in a certain amount of polemic. The child-custody plea in *Kramer Vs. Kramer* would be a recent example of this at its best. In *Tootsie*, of course, he generally makes his arguments in drag, dressed and made up as Dorothy Michaels, outspoken star of a television hospital soap. In a mild way, they have to do with women's rights. Under the circumstances, they are mostly very funny. But they are never ridiculous. While managing two girl friends—falling in love with the one who thinks he's a woman, holding off the other who doesn't know he's a woman—plus two old men who think he's all woman, plus the growing hordes of fans who like his spunky feminism—Hoffman keeps his balance. Whether as man or woman, this is the performance of his career—for which Sydney Pollack provides the setting of *his* career. In the context of daytime drama on TV, Hoffman can make contact in a way his other side, the actor Michael Dorsey struggling off-off-, off-, and on-Broadway, never could.

Dustin Hoffman: spunky feminism.

The real quest of the comic hero in drag will be, despite his disguise, to win the love of a true woman—the ideal of sensuous innocence that Marilyn Monroe parodied in *Some Like It Hot* and that Jessica Lange expresses through a superficial shell of disillusioned experience in *Tootsie*. Lange has all the qualities: the voluptuousness, the clear and uncomplicated beauty, the crucial unawareness of her own sexual power. She is also a fine comedienne, as good as the excellent Teri Garr, who plays opposite her in the battle for Dorothy's/Michael's affections.

A lot of praise has gone to Ben Kingsley's playing of the title role in Richard Attenborough's historical pageant *Gandhi*. It is a tour de force, spanning most of Gandhi's adult life. But if you want to learn what Kingsley can really do, see him in David Jones's ***Betrayal***, an adaptation of a Harold Pinter play that essentially consists of just three spectacular performances. The other two come from Patricia Hodge, who plays Kingsley's wife, and the superb Jeremy Irons, who is both his best friend and her lover. Kingsley, the wronged husband, who must never seem too sympathetic, plays for a slightly manic precision, as if continually manipulating his part. The other two, lacking his despair, though no less brilliant and no less futile, serve in this bitter elegant comedy almost as straight men.

Betrayal with Kingsley and Hodge: beginning at the end.

Betrayal takes place in the cultivated, comfortable, upper-middle-class world of London publishing. The film opens the setting out slightly, including one sequence in Venice, but it consists almost entirely of encounters between a shifting two of the three protagonists. It has a gimmick: it starts with the end of a love affair. Then it progresses back in time, over several years, to end just as the affair begins, full of hope and secret desire. The gimmick offers more than might at first appear. By grace of its reversed time scheme, *Betrayal* seems to move forward into the height of its love affair. As it regresses, it grows in romance and erotic expectation, which ultimately counterbalance what we already know of the failure and loss to come.

This doesn't necessarily make for great drama, but it makes for some very complex responses, which the Pinter dialogue marvelously exploits. I'm not sure what favorite examples I'd pick—perhaps the scene in Venice where Kingsley tells Patricia Hodge that he knows of her infidelity, or the next scene, where he lunches with his good friend Jeremy Irons without revealing what he knows. These people play together as if their talk were music—which it is—sharp, laconic, funny, hovering over a sadness too familiar for tears.—*Roger Greenspun*

The Casio Watersport watch. It can take it wherever you take it.

Take the Casio DW-1000C, for example. Take it anywhere. You can take it with you for a dunk in a hot tub or a dive in the open sea, because it's depth tested to 200 meters. And it has a countdown timer, with a range between one minute and 12 hours, to tell you when to come up for air again.

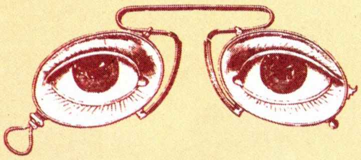
You can also take the DW-1000C to the races and time them with the stopwatch function. Or tell the hour, minute, second, date, and whether it's AM or PM—all at a glance. Or take your DW-1000C to bed with you, confident that its alarm will beep you in the morning.

Or, for women who prefer a smaller watch, there's the LW601C, depth tested to 50 meters. It gives you a continuous readout of the hours, minutes and seconds. As well as a calendar, daily alarm, hourly time signal. And even a 60 minute countdown timer. There are 19 Casio Watersports, depth tested from 50 to 200 meters. Prices start at $16, so even your wallet won't get soaked.

CASIO®

Where miracles never cease

Casio, Inc. Timepiece Division: 15 Gardner Road, Fairfield, N.J. 07006 New Jersey (201) 575-7400, Los Angeles (213) 803-3411.



WORDS

SLY AND MIGHTY

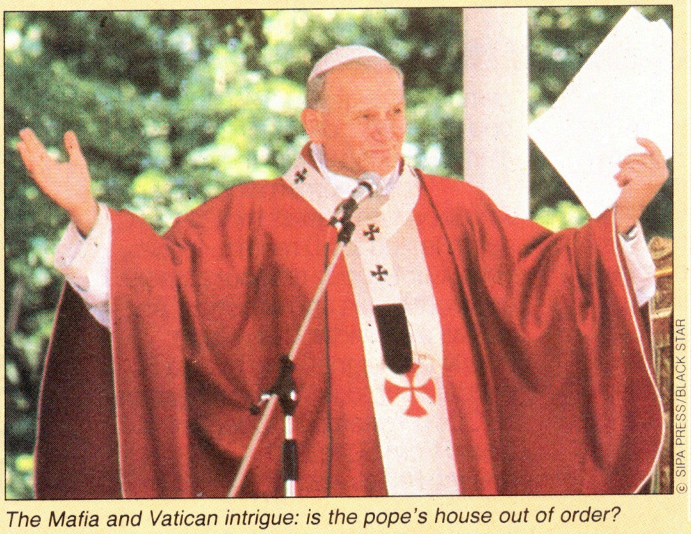
Corruption in high places isn't exactly an original trend, either in life or in nonfiction literature. But until very recently, even the most jaundiced cynics of this post-Watergate confessional era seemed to think that the rot stopped *somewhere*.

Take American business. No sane citizen would fall into a faint at the disclosure of unscrupulous practices among the leaders of industry. But among us naifs there still lingers the belief that, however black its ethics, American business at least attends to its *business* properly.

Not according to L. J. Davis's ***Bad Money*** (St. Martin's), which covers a decade of big-business disasters—from the bankruptcy of the Penn Central railroad to the Hunt brothers' abortive attempts to corner the silver market—to support the unsettling thesis that the international credit system is on the verge of collapse. In simple, stinging prose, Davis explains how the banking industry was so unhinged by the avalanche of petrodollars pouring into its coffers that it indiscriminately started dumping the stuff onto debilitated enterprises and flagging economies that are now staggering under their mountainous debts. In their greed to maintain the earning power of their inflated assets, argues Davis, the banks not only usurped control of the money supply (a function once exclusively held by government), but abused their new power by setting indulgent economic policies whose disastrous consequences are now being felt throughout the world.

Greed—which some wag once called "the noblest of human motives"—also fueled the fraternity of businessmen examined in Charles Higham's ***Trading With the Enemy*** (Delacorte). Written in angry prose, this exposé of what its author calls the Nazi-American Money Plot of 1933–1949 contains page after page of tightly packed and thoroughly damning evidence about American businessmen who dealt with the Hitler government straight through World War II. Not content to make iron connections between Nazi Germany and the leaders of some of the United States' largest, most prestigious blue-chip companies, Higham documents instances when such commerce involved active contributions to the German military effort. We're not talking butter and eggs here, but tanks and tires, communications systems and bomb parts—and birthday presents for Hitler.

Lest anybody think that the money lenders and benders are some aberrant subspecies, here comes Richard Hammer's ***The Vatican Connection*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) to argue that the lust for wealth and power can corrupt even the holier-than-thou crowd. Current scandals about Vatican finances give a certain impetus to the Hammer book, which is a sensational account of a 1971 deal between a Vatican financier-bishop and the Mafia for the exchange of nearly a billion dollars' worth of stolen and counterfeit securities. Written in the swift, page-turner style of a fictional police procedural, this account reveals both the sleazy ethics of certain of God's elect and the appalling state of Vatican finances under the guidance of such scoundrels.



© SIPA PRESS/BLACK STAR

The Mafia and Vatican intrigue: is the pope's house out of order?

Yet another exposé argues that men of science have joined the sullied ranks of men of the cloth in compromising their principles for the heady rewards of fortune. "In the acquisition of new knowledge," write William Broad and Nicholas Wade in their eye-opening ***Betrayers of the Truth*** (Simon & Schuster), "scientists are not guided by logic and objectivity alone, but also by such nonrational factors as rhetoric, propaganda, and personal prejudice."

UPI

Jean Harris: an amoral murder.

Not to mention such factors as the lust for status, prestige, and a pile of bucks. The 1981 House Committee on Science and Technology did some consciousness-raising when it investigated a rash of serious cases (including recent incidents at Harvard and Yale) involving the forging of experiments or their raw data. Using dozens of examples from astronomy to medicine, Broad and Wade pick up the ball by contending that scientific fraud has become part of the new ideology—in which prejudice and outright deceit must now be factored in.

After this company, it's almost a relief to turn to some accounts of people who have compromised themselves on more human grounds. In ***Very Much a Lady*** (Little, Brown), Shana Alexander offers a reasoned, compassionate, and only occasionally silly account of what made Jean Harris murder Dr. Herman Tarnower. Alexander makes the persuasive argument that passion, pride, and drug withdrawal sent the lady around the bend. That, plus years of demeaning subservience to a lover who was, in the author's opinion, a tyrant, a fool, a skinflint, an inept lover, and a lousy doctor.

The interesting thing about the Harris book, though, is that although it explores at length the emotional factors that compelled its subject to commit murder, it draws no moral conclusions. The author acknowledges that murder is a trauma; but aside from this, she finds in the act no evidence of what might be called character corruption. Oddly enough, the book doesn't seem to acknowledge that murder might even be wrong.—*Marilyn Stasio*

ESCORT
VOLUME
3 5 7 9
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER
HIGHWAY
CITY
ALERT

The Radar Defense Kit

Radar warning. Hear the difference.

What Could Be Better Than Unbelievable Range?

By now, you've probably heard some tall sounding stories about how far away the ESCORT® radar warning receiver picks up radar traps. You know, the ones where they talk in miles instead of car lengths. The stories go on to say that ESCORT's superheterodyne receiving circuits provide as much X and K-band warning as you can possibly use, and then some. If you've never used an ESCORT, they may seem pretty far fetched, but most of them are true. Over hills, around corners, and from behind.

Car 54 Where Are You?

Maximum detection range is wonderful, but it's far from the whole story. In some ways, radar detectors are like smoke alarms; you want to make sure that you don't miss anything, but you don't want a lot of false alarms. ESCORT won't disappoint you. Beyond that, when a smoke alarm sounds off, the most pressing thing on your mind is: Where is the fire? Is it ahead of you, behind you, above you, or below you? In the same room, or at the other end of the house? Your senses can help you find fire, but, on the highway, you can't feel or smell radar. ESCORT is your sixth sense.

Hearing Is Believing

ESCORT reports its findings straight to your ears in a way no other detector can match. Its vocabulary includes a Geiger-counter-like pulsating rhythm that relates radar intensity in a smooth, natural, and intuitive manner, making it easy to sense the distance to radar. It can tell you if radar is ahead of you, behind you, or even traveling along with you in traffic. ESCORT also speaks different languages for each radar band. Since the two bands behave differently, the distinctive tonal differences eliminate surprises. You'll even be able to tell "beam interrupter," "trigger," or "instant-on" type radars from other signals just by the sounds they make. Ditto for radar burglar alarms and door openers. ESCORT has a lot to say, and we've developed a new way for you to get acquainted quickly.

Play It, Sam

ESCORT's instruction book contains a wealth of information. Actually, it's the ESCORT user's Bible. But, the quickest way to become fluent in ESCORT's language is to play the Radar Disc on your stereo turntable. You'll hear firsthand how to interpret what ESCORT tells you in a number of situations. We now include this special Disc with every ESCORT so you can take a test drive as soon as you open the box.

No Stone Unturned

The ESCORT Radar Disc is the latest addition to a long list of standard features. We don't scrimp on anything. Here they are: ■ Patented Digital Signal Processor ■ Different Audio Alerts for X or K Band Radar ■ Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator tunes out false alarms ■ Alert Lamp dims photoelectrically after dark ■ 1/64 Second Response Time covers all radar ■ City/Highway Switch filters out distractions ■ Audio Pulse Rate accurately relates radar intensity ■ Fully Adjustable Audio Volume ■ Softly Illuminated Signal Strength Meter ■ L.E.D. Power-On Indicator ■ Sturdy Extruded Aluminum Housing ■ Inconspicuous size (1.5H x 5.25W x 5D) ■ Power Cord Quick-Disconnect from back of unit ■ Convenient Visor Clip or Hook and Loop Mounting ■ Protective Molded Carrying Case ■ Spare Fuse and Alert Lamp Bulb.

Your stereo will demonstrate ESCORT's unusual abilities.

ESCORT
RADAR DISC

New!
33⅓ RPM Radar Disc

What The Critics Say

Car and Driver: . . . "The ESCORT, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy . . . All things considered, the ESCORT is the best piece of electronic protection on the market."

BMWCCA Roundel: . . . "The ESCORT is a highly sophisticated and sensitive detector that has been steadily improved over the years without changing those features that made it a success in the first place . . . In terms of what all it does, nothing else comes close."

Playboy: . . . "ESCORT radar detectors . . . (are) generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field."

Autoweek: . . . "For the third straight year, no manufacturer has bettered the ESCORT's sensitivity . . . the consistent quality is remarkable."

Made In Cincinnati

If you want the best, there's only one way to get an ESCORT. Factory direct. Knowledgeable support and professional service are only a phone call or parcel delivery away. We mean business. In fact, after you open the box, play the Radar Disc, and install your ESCORT, we'll give you 30 days to test it yourself at no risk. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase as well as pay for your postage costs to return it. We also back ESCORT with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. So let ESCORT change radar for you forever. Order today.

Do It Today

Just send the following to the address below:

☐ Your name and complete street address.
☐ How many ESCORTs you want.
☐ Any special shipping instructions.
☐ Your daytime telephone number.
☐ A check or money order.

VISA MasterCard

Credit card buyers may substitute their card number and expiration date for the check. Or call us toll free and save the trip to the mail box.

CALL TOLL FREE. . . . 800-543-1608
IN OHIO CALL. 800-582-2696

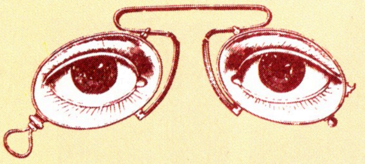
ESCORT (Includes Everything). . . . **$245.00**
Ohio residents add $13.48 sales tax.

Extra Speedy Delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, credit card, or wire transfer, your order is processed for shipping immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

ESCORT®
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

☐ Cincinnati Microwave
Department 005
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45242



SOUNDS

MIXED BAG

The highly paid specialists who oversee the engineering and mixing of rock albums often compare their work to painting. They record instruments and voices layer by layer, building up textures of varying thicknesses, which they then spread artfully across the stereo spectrum, their "canvas." Classic albums have been made, and ruined, in their final mixing sessions. An inferior mix can sound cloudy or smudged, or it can seem bald and awkward because individual parts refuse to blend. Too much treble on the final test pressing can result in an album that sounds shrill; too much bass and the music blooms and distorts.

But when the individual behind the mixing console has the equipment of his or her choice and the sensibility of a poet, wonderful things can happen. An album can be as rich in contrasting textures, as exquisitely proportioned, and as effective in its simulation of perspective as a great painting.

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' ***Long After Dark*** (Backstreet) is that kind of album. The team that worked on it might be considered the heavy-hitters of today's rock mainstream. Producer Jimmy Iovine and engineer Shelley Yakus have worked together on albums by Bruce Springsteen, Bob Seger, Graham Parker, and other serious contenders. And they've worked with Tom Petty, a connoisseur of guitar sounds who wouldn't dream of using a Fender Stratocaster when the music demands an amplified Rickenbacker twelve-string, for several years now.

Damn the Torpedoes was the breakthrough album for Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, the record that made theirs one of the most distinctive and widely imitated sounds in pop. Its chiming guitars, billowy organ, mean but powerful rhythm section, and spontaneous, half-hoarse, pushed-to-the-limit vocals made up the blueprint for *Long After Dark*, but *Torpedoes* was flat, one-dimensional, compared with the sonic grandeur of the newer disc. For the first time, the Heartbreakers' inventive and lyrical keyboard player, Benmont Tench, uses synthesizers in addition to his organ and piano; and Petty, apparently inspired by his band's expanded palette of colors, has applied guitars to his stereophonic canvas with a freer hand than he has in the past. The songs are richly detailed tableaux, with stately rhythm guitar figures flanked by phalanxes of ringing twelve-strings and the metallic shimmer of a six-string lead, and with synthesizers rising in multicolored clouds while bass and drums march in locked step.

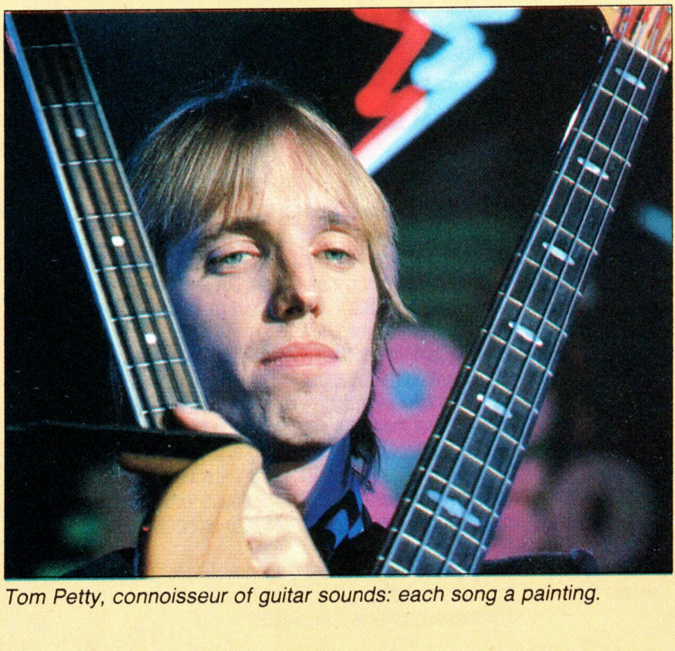
Long After Dark is one of the most gorgeous-*sounding* records of all time. Each song is a painting; the album is a rock 'n' roll Louvre.—*Robert Palmer*

SPACEWAVE ARRIVES

A few years ago, it seemed like there was a new female rock star born with each new month of the year. But the crush of rich, dulcet voices that eventually were transformed into torrid, revved-up caterwauls—well, it seemed like a blessing at first, but after a while the only way to distinguish them was by the duration of the overkill.

Luckily, the crop's thinned out and it's easier to detect the virtuosos in a light-vintage year. Which is why ***Threshold***, fronted by Tonina, comes as such a welcome surprise.

Tonina introduces "spacewave."



BARRY SCHULTZ/RETNA

Tom Petty, connoisseur of guitar sounds: each song a painting.

Threshold is a classic "concept album," and it tells the story of a friendly female alien who escapes her former planet to land on earth, where she discovers that love and music are universal parallels. This is sort of an *E.T.* of the music business, and it should come as a surprise to no one that a treatment has already been written for an upcoming film. But more important is the album's introduction of Tonina, a consummate rocker in the tradition of such seminal late-sixties stylists as Grace Slick and Julie Driscoll. She delivers a tight set of punchy rock contenders that manages to sound genuinely unpretentious. "New Friend" is a good example of just what she can do with a familiar adolescent plaint. Born of unrequited love, it comes across as an upbeat hit single—breezy and buoyant, with an extremely infectious riff. But it also embodies a good deal of the band's futuristic philosophy, which Tonina calls "spacewave." For those unfamiliar with this new music, it might best be described as a mixture of heavily synthesized rock with flavors of pop, dance music, and new wave; in other words, a special brand of music for the eighties and beyond.

But don't mistake the lyrical inventiveness here for message songs. Tonina's vocals are both gossamery and gut-wrenching, as on the aptly named "My Heart Can't Take It," and the band's stark, driving arrangements are constantly probing the outer reaches of time and space, as is set forth in the ethereal "2000 Light Years" and "Still Know How to Rock and Roll."

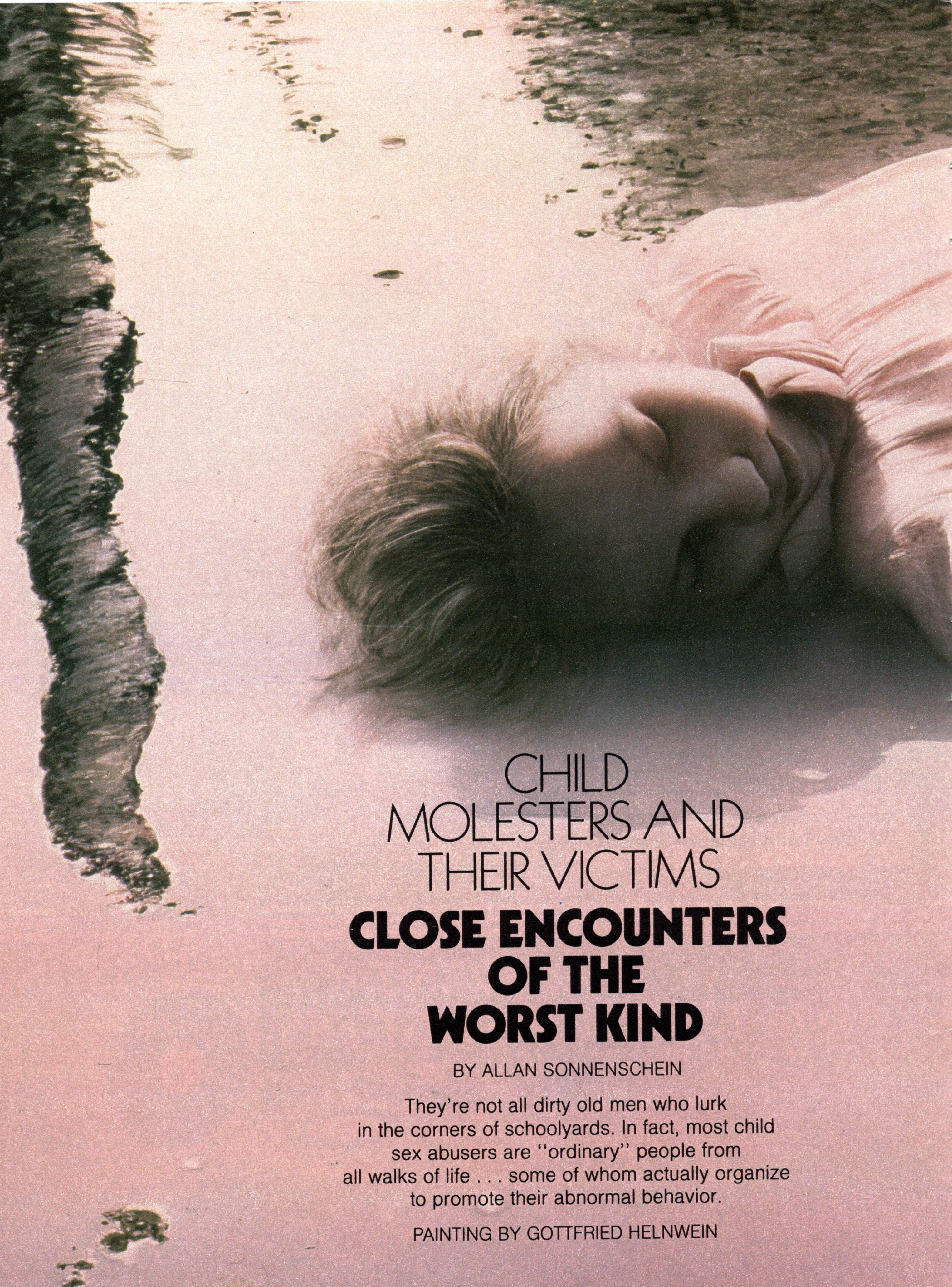
Yes, there's room on the charts for a group whose singer/songwriter/producer creates a little of that old magic with a new kind of energy. And if it's not already in the cards, the least that can be said is that they're on the threshold.—*Bob Spence*

VANTAGE.
THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.
Great Taste
with Low Tar.
That's Success!
VANTAGE
20 CIGARETTES
VANTAGE
Low Tar 9 mg
VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS
Ultra Low Tar 5 mg
VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS

ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette
by FTC method; FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO



CHILD MOLESTERS AND THEIR VICTIMS

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE WORST KIND

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

They're not all dirty old men who lurk in the corners of schoolyards. In fact, most child sex abusers are "ordinary" people from all walks of life . . . some of whom actually organize to promote their abnormal behavior.

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

"Well, I don't think that there is anything wrong with adults having sex with children. And, believe me, they carry it over from childhood. They want sex with children."—Tim O'Hara, Rene Guyon Society

"Children are sexual, and it is up to us to take responsibility for their real education. They have been exploited and betrayed long enough by our silence."—Canadian novelist and feminist Jane Rule, in an article reprinted in *Magpie,* the journal of the Paedophile Information Exchange

"I get a lot of satisfaction out of being a 'big brother' or 'dad' to a young boy. Sure, I'll admit that having sex with them really cranks me on, but it goes beyond that."—Pedophile correspondence confiscated by the Los Angeles Police Department

Although it's the middle of spring, large patches of snow and slippery ice make the walk treacherous from the parking lot to the building a hundred yards away. Surprisingly modern, the three-level building, hidden on a seldom-used New Jersey back road, is known as the Adult Diagnostic Treatment Center. Once inside its doors, the visitor is required to identify himself and to obtain security clearance before he is able to travel beyond the ominous-looking electronically operated steel-bar doors.

The bright corridors are clean and freshly painted. On the first floor men dressed in various fashions of street clothes, ranging in age from eighteen to sixty-five, mostly white, are lining up by the cafeteria for lunch. Later, they will attend one of the institution's several therapy sessions and workshops or return to their single dormitory rooms. Then they can watch an afternoon soap opera on their television sets, play their favorite music on cassette or record players, read magazines and best-sellers, or, as is often the case, lie quietly on thin cots to reflect upon the crimes that sent them to the prison. All 245 inmates have one thing in common—they are sex offenders. Many of them chose children as their victims.

After lunch Mickey and his visitor sit across a desk from one another inside an absent correction officer's cluttered and cramped office. Mickey, powerfully built, with thick arms and a barrel chest, was a police officer for eight years. Mickey's steel-gray eyes search for a match to light a cigarette before he will talk into the tape recorder on the desk. Although his voice is calm, he runs his hand through his neatly trimmed long red hair and beard as he speaks:

"The crime I'm involved with and why I'm here is incest. My victim was my daughter, and it lasted for approximately three to four years. I'm presently thirty-nine years old and I've been here just about two years. My sentence is indeterminate to twenty years, in other words, from one day to whenever the therapists feel that I have been rehabilitated and have adjusted to go back into society."

Mickey was about thirty-three years old and his daughter ten when he began to have sexual relations with her. He grew up in a household where children were ill-treated and frequently physically abused. Hating his family life, Mickey had a childhood dream:

"My biggest fantasy growing up was to have my own family. I always fantasized about that. That someday I'd get married and I would have the perfect wife, who would stay home and do the cooking and the washing and wouldn't work and who would devote all her time to me."

Mickey's marriage never quite worked out the way he had idealized. His wife, for several years, could not put up with his dominating demeanor and admittedly childish behavior. She started going to college, and Mickey recalls that he felt unloved and unwanted. But there was one exception.

"We had three children; my daughter was the oldest and there were two boys after that. But there was somebody in the house that did love me and that was my daughter. So the lower I got and the more I struggled, trying to gain control over my wife again, it just messed my whole mind up."

Confused, his mind twisted, Mickey sought out a wife in his daughter, then ten years old:

"We started to do a lot of things together, such as housework and grocery shopping and going roller-skating and to the movies—the same role that I would be playing with my wife I would be playing with my daughter. And the sex end of it . . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

"My sexual hang-ups all began the first time I faked an orgasm. I was alone!"

SPACEWAVE

SPACEWAVE. THE NEW DYNAMIC MUSICAL SOUND THAT SYNTHESIZES NEW WAVE, ROCK, DANCE MUSIC, AND POP INTO ONE. PERFORMED BY ***THRESHOLD***, FEATURING ***TONINA*** THE BAND AND THE CONCEPT THAT WILL SET THE STANDARD FOR LIGHT YEARS TO COME.

INCLUDING THE HIT SINGLE *"NEW FRIEND"* ON PENTHOUSE RECORDS AND TAPES, PR2001.

AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL RECORD STORE

BIG DADDY'S
BRASS EAR
BUDGET
CACTUS RECORDS
CAPERS CORNER
CATS STORES
CIRCLES
COLONY
CRAZY EDDIE'S
DISCOMAT
DOWN TO EARTH
HARMONY HUT
HEGWISH RECORDS
HOLLYWOOD
J & R
J.R.'S MUSIC SHOPS
JUKE BOX
KEMP MILL RECORDS
KING KAROL
LIBERTY SOUND
LICORICE PIZZA
MAINSTREAM RECORDS
MUSIC VISION
PENGUIN FEATHER
PENNYLANE
RAINBOW RECORDS & TAPES
RECORD LAND
RECORD & TAPE COLLECTOR
RECORD WORLD
ROLLING STONE RECORDS
ROSE RECORDS
SAM GOODY'S
SERENADE RECORD SHOP
SOUND SHOPS
SOUND WAREHOUSE
SOUND WAVES
SOUTH MAIN
STAN'S RETAIL STORES
STREETSIDE
THE MUSHROOM
THE RECORD & TAPE CONNECTION
THE WE THREE STORES
THE WIZ
TOWER RECORDS
TURTLES
VILLAGE RECORDS

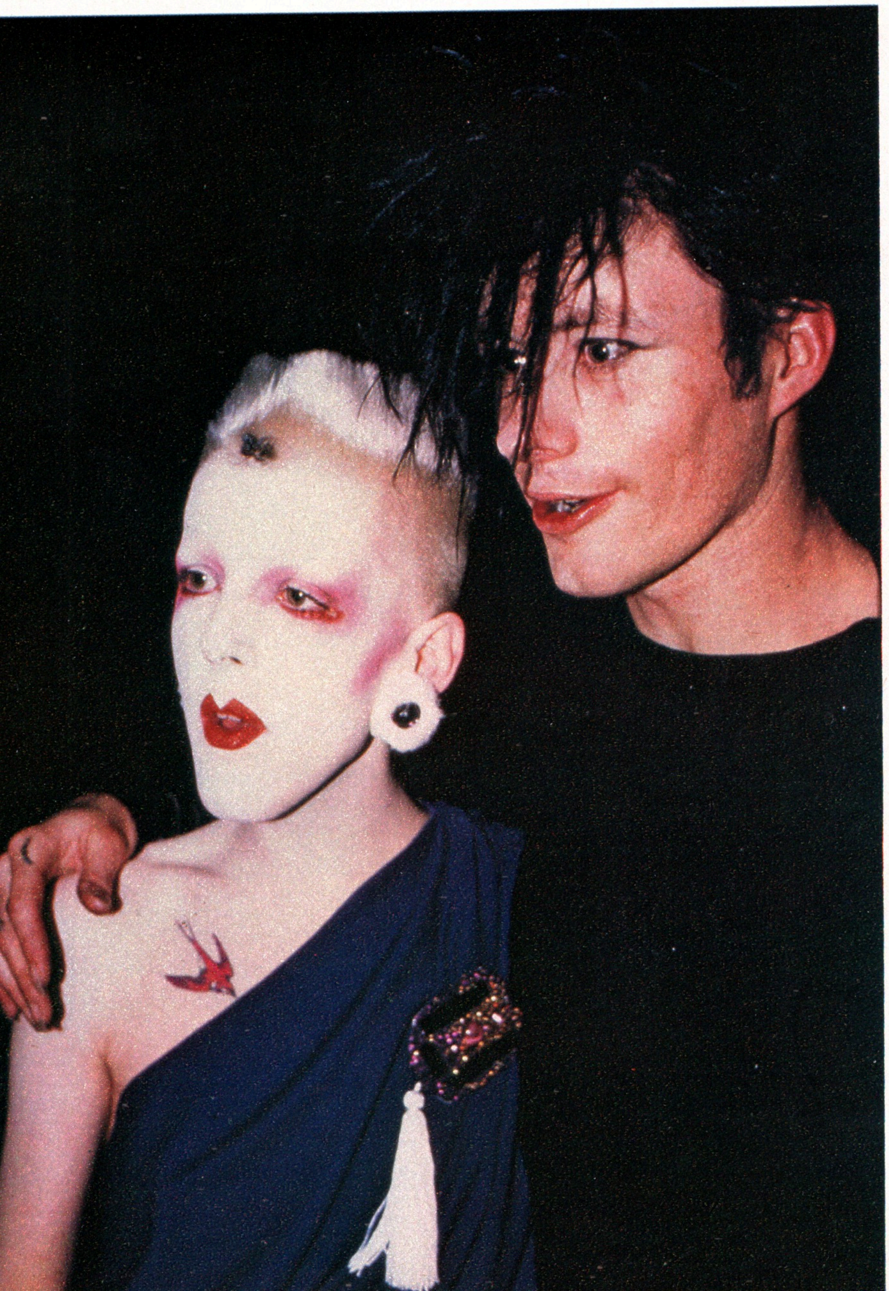
Produced by T. Biggs. © Penthouse Records Ltd., 1982.

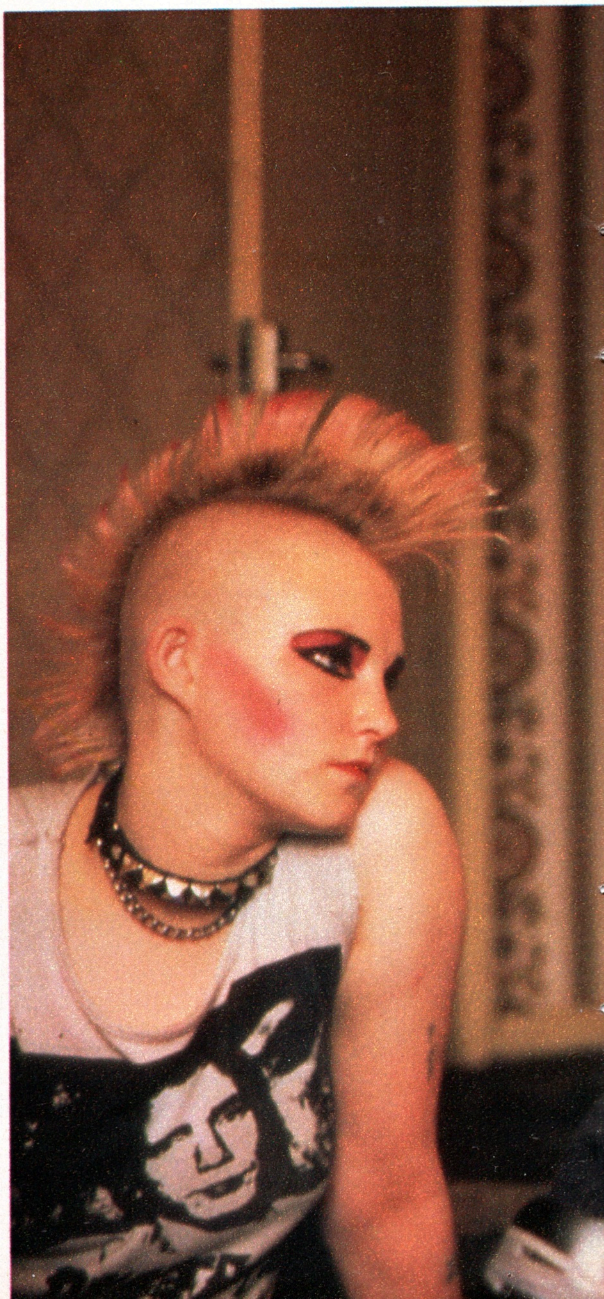
THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. DUROY/BLACK STAR

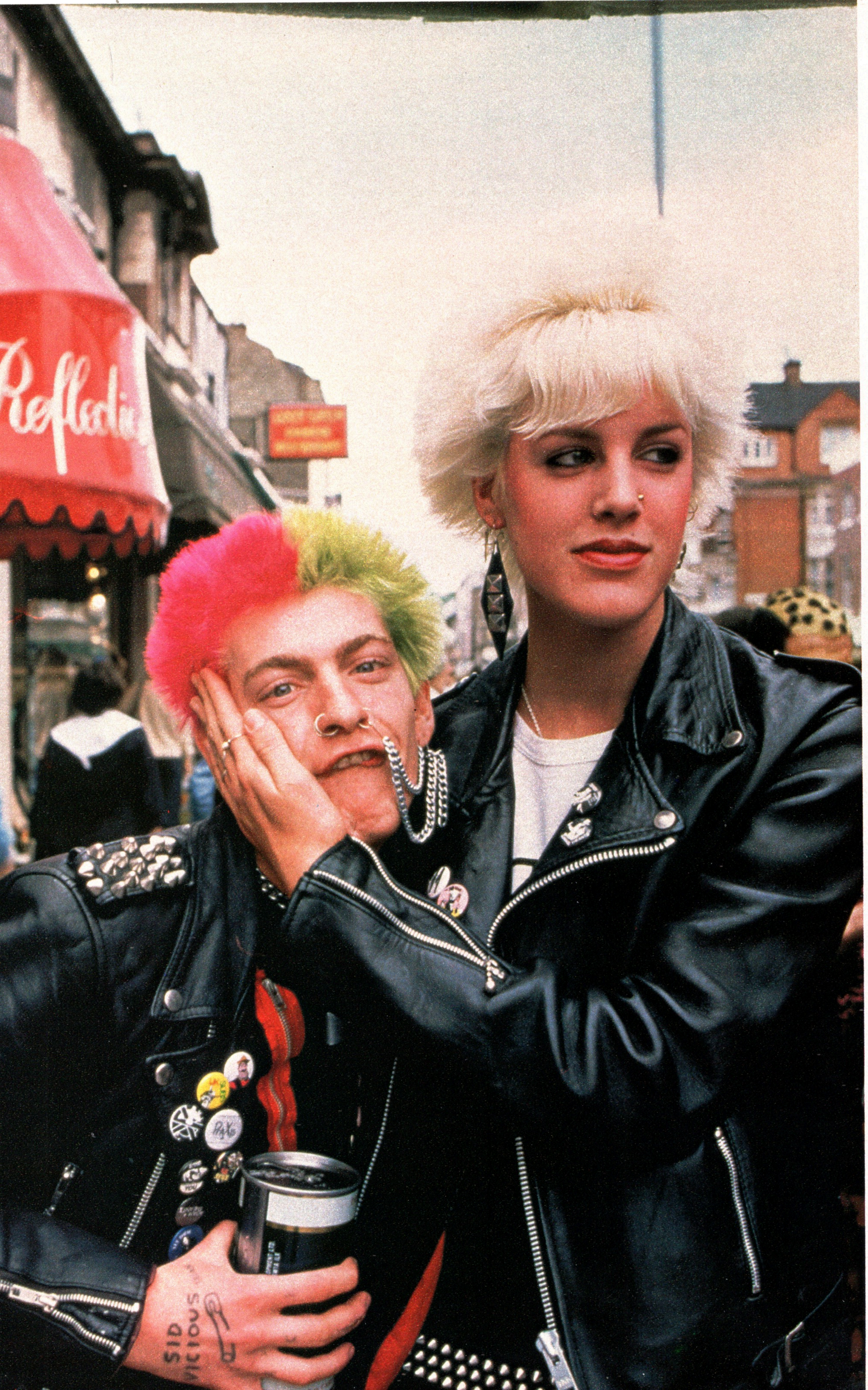
What has the British Empire come to? Like garishly colored strips of confetti, aimless young punks wander through the streets of London, thousands of urban eyesores wearing Day-Glo Mohawk haircuts, safety pins in their ears and noses and ungrateful dead expressions on their faces. The world, they sense, is not their oyster, though they claim Chelsea's colorful Kings Road and the slums of northwest London for their turf. Convinced there is no future, they've rejected their working-class backgrounds, left school, quit their jobs, regrouped into shiftless punk tribes who spend their time warring against each other.

Tattooed skinheads decked out in their pro-Nazi finest will goose-step to bands like the Cockney Rejects. Meanwhile, the rockabilly rebels make Elvis Presley their god, bopping to fifties music. Like Tommy and Dominique below, punks crash in rooms they don't rent, latter-day squatters who consider free enterprise too draining on their resources.





OUXSI
RA


Reflecti
SID VICIOUS

Paradigms of style over substance, they spend many ritual hours dressing for excess. The bloke at left, with two-tone hair, adds a final touch of chain-link fencing.

POLICE VANDALISM
Homes smashed in Brixton raid
THE PREMATURE BURIAL
ANARCHY IN THE UK
JOBLESS SCREW ON PAY
SIOUXS
AND
BANSHE

Getting no kicks from cocaine (which your average punk can't afford), they settle for smoking grass, while young punklets psyche themselves batty on aspirin dropped in cola. And for an occasional cheap thrill, they succumb to the old-fashioned pleasure that produces toddlers like the one below—proving that some forces of nature never go out of style...

FOR DI's DAD
THE ADVENTU
STARTS HE

Suicide
CRA
the

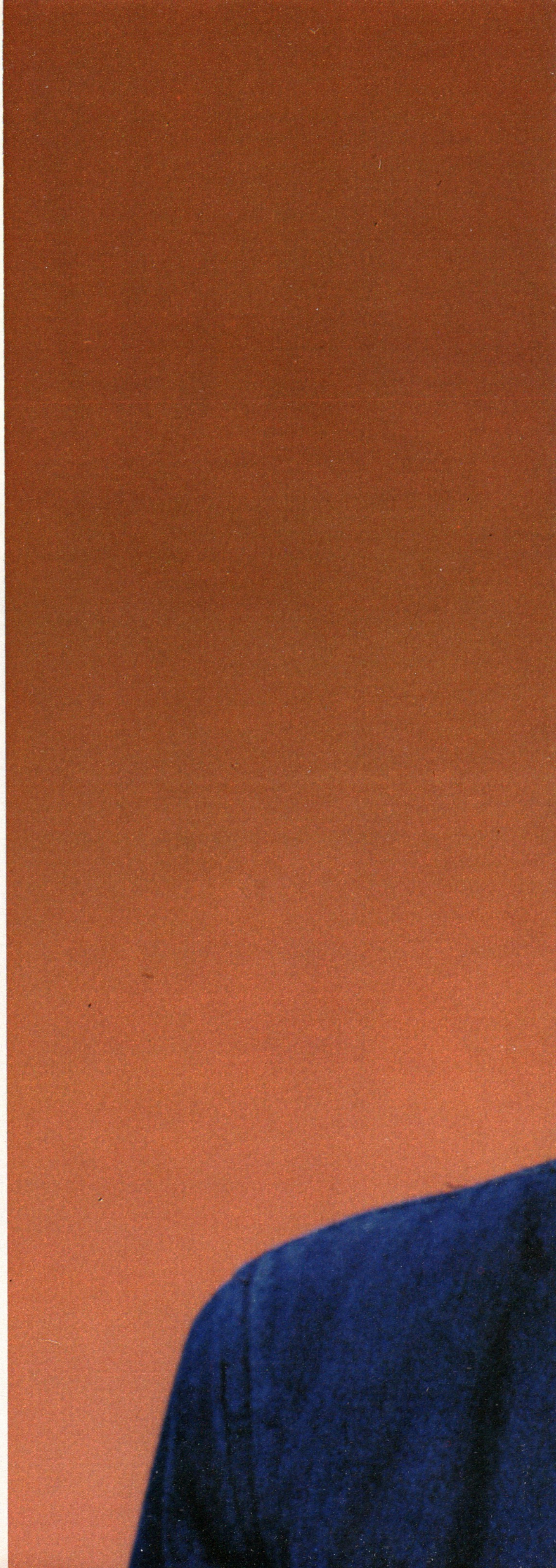
Scenes from the life of a
man who—despite his best efforts—
became one of America's
most successful comedians.

HOW I BECAME THE KING OF PRACTICAL JOKERS AND OTHER DISASTERS

BY DAVID BRENNER

It was 1970. I had played the Troubador on Santa Monica in Los Angeles ($250), Mister Kelly's on Rush Street in Chicago ($500), and now had a gig at a famous jazz room, the Colonial Inn on Yonge Street in Toronto, Canada ($500). In three weeks I would have earned $1,250, which, after deducting agency commissions, air fares, hotel rooms, food, cigarettes, tips, cleaning, magazines, buses, taxis, phone calls, and federal, state, and city taxes, would leave me about $650 in debt. My career was rolling! Actually, the whole exercise was called "experience," learning how to do whatever you do the best you can do it. After that, it'll all happen. Right then it wasn't, but I was having fun anyhow. The opening act in front of me was a self-contained, all-female rock 'n' roll band who called themselves the Enchanted Forest. They were a good act and very nice ladies. We got along fine. The only problem was

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL DOBOS



that there was no emcee, so I had to readjust the stage for my act. After the band would go off, I would walk on, reset the lights, strike their microphones, set up mine, walk off, and then walk back to not exactly the biggest welcoming applause ever registered in show business. Needless to say, the first ten minutes of my half-hour act were extremely rough, and the last twenty minutes were excruciatingly painful. I was bombing beyond bombing!

One night as I was "working," I heard a voice from the back of the room near the bar call out some nicety like "Get the fuck off the stage!" I continued working until the next interruption: "I told you to shut the fuck up!" It was the same voice, only it sounded closer. I knew, probably from one of my high school science classes, that a human voice doesn't get closer unless the body that goes with it is also getting closer. I bent down under the bright spotlight I had set to shine into my eyes so I could see into the audience. The "voice" easily weighed 250 pounds. I couldn't make out the tattoos that partially showed above the collar of his T-shirt, but I think one was a depiction of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago and the other was The Last Supper with all the Apostles as weightlifters. Pleading in Yiddish was a definite out. I thought of limping around the stage as I spoke of "Nam," but Canada wasn't exactly enjoying her involuntary involvement in our draft problems. I just continued telling jokes. Not that I wasn't upset, but—I'm not certain—I think I was speaking Sanskrit.

The tattooed ape was now at the edge of the stage. He was about to step up. I stopped being the comedian and became the kid from the streets. I said something on the mike to make the people laugh.

"Excuse me while I talk with my baby brother."

Then, holding the mike stand in my right hand, I leaned over to Mr. Ape and said quietly, off mike, with a smile on my face, "If you put one finger on this stage I'll crush in your fuckin' head, you ugly mothahfucker!" I stood up. He backed off into the darkness.

Pretty brave, huh? Didn't expect that of me, did you? I thought the same thing as I later climbed out the back window of the club, and, with my coat pulled way up over my head, limped out of the alley and down the street to my hotel.

Anyway, the gig was going terribly. The owner said he liked me, the girls from the band laughed backstage, but it wasn't enough. I wanted to make the audience laugh. I wanted to be a hit. I had to do something. Find out what was wrong and correct it. One night, after setting my stage, I blew into the mike real loud, getting people's attention.

"Testing! One, two, three! Testing! Testing! Harry had a hankering for hungry Hungarian harlots! Testing! Okay, folks, it seems to be on. Ladies and gentlemen! It is my pleasure to introduce tonight's main attraction. We are honored to have him with us. He is the U.S.A.'s fastest-rising young comedian. Please give a warm Canadian welcome, as only we Canadians can do, to a very funny man and a real nice guy—Mr. David Brenner!"

I led the applause as I looked offstage. Then, still applauding and still smiling, I left the stage as though walking toward the approaching performer. The audience kept applauding. As I got to the wings, I spun around and walked out to the mike.

"Thank you very much, my Canadian friends, and my deepest thanks to the emcee, a wonderful human being and a damn good-looking man. My name is David Brenner and . . ."

It worked. I was a hit from that night on. It is true that little things do mean a lot.

With my one suit, two dress shirts, necessities, and what I had on my back, along with my pal and mentor, George Schultz, I sat in a taxi heading for La Guardia airport, all excited about my first "major showroom" job. The Monticello Theater nightclub in Framingham, Mass., held about 1,500 people. The largest nightclub I had worked up to that time was Mister Kelly's in Chicago, which sat about 300.

> "All I can tell you," Cher said, "is that if someone told me to put peanut butter up my ass, I'd really check into it!"

When we approached the Boston shuttle gate, I wanted to be sure I was heading in the right direction, so I asked the airport attendant standing there, "Is this the shuttle to Boston?" He, in his typical New York friendly manner, answered, "Where the hell you think it's going?" I didn't bother to answer back. George and I hurried through the gate, across the runway, and into the plane.

We hung up our garment bags and took our seats. This was going to be a great day. As the plane taxied out to its takeoff runway, the pilot came on with his usual boring announcements concerning the local time, the flying altitude, our takeoff position, the towns and lakes over which we'd be flying, the names of our flight attendants, and, finally, the weather.

". . . and right now it is eighteen degrees with rain mixed with snow in our nation's capital. Enjoy the flight."

I thought, "What a putz. He thinks Boston is our capital. Even if he knew Washington was, why would anyone flying to Boston care about the weather in Washington? I would . . . oh, no. It can't be! Stewardess! Stewardess!"

"Yes, sir."

"Call me David. Stewardess, I'm going to Boston."

"That's wonderful, David, but the plane is going to Washington."

"You've got to turn around and go back!"

"We can't do that for two reasons. One, there's a very important VIP on board, Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, two seats in front of you, and, besides that, we're too far out on the runway."

"I don't care who's on board! Besides, the vice-president does nothing anyway. You've got to go back!"

"We can't, and that's that, David."

"Call me sir! You've got to, because I'm opening tonight in Boston!"

I don't think she knew what "opening" meant, and it must have rattled her a little, maybe making her think that I'm some sort of sicko who is going to open his body or something. All I know is that it made her hurry into the cockpit. A moment later, she came out and, with a disgusted look on her face, gave me the okay sign. I smiled at George and settled back in my seat, as the plane began to pivot around. Then the captain made an announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we're going back to the gate. It seems that one of our passengers got on the wrong plane. There'll be about a forty-five-minute delay. I'm sorry."

Well, it turned into a scene out of a western in which the townspeople get all worked up and turn into an ugly mob. They were yelling things like "Let's get him!" and "Hang 'im!" I guess I got caught up in it, and the next thing I knew I was on my feet in the aisle facing the lynch mob.

"Okay," I yelled, "who's the stupid bastard?"

Well, this really fired up the crowd. Now they got real ugly. Men were on their feet, yelling all kinds of obscenities. I'm sure the Secret Service men were panicking. Anyway, as soon as I sat down, George turned to me.

"What are you, crazy or what, man? How the hell are we going to get off the plane? They'll know it was us. They'll beat us to death, man! There's not a Jewish face in the whole plane."

George is one of the most paranoid Jews in the world. To him everyone over age fifty is a potential ex-Nazi. He's always avoiding crowds made up of too many men with blond hair and blue eyes. However, in this particular case, excluding the ethnic aspect of it, he was correct. They'd know it was us who had delayed the flight. I tried the windows. They didn't open. The plane came to a stop at the gate.

"We're trapped! Surrounded by hostile gentiles, thirsting for Jew blood! Butchered like pigs, pardon the expression, all because of you, you comic putz!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

Now from Leroux. The three great tastes in Schnapps. All naturally delicious.

LEROUX
Royal Family of International Liqueurs
60 PROOF
LEROUX
PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS
Liqueur
PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY LEROUX & CO. RELAY, MD · 750 ML
LEROUX ROYAL FAMILY OF INTERNATIONAL ACCLAIM
CINNAMINT SCHNAPPS
SPEARMINT SCHNAPPS

PEPPERMINT

60 or 100 proof. Cool peppermint taste, smooth and easy all the way. It's delicious straight, on the rocks, or with an icy cold brew.

CINNAMINT

The spice of cinnamon, the natural flavor of peppermint. Drink it in the traditional ways, or in a steaming cup of hot chocolate. Delicious.

SPEARMINT

A refreshing change of taste with the naturally fresh flavor of spearmint. Enjoy it straight, on the rocks, or in a delicious spearmint julep.

LEROUX SCHNAPPS

Once you've tasted Leroux, no other schnapps will do.

Extortion. White slave trade.
Drugs. Smuggled guns. Pornography.
Now organized crime is being
imported, stamped "Made in Japan."

YAKUZA

BY BILL LAWREN

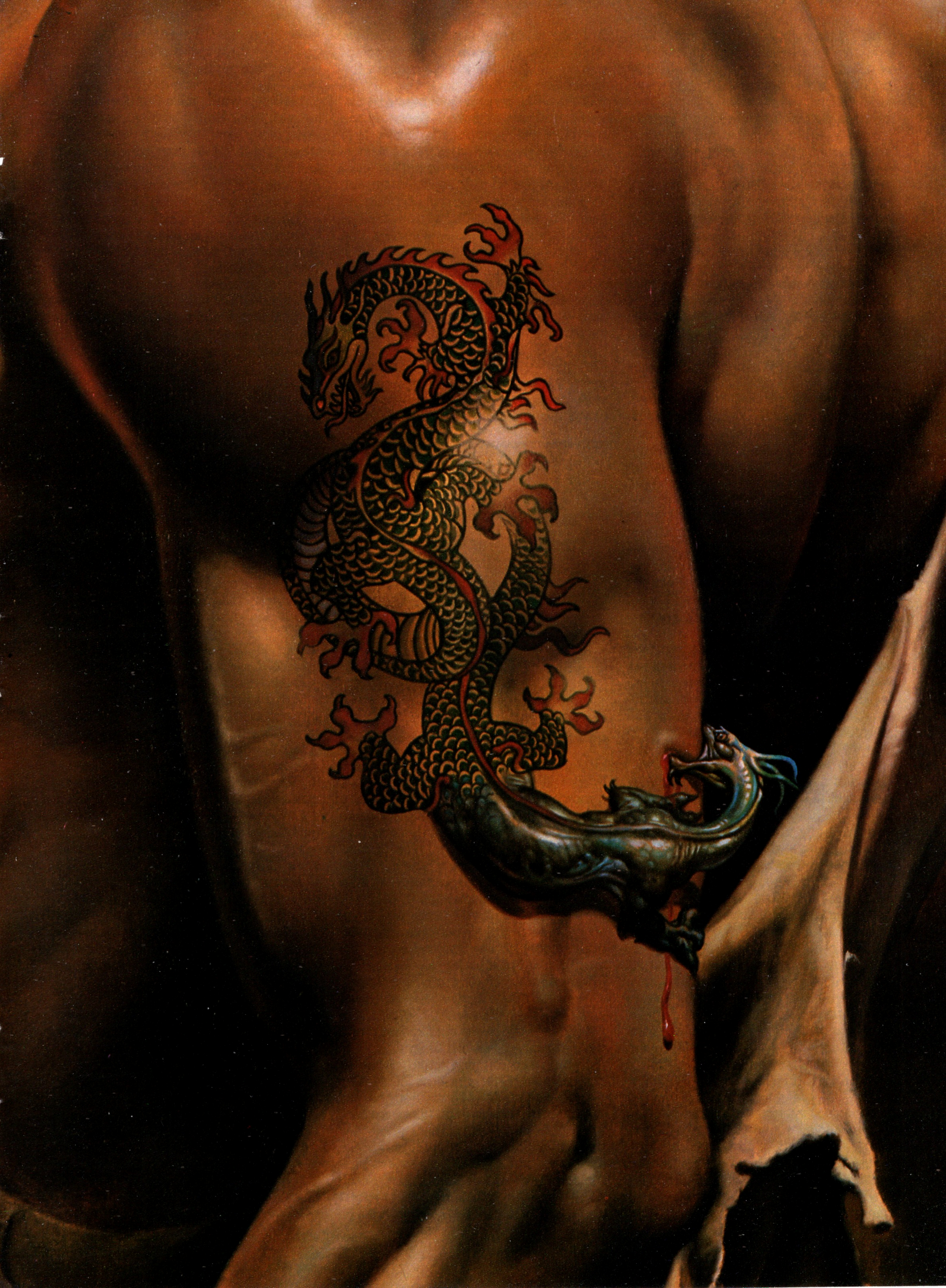
Running afoul of the Oyabun (godfather) is punished . . . in a Yakuza ritual that goes like this: sitting on your haunches, dressed in your ceremonial kimono, you place a clean square of cloth on the table in front of you. Take your katana *(a short, mean-looking sword) out of your belly band, place the little finger of your left hand on the cloth, and proceed to cut it off. You then tie it up [the severed end of your finger] in a silk handkerchief and present it to your Oyabun, and you'd better pray that he accepts it and slips it into his kimono at his breast. If he doesn't, instead of walking around with nine fingers, you probably won't be walking around at all.* —Florence Rome, *The Tattooed Men*

I am the garbage of this society. I'm living to die. —A *yakuza* soldier

On a narrow street in Tokyo's Akasaka district, a truck blocks the way of an expensive car. Sure of his right-of-way, the truck driver refuses to move. The driver of the car—a dapper young man in a business suit—does not scream or make nasty gestures. Instead, he calmly gets out of his car, takes off his coat and tie, folds them neatly, and puts them in the trunk. Then, slowly, as if in private ceremony, he removes his shirt, startling onlookers as he reveals a torso that is bristling with tattoos. The multicolored dragons and samurai warriors on his chest and back almost seem to dance in the sun. The tattooed man walks to the truck, reaches in, and grabs the driver by the collar. The sight of the tattoos has turned the driver's stubborn confidence to pure terror. He throws up his hands in immediate submission. The truck is moved posthaste.

The brutal finger-cutting ceremony and the tattooed terrorist are trademarks of the *yakuza*, the Japanese organized-crime network whose influence abroad and political clout at home make even the Cosa Nostra look bush-league. Claiming origins that go back to the fierce samurai warriors of the seventeenth century, the *yakuza* now number more than 100,000 members in Japan (10,000 alone in the largest

PAINTING BY BORIS VALLEJO



gang, Yamaguchi-gumi), and the yearly take from their operations in prostitution, narcotics, pornography, gambling, and extortion has been estimated to be as high as $5 billion.

The *yakuza* in Japan enjoy a high-profile, privileged life-style that must have our Mafia gumming its pasta in envy. In public they strut and scowl, their flashy suits, gold pendants, and flat-topped haircuts a startling contrast—and an implicit warning—to the sedate Japanese civilian. The Yamaguchi gangland headquarters—complete with a sign proudly announcing its identity to outsiders—is cheek by jowl with the luxury high-rise offices of some of Tokyo's most expensive lawyers. In a country where Cadillacs and Lincolns sell for as much as $50,000, the *yakuza* are said to be the best customers for heavy-metal vehicles—the longer and blacker the better.

Perhaps the most intriguing thing about the *yakuza* gangs is the extent to which they have injected themselves into the major arteries of Japanese political and economic power. Their connections in government and big business reach right to the top. When a prominent *yakuza* figure died in 1963, his funeral arrangements were handled by none other than former Prime Minister Nobosuke Kishi, and the funeral was attended by such famed entertainers as Toshiro Mifune and actress Machiko Kyo. When rival *yakuza* factions went to the *futons* (mats) in the late seventies, police actually gave guard protection to the Tokyo mansions of eight top-level gangsters. "If we did nothing and a gangster were killed," explained Japanese national police detective Hideo Fukunaga, "the general public would criticize us, and so would the mass media."

In the business world, the *yakuza* are routinely hired to act as informal "sergeants-at-arms" during stockholder meetings. In that capacity (known as *sokaiya*) they bully, threaten, intimidate, and even beat any stockholders who ask the directors embarrassing questions. The high priest of *sokaiya*, a seventy-three-year-old millionaire, is said to earn as much as $800,000 a year in fees from grateful corporate directorates.

The *yakuza* have muscled their way into the halls of power chiefly because the Japanese have always looked on them as benevolent protectors of the little guy. Naturally, this is the face that the *yakuza* like to present to the public. During the gang wars of the late seventies, for example, *yakuza* leaders held a press conference in which they humbly apologized to public and police alike for any "inconvenience" they might have caused.

In private, though, the *yakuza* have an almost medieval taste for brutality and violence. The *oyabun*, or godfather, is a virtual dictator, with powers of life and death that would excite the admiration of any Latin general. Initiation into the *yakuza* gangs is a polite bloodletting, with bowing figures in flowered kimonos drawing samurai blades deeply across the novice's wrist; and the elaborate tattooing ceremonies are designed to test the initiate's tolerance of excruciating pain.

Once he is ceremonially bled and tattooed, the *yakuza* soldier becomes the chattel of the *oyabun*. His duties may range from narcotics sales through extortion of small businessmen to outright murder. There are no questions of rebellion, no declarations of independence from the gang. The *yakuza* soldier sees himself as the floor mat of Japanese society (the name *yakuza* means "useless person"), and if he makes a mistake in the conduct of his job, he may travel as much as 5,000 miles just to have the *Oyabun* "correct" him, with clear indications that he cut off the tip of his finger.

Kazunari Igaki is a *yakuza* soldier, a private in the small army of Yokohama gangster Masahiro Sugiura. For his skills, which include drug manufacture, knife-throwing, and strong-arm tactics with brass knuckles, Sugiura pays him $1,300 a month plus rent. Igaki sports a shaved head, tattoos, and a long, ugly scar down the side of his face, the memento of a sword fight joined in in the line of duty. Five of his fingertips are missing.

> "*Yakuza* fight garbage with garbage," says a *yakuza* soldier who is missing five of his fingertips. "If I die killing some of that garbage, I may repay my boss a little."

In his small Yokohama apartment, Igaki explained himself to Bradley K. Martin of the *Baltimore Sun*. His father was a *yakuza*, he said, and his youth was spent in what amounted to an apprenticeship for a life of crime. As a young boy he saw his father sell his sisters to a geisha house. "In my childhood I never saw anything beautiful," he told Martin. "What I saw was ugly reality. We'd live like lords for a couple of days, then like beggars."

By the age of fourteen, Igaki had his first tattoo. By twenty he was in jail for slashing another *yakuza* in a fight. There he met Sugiura, who told him that "there are people in this world who cannot obey their parents or the law. So there should be somebody who can take in all these people and take care of them." Sugiura offered himself as just such a "benefactor," and when Igaki was released from jail he joined up with his new boss.

Although membership in Sugiura's gang gave him a sense of belonging, Igaki still was tortured by feelings of worthlessness. He began to take those feelings out on his wife, Hiromi. "I was coming home," he said, "and kicking and hitting her just about every night." Finally he told her she should leave rather than subject herself and their baby boy to a life without a future. Refusing, she said she would first kill herself and the baby. Igaki thought she was joking. But she quickly picked up a kitchen knife and stabbed the baby to death, then stabbed herself several times before Igaki could stop her. Now she beams with pride when he compliments her on her courage and the depth of her love.

In the end, though, Igaki's first loyalties are to his boss and his gang. "I'm not equipped for any regular job," he said, "but what I can do is kill for my group. *Yakuza* are a lot of garbage, fighting garbage with garbage. If I die killing some of that garbage, I may repay my boss a little for what he has done for me."

Recently the Japanese public has begun to agree with Igaki's lowly characterization of himself and his kind. The current of public opinion began to shift with the *yakuza* wars of the late seventies, in which forty-two *yakuza*—including Yamaguchi ("Godfather of Godfathers") Kazuo Taoka—and one innocent bystander were casualties. Disgusted by the slaughter, police and media mounted a campaign called Operation Bulldozer, in which 1,300 *yakuza* were arrested, and angry citizens took to the streets to hold huge demonstrations against the gangsters.

With the pressure of the crackdown, the eyes of many *yakuza* leaders began to turn outward. As former U.S. attorney Michael Starrett explains, "Things just got too hot for them in Japan. They started thinking, 'Hey, the cops are watching me all the time, they're looking at my bank accounts—maybe I should take my money and put it somewhere else for a while.' "

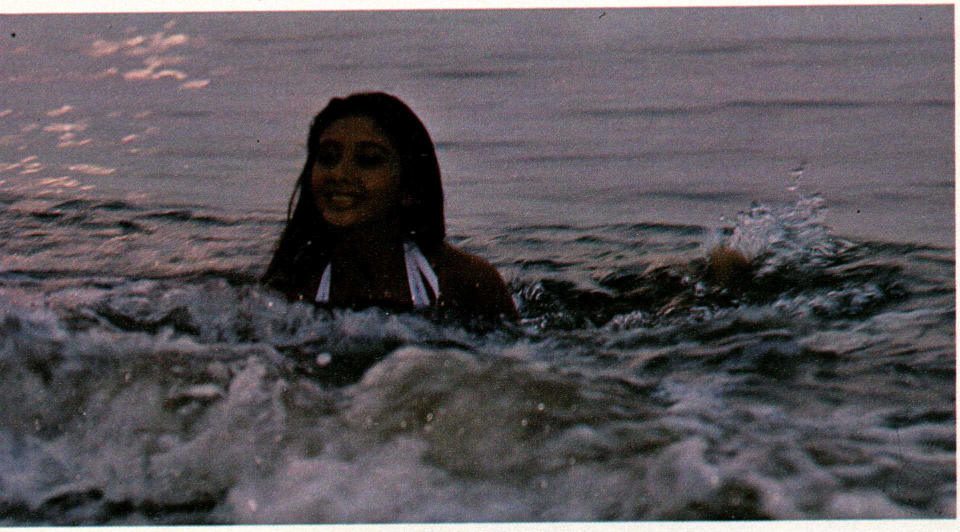
What followed amounted to a small-scale diaspora. It was as if Operation Bulldozer had swept much of the floundering *yakuza* into the Pacific, leaving them to float with the prevailing currents. Those currents eventually carried known *yakuza* members to Guam, to Australia, to Hawaii, and ultimately, to the American mainland itself.

The story of the *yakuza* invasion begins even before the mass exodus from Japan in the late seventies. The place is Honolulu, and the leading man is a Japanese ex-boxer by the name of Wataru ("Jackson") Inada. A small, physically unprepossessing man, Inada was nonetheless almost typecast as an organized-crime figure. His friends commented on his unlimited supply of money. He drove a $17,000 Mercedes sedan, and was known to indulge a taste for Oriental bar girls. His real passion, though, appeared to be the blunt camaraderie of the boxing world—his close

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

VERONIQUE

“I love to
show off my body, because
I know it's
pretty and exciting to men.
Besides, it
gives me a feeling of
power...”



AFTER THE FOX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Before settling in Stamford, Conn., last year, Pet of the Month Veronique Jolie lived in such faraway places as Hong Kong, Singapore, and the Philippines. Needless to say, though, our 36-23-35-inch visitor from the East is so fetching that normally taciturn Yankees tend to greet her with wide-open arms. Even the tiny creature here senses she deserves a fawned welcome...

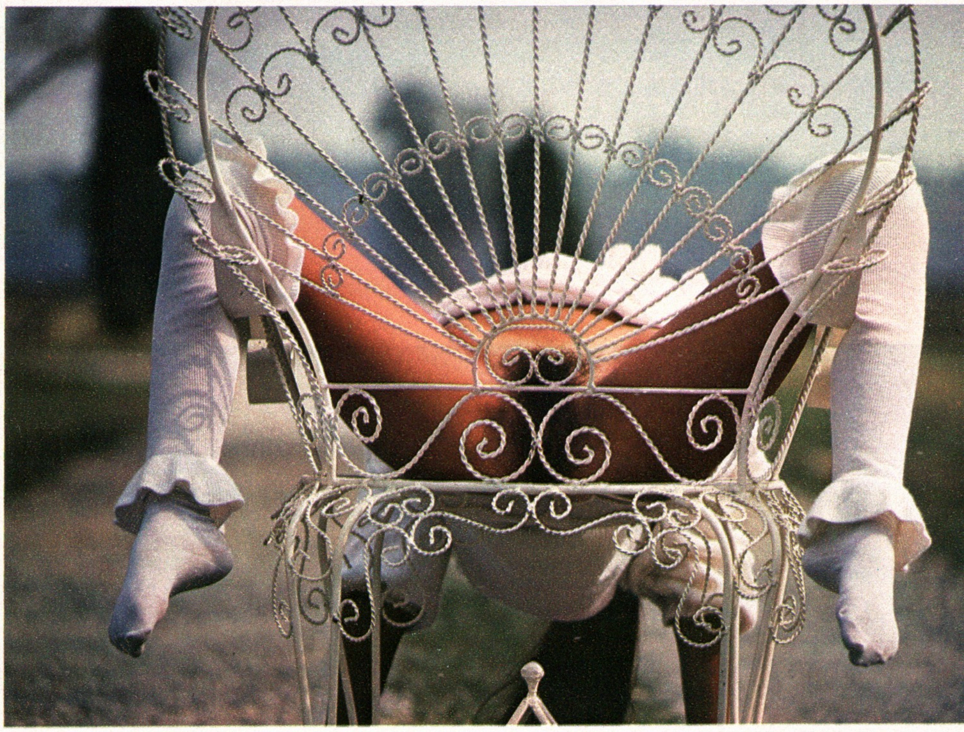
In mind as well as body, elegant Veronique is a truly exotic blend. At the tender age of twenty—being half French, half Vietnamese by birth—you could call her an Asian minor, on the one hand, and a Paris original, on the other. In any event, we're happy to call her ours.

❛ I'll do anything
a man asks,
as long as he loves
every little bit
of me... ❜

Veronique's early double exposure to both Eastern and Western cultures has left her free, if not eager, to choose the best of both worlds. Though she drinks more soda than tea, she still prefers stir-fry to French fries. And though she's adopted the Christian religion, she's (blessedly) free of any puritanical hang-ups. "I'm totally a sensual creature, not just when I'm making love but even walking down the street or dancing by myself in the dark..."

"I love to show off my body, because I know it's very pretty and exciting to men. Besides," she smiles, "it gives me a feeling of power." Enough to light up most of Schenectady, that is...

It's fitting that one of Veronique's favorite modeling jobs was doing a poster for Champion spark plugs. Seductive enough, we're sure, to outlast a long-life battery. She's also done a cable television show in Arizona and a shampoo ad seen mostly in the Far East. Despite her early successes, however, she's not yet certain that modeling is the only career she wants. "I try to let destiny lead me; I don't look far into the future or into the past. I try to live for the present."

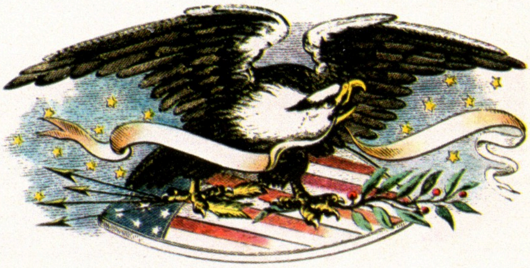


❛I'm totally a sensual creature, even when I'm walking down the street or dancing by myself...❜

"And I've never been happier than now. I love my old house in Connecticut and the sexy young Italian I share it with. Like me, he's always warm or hot —never cold!"

"And like me, he's very direct. The first time he saw me, he walked right up and told me I was a fox. I told him he was a stud. We took it from there..."

Her lovemaking recipe is simple: "I'll do anything a man asks, as long as he's very careful to love every little bit of me." With an Oriental feast like Veronique, we'd say every little bit counts.



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

President Reagan's nomination of Harry N. Walters, an assistant secretary of the army, to be the new administrator of the Veterans Administration is an enigma. On October 4, 1982, Robert Nimmo abruptly resigned from that post for reasons that still remain unknown.

The scramble for his position began the moment Nimmo resigned. Within two weeks the White House had prepared a list of some forty-eight persons, drawn from a pool of 117 candidates. Shortly thereafter, the heads of the major veterans service organizations were invited to the White House to help whittle down the list. Five finalists emerged.

On October 28, the heads of the veterans' service organizations were once again invited to the White House for a sneak preview and a chance to meet the next VA administrator. Enter Harry Walters, whose name was *not* on the list of forty-eight. As word of the nomination began to spread, it produced an immediate backlash. Besides asking the obvious question, "Harry *who*?", important members of the House and Senate Veterans Affairs committees were enraged that they hadn't been consulted by the White House. The backlash was such that the White House postponed Walters's formal nomination until congressional feathers could be smoothed. This was done, and on November 22, the day on which President Reagan announced his "Dense Pack" basing mode for the MX missile, to be located near Warren Air Force Base in Wyoming, the White House formally announced Walters's nomination as VA administrator. Sen. Alan Simpson (Rep.-Wyo.), chairman of the Senate Veterans' Affairs Committee, immediately announced his support of the nomination and promised to hold prompt confirmation hearings. These were held on December 8, 1982, and a week later Walters was confirmed by the full Senate. Though it's true that preparation of the budget for VA fiscal year '84 (which begins on October 1, 1983) merits having a VA administrator on the job, it doesn't adequately explain the speed with which Walters was confirmed. Under the law, Walters could have served in a designated or acting capacity.

> "The Walters nomination as VA administrator is an enigma. There seems to be no political support for Walters among Republican power brokers in Washington, or elsewhere. It's all very strange."

In response to the question "Harry who?", the White House bio of Harry Walters provides a bare-bones profile of a moderately successful businessman. He was born on July 4, 1936, in Fostoria, Ohio. He received a B.S. degree from West Point in 1959. He received all-American honorable mention as fullback on the Army team. He was commissioned to the infantry and to the Army, Air Force, and Ranger School at Fort Benning, Ga., and served with the Twenty-fifth Infantry Division in Hawaii, Laos, and Thailand. Walters completed active military service in 1963 and continued in the U.S. Army Reserve until 1965. Walters was later executive vice-president of the Standard Paper Manufacturing Company of Richmond, Va., from 1973 until 1976. In the past, he has been associated with the Plain Well Paper Company in Missouri; the Kimberly Clark Corporation in Wisconsin and New York City; and the Pure Oil Company in Miami, Fla. In 1977, Walters purchased, and became president of, the Potsdam Paper Corporation in Potsdam, N.Y.

In 1980, shortly after Reagan was elected, it was reported that Walters had sold his paper company and was going to Washington to become assistant secretary of the army for manpower and reserve affairs; however, unlike Walters's VA appointment, it took six months before he was confirmed by the Senate. This delay was somewhat characteristic of the White House's personnel operations in its first year. Nonetheless, the contrast between the ease of Walters's VA appointment and the slowness of his earlier one is worth noting.

The Walters nomination is an enigma because there are seemingly no reasonable explanations for it. Walters is presumably a Republican but certainly not a Reaganite. There is no evidence of Walters's participation in Reagan's nomination or presidential campaigns. Similarly, *Penthouse* and others concerned with veterans' affairs have been unable to unearth any political support for Walters among Republican power brokers. It's all very strange. Our sources confirm that when Walters's name first surfaced at the White House personnel office, the top-level officials on the president's staff added their own refrain to the "Harry who?" chorus.

Obviously someone wants Harry Walters to be the VA administrator. Asking "To what end?" introduces another facet of the Walters enigma. Walters has displayed little enthusiasm for the job; however, like a good soldier, he seems willing to follow the orders that will place him on the VA's firing line. The appointment of Walters, the first of a noncombat veteran since World War II, has been greeted with some reservations by the veterans' service organizations.

Harry Walters may turn out to be an able and effective VA administrator; however, only time will tell whether he is marching to the beat and hidden agenda of a different drummer who wants the VA to do things other than make good on President Reagan's promises to the VFW.—*William R. Corson*

There Is Only One.

Still the only cigarette that delivers the taste of 'Enriched Flavor'™ smoking.

MERIT
Filter
MERIT
Menthol
MERIT
MENTHOL
MERIT
FINE TOBACCOS
LOW TAR 'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

It broke all the traditional rules of cigarette-making by concentrating on the tobacco end–not the filter end–of smoking.

MERIT. The cigarette that made history by delivering the taste of leading brands having up to twice the tar.

It's the first and only 'Enriched Flavor'™ cigarette.

We made it for you.

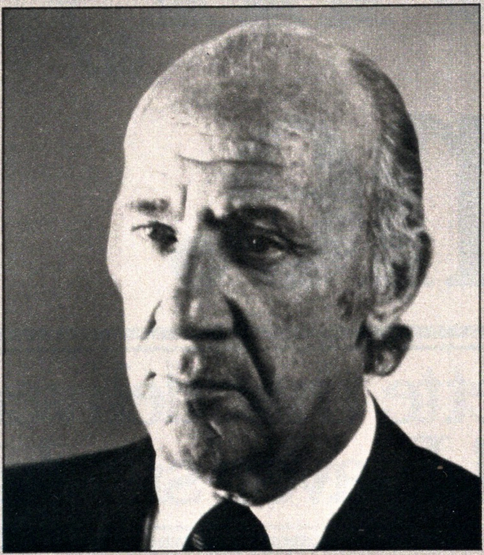
Nothing halfway about it.

MERIT

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81



BY ARNOLD FORSTER

The author, a New York–based attorney with the firm of Shea & Gould, has written nine books on the subjects of civil rights and anti-Semitism. His latest book, *The New Anti-Semitism,* was published by McGraw-Hill.

THE U.N.: INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF ANTI-SEMITISM

Late last year, our ambassador to the United Nations, Jeanne J. Kirkpatrick, declared that the "U.N. record on human rights has been perverted" and charged that the international agency had repeatedly remained silent in the face of overwhelming human-rights abuses. To support these accusations, the U.S. delegate pointed to the fact that the U.N. had remained silent in the face of a "shocking resurgence of attacks against Jews in the world" and the denial of civil liberties to hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews.

This was not the first time that Mrs. Kirkpatrick had spoken out against the United Nations. Some months before, she had delivered a scorching attack on the world organization, charging that "the approach taken toward the Arab-Israeli conflict at the United Nations has nothing to do with peace but is quite simply a continuation of the war against Israel by other means."

Why has Mrs. Kirkpatrick been so passionate in her condemnation of the U.N.? One would have thought that as the American representative to the U.N., she would regard it highly and would be as tactful and conciliatory as possible so that her diplomatic counterparts from other lands would accept her in equally friendly fashion.

But our U.S. delegate, one of the best that this country has ever had, knows precisely what she is saying. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, with the obvious backing of President Reagan, has decided that these serious charges must be leveled loud, clearly and repeatedly—in a desperate effort and hope that in doing so, some bystander nations will be persuaded to force the guilty countries to change before they bring down the entire institution upon themselves and everyone else.

It is a sad fact that the very organization that came into existence nearly forty years ago in an effort to make real the dream of worldwide harmony and understanding has now become the international switchboard for the dissemination of organized hatred against Jews in general and against the Jewish state of Israel in particular.

There are two manifestations of this hatred that are currently destroying the moral fabric of the United Nations. The first is evident when the majority of nations ignore the plight of Jews, whose rights or even lives are being trampled on. As the saying goes: "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men remain silent in the face of it."

But the second brand of anti-Jewish prejudice indulged in by these "good men" is of a more vicious and dangerous variety. In my view, it touches the very essence of hatred for Jews: these anti-Semites in the U.N. actively wish to see the state of Israel eliminated as a formal Jewish entity. They are willing and eager to work for this goal tirelessly in order to bring Israel to an involuntary, sudden, and violent end. And—make no mistake about it—this anti-Zionism is nothing more or less than the desire to do away with *all* Jews.

Israel is a Jewish nation—no one would seriously argue that

> ‘American taxpayers, who pick up 25 percent of the U.N.'s operational costs, should take a close look at this world body, whose hatred of Americans almost equals its hatred of Jews’

it is not—and it is the heart of the Jewish world. Snuffing out its physical, cultural, religious, ethnic, and national center surely means destroying the very core of international Jewish life. The destruction of the state of Israel is, in short, the ultimate anti-Semitic act—the final act of Hitler's "final solution" to the Jewish problem.

There is, unfortunately, no end of proof that the United Nations is today the world center of anti-Semitism. Israel has become the primary scapegoat, the priority target of the anti-Western gang of countries that holds almost total control over the U.N. Just look at these two facts: in 1980, exactly one half of the resolutions adopted by the Security Council condemned Israel; and, at this writing, there have been nearly 100 resolutions of the same character passed by the General Assembly. No doubt by the time you read this the number will have increased.

The thrust of all this obscene rhetoric is that Israel is a pariah nation with no legitimate right to survive. And for their passive acceptance of this garbage, most Western nations—Mr. Reagan and Mrs. Kirkpatrick aside—stand revealed as having surrendered to an anti-Zionist, anti-Jewish, anti-Israel campaign coordinated by an Arab-Soviet partnership.

When the coalition of Communist and Arab nations first turned the mindless platitude that "Zionism is racism" into an official United Nations resolution in 1975, they forged one of the most dangerous weapons in the Arab propaganda arsenal. To accomplish this hateful goal, the Arab-Soviet bloc was ably assisted by assorted Third World countries who themselves had been seduced by promises of massive financial grants, supplies of military arms, and oil.

Acceptance of this U.N. resolution legitimizes anti-Semitism. The idea itself is stupid and senseless. Zionism is a love of Zion (a synonym for Jerusalem), a liberation movement, a quest for freedom and for the right of Jews to live politically as equals among nations. Racism is the antithesis; it argues the inherent superiority of one human species over another.

(Hiding behind the word *Zionist*, it must be pointed out here, instead of candidly saying *Jew* when that is what is actually meant, is a transparent, classic dodge. Interchanging the nomenclature comes as no surprise to students of anti-Semitism, who long ago learned that those who hate Jews tried to give three different words—*Jew, Zionist, Israeli*—precisely the same meaning. But Zionism, before Israel came into being, meant a belief in the need for the re-establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine. Since Israel's creation in 1948, Zionism has naturally taken on an additional meaning: a conviction that the Jewish State has a right to exist in peace and security. Which means, not so incidentally, that one does not have to be Jewish to be a Zionist.)

Not surprisingly, the senseless but evil U.N. formula that Zionism is racism has become a standard tool in the hands of Israel's U.N. enemies. More than a dozen resolutions have since referred approvingly to the definition, and it has been used unceasingly by Arab, Soviet, and Chinese propagandists to justify anti-Semitism and hatred of Israel.

But this canard is only the most successful of a long list of anti-Semitic assertions in the United Nations. Some others are that the Jews are an imaginary people who never existed in fact, do not now exist, never experienced the Holocaust, and—since they are a non-people—are not entitled to the rights accorded genuine nations.

This undisguised hatred is easy to find in the publications of the U.N. special unit that services the Palestinian Committee. It is also to be found in documents of the U.N. Commission for Western Asia, which accepts the PLO as a member state while rejecting Israel. And it can be found in the once hallowed halls of the Security Council, where the late Saudi Arabian ambassador, Jamil Baroody, once declared that the Nazi Holocaust was simply fiction and Anne Frank's diary a transparent forgery. Only the ambassador of the Netherlands, in whose country the tortured girl lived, rose to challenge the lie.

The litany of patent anti-Jewish prejudice echoes without cessation in the U.N.'s beautiful skyscraper headquarters on the banks of Manhattan's East River. It usually begins in whispered conversations, but it bursts forth with ever increasing frequency on the open floor. On Dec. 8, 1980, for example, the Jordanian ambassador, Hazem Nasseibeh, asserted in the General Assembly that the Arab world had long been "held in bondage, plundered" by the Jewish "people's cabal, which controls and manipulates and exploits the rest of humanity by controlling the money and wealth of the world." During the same debate, Ambassador Falilou Kane of Senegal added that news organizations are "dominated by Jews," a fabrication that was already stale when it was repeated by the Nazis more than fifty years ago. This malevolent falsehood was greeted by its listeners with the assent of silence—as is so much of the anti-Jewish bigotry spewed on the U.N. premises.

The hatred for Jews displayed in the U.N. is especially disturbing in light of the many signs that anti-Semitism is on the rise around the world. It is nurtured by the very international body that was created to strengthen understanding among the polyglot peoples of our earth, and the ominous warnings are largely ignored. The animosity foisted upon Europe by Hitler in the 1930s, resulting in the murder of one third of all Jews then living, is being encouraged by U.N. endorsement of anti-Jewish bigotry and strengthened by the prestige that that once honorable organization once boasted of and still, incredibly, retains.

American taxpayers should take a close look at this world body, whose hatred of Americans almost equals its hatred of Jews. Currently we are picking up 25 percent of the U.N.'s operational costs. Perhaps it is time for us to discontinue this largess and let those who have captured and disfigured a noble dream pay the bill for their perversion.

YAKUZA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

friends Takatsugu Yonekura and Kawashi Shimizu were also ex-fighters.

A series of articles by *Honolulu Advertiser* reporter James Dooley describes how Inada came to Honolulu in 1973, ostensibly to open a tour agency known as Mitsui Tours. In reality he was a *yakuza* soldier, the emissary of a group affiliated with Sumiyoshi-rengo, one of the largest *yakuza* organizations in Japan. Inada's criminal record in Japan included arrests for possession of firearms and gambling, and a 1972 conviction for extortion. On his back he bore the multicolored tattoos of the *yakuza kobun* (rank-and-file soldier).

Once established in Honolulu, Inada allied himself with the local crime syndicate led by Wilford ("Nappy") Pulawa, securing Pulawa's "permits" to operate in the area. Mitsui Tours quickly became a front for Inada's extensive operations in prostitution, pornography, and extortion. The game worked like this: tourists would be recruited, either in Japan or in Honolulu, lured by printed come-ons promising "drinks, porno movies, and the services of a beautiful blond girl for your enjoyment." Inada's setup, the leaflets bragged, was "the best in the United States."

And so the tourists must have thought when they arrived. By day Inada's buses would take them sightseeing, highlighted by a visit to the Koko Head Rifle Range, where, according to one source, "they could shoot off pistols to their hearts' content. (Handguns are illegal in Japan.) If that excitement wasn't enough, the tourists had only to wait for nightfall. Luxurious, red-topped Cadillac limos would call on them at their hotels, taking them either to BP&M, a massage parlor managed by Inada, or to his friend Shimizu's Utamaro Club, a sophisticated operation guarded by closed-circuit television. If his customers' tastes were more literary than literal, Inada could "refer" them to any one of a number of adult bookstores, all of whose owners were paying Inada $100 to $200 a month in protection money.

Inada's little empire was anything but trouble-free. In 1974 one of his clients was killed at Koko Head when his .45 caliber automatic jammed and then fired when he was trying to clear it. In the same year a bomb intended for Inada almost killed his partner, John C. H. Lee, who was already under indictment on a heroin-sale charge. Later both BP&M and Utamaro were raided, and Inada himself was arrested for promoting prostitution.

But it was the heroin case that proved to be Inada's undoing. The plan had been ambitious. Although details are unclear, informed sources believe that Inada developed a contact for heroin through his *yakuza* connections in Japan, and found a retail "market" in Cleveland. The smack, however, would first have to pass through Los Angeles, the territory of alleged Mafia kingpin Peter Milano. Inada apparently contacted Milano, who sent an associate to Honolulu, presumably to meet with Inada and Lee. An agreement was struck whereby Inada would pay $100,000 as a "tribute" to Milano for allowing the heroin to pass through Los Angeles unscathed. They arranged for a first shipment of one kilogram (Inada's price $72,000; street value $500,000) and a subsequent shipment of seven kilos, worth a whopping $3.5 million.

Law enforcement got wind of the scheme and managed to induce Lee to pass the heroin on to an undercover agent, who promptly arrested him. Lee and an associate pleaded innocent, but later made a deal: in return for a guilty plea and the promise of a suspended sentence, they would turn state's evidence on Inada. An eighteen-month investigation followed, with Lee singing like a bird all the way. In July of 1975, Inada was busted for selling $165,000 worth of heroin to another undercover agent.

> ‘A cheap Saturday night special that sells for $40 in the U.S. can bring up to $4,000 in Japan. With profits like that, the *yakuza* have developed a brisk trade in smuggled guns.’

The trial, with Lee testifying against Inada, promised to be sensational. It also promised a courtroom showdown between the two ex-partners. But two days before the trial was to begin, Inada was found shot to death in the University Avenue apartment of bar hostess Ju Nam Song. The girl was dead at his side. Mysteriously, no one in the crowded building heard the shots. Inada's murder is officially classified as "unsolved," but the whispers of the knowledgeable usually center around the figure of John C. H. Lee.

As far as the *yakuza* were concerned, the death of Inada left something of a vacuum in the Hawaiian crime scene. Lee had turned federal snitch, and Yonekura—who also bore the telltale tattoos and was linked with Sumiyoshi-rengo—had shown himself, in the words of one observer, to be "crude and stupid." Inada's replacement-designate may have been Takeshi Takagi, a handsome, thirtyish Japanese gangster whose impeccable taste in clothes hid a torso fully engraved with *yakuza* tattoos. Takagi, whose criminal record in Japan included convictions for gambling, arrived in Honolulu shortly after Inada's murder. He quickly became a principal in two Honolulu companies. After arrests on gun charges, Takagi was eventually thrown out of the country by the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

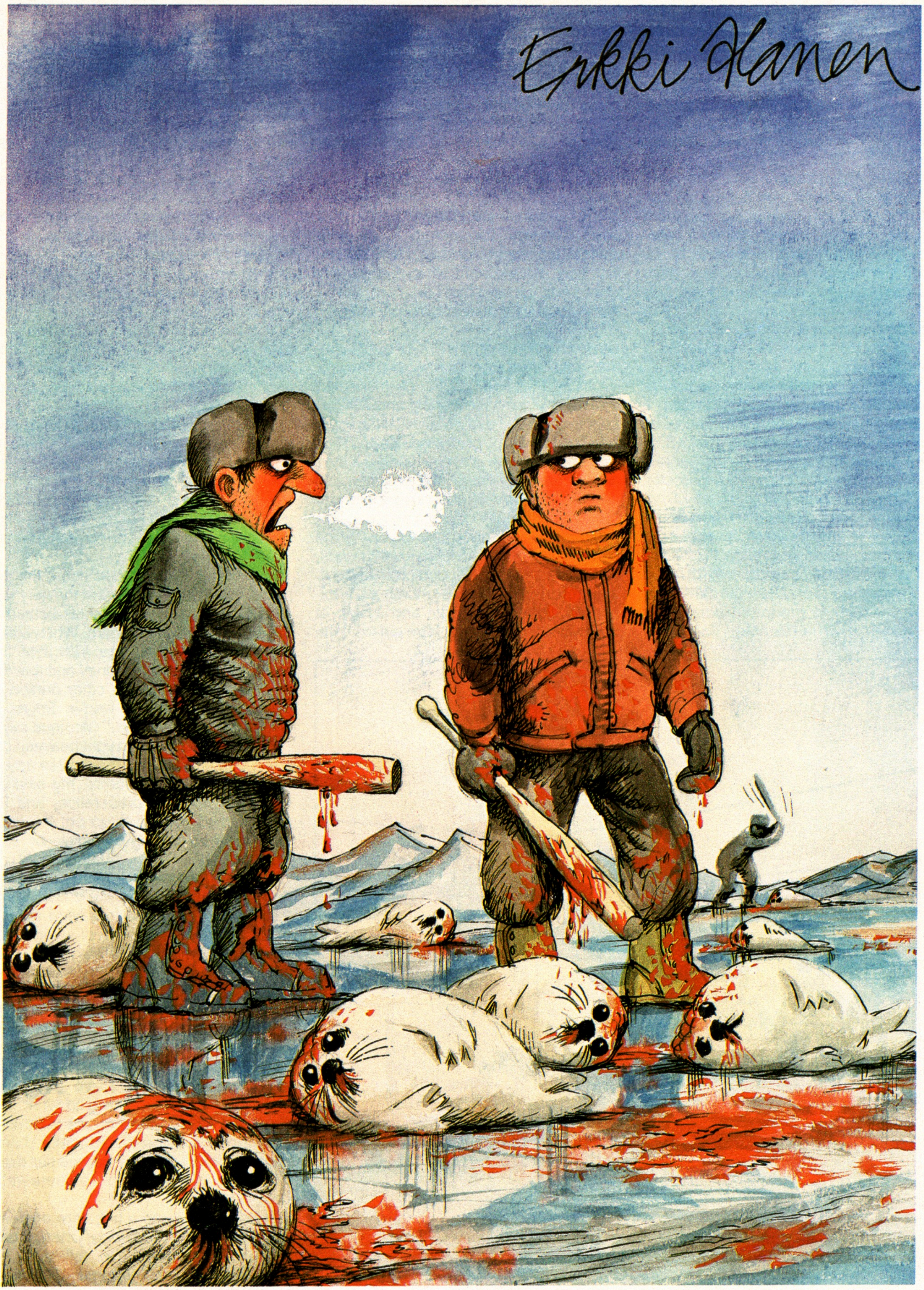
But Takagi's departure did not put an end to *yakuza* interests in Hawaii. Although the INS became more and more successful in forcing *yakuza* figures out of the country, it could do nothing about the steady influx of yakuza money. "As law enforcement got more sophisticated," says one source, "the *yakuza* got more sophisticated too. In Hawaii, there's probably more *yakuza* money being laundered through legitimate investments like real estate than there ever has been before." So far, attempts to trace that money have been lost in a haze of Japanese bank laws and international misunderstanding. But no one denies that the money is there, and Starrett, who investigated cases involving the *yakuza* for three years as a special attorney for the Justice Department's Organized Crime Strike Force, concedes that the *yakuza* have now become "one of the most important organized-crime groups" in the islands.

Tom Tanaka (a pseudonym) is a prominent Japanese-American businessman with offices in Los Angeles. His interests include both real estate and a newly developed taste for politics. Early last year, Tanaka was contacted by a mysterious "businessman" from Japan. "He was very brash and aggressive," Tanaka recalls, "not at all like a typical Japanese businessman. He took me to lunch, told me he was coming to Los Angeles to open an office. He said he was in the boxing business, the entertainment business. I could see he wanted some sort of lead.

"When he saw he wasn't getting through to me," Tanaka continues, "he showed me a little pendant he was wearing around his neck. I thought, 'My God, this guy must be *yakuza*!' [*Yakuza* in Japan often wear gold pendants engraved with their gang insignia.] So I just left him there. I didn't even take his gifts."

Tanaka was lucky. He had a choice. But other Japanese-American businessmen, particularly in Los Angeles and San Francisco and particularly those involved in the Japanese tourist trade, have not been so fortunate. For just as they did under Inada in Honolulu, the *yakuza* have muscled in on the burgeoning Japanese tour business, which brings as many as 350,000 of their countrymen to the West Coast every year. Starrett, who is now in private practice in San Francisco, sees the beginnings of the same pattern of Yakuza activities he saw in Honolulu: "The idea is that when a tourist gets off the plane, there is an organization set up so that virtually everything that person does till he gets back on the plane will touch a company that the organization has an arrangement with."

In what amounts to an instant replay of Inada's Mitsui operation, the tourists are


Erkki Hanen

"You wouldn't have anything for a headache, would you?"

put up in luxury hotels, where a souvenir-shop wallet can cost as much as $75, and whisked by day to see the sights: Universal Studios and Disneyland, Telegraph Hill and Fisherman's Wharf. At night, as one investigator says, there are "visits to Japanese bars where they're showing pornographic films upstairs, and 'tour guides' who drive them around in vans and get them laid."

While the *yakuza* are busy exporting expertise in prostitution, pornography, and extortion, they are also busily importing their two most cherished American products: guns and blondes. Because handguns are illegal in Japan, they have become both desirable—to the *yakuza*, at least—and extremely expensive. A cheap Saturday night special that sells for $40 in the U.S. can bring up to $4,000 in Japan, a profit margin of some *10,000* percent.

With profits like that at stake, the *yakuza* have made it their business to develop a brisk trade in smuggled guns. The guns are either purchased legally in the U.S. at pawn shops or sporting-goods stores, stolen en masse off busy loading docks, or obtained in lightning burglaries of private collections. They are then packed for "shipping" in any one of a number of ingenious ways: inside golf bags (Yonekura was busted in a golf bag caper in 1976), in ice cream cartons or pineapple cans, or in spare car parts (a group of *yakuza* were arrested in 1977 in Roanoke, Va., with a load of handguns stashed inside automobile transmissions). One Seattle group associated with the *yakuza* has reportedly had great success smuggling guns in false-bottomed crates used to transport live snakes!

Law enforcement in Hawaii and Japan keeps a watchful eye out for gun smuggling, using techniques ranging from metal detectors in airports to networks of undercover people who infiltrate the smoky gyms of Japan's boxing industry, which serves as a sort of port of entry for illegal firearms. But authorities on both sides of the ocean have a much more difficult time dealing with what may be the most profitable and most pernicious of all the *yakuza* enterprises: white slavery.

SINGERS AND DANCERS WANTED FOR JAPAN, the ads read. TOP MONEY, PAID TRAVEL. Blasting from the pages of respected trade magazines like *Variety* and *Drama-Logue*, the ads have an almost magic allure for the army of pretty, hopeful Los Angeles girls who are measuring out their lives in minimum-wage jobs while trying to penetrate the glitter and illusory glory of the entertainment industry.

Monique (a pseudonym) was one of the hundreds of girls who answered the ads, chomping bait that included promised salaries of up to $2,000 a month plus expenses, light work loads, and a stab at international stardom. A farm girl from the Pacific Northwest, Monique had run away from home at fifteen and had migrated to Los Angeles, where she later found work as a topless dancer. In 1978, she answered a come-on ad for dancers to go to Japan. The ad offered $400 a week plus expenses. "At the time," Monique recalls, "I was making $150 a week working in a beauty supply store. It looked like an opportunity to do some interesting travel and make some good money at the same time."

She and her roommate auditioned in the Sunset Strip luxury apartment of the "agent" who placed the ad. The agent was an American woman in her early thirties, herself a former dancer. "She was very pretty," Monique recalls, "very open and friendly. She inspired confidence." Also present at the audition was a Japanese contact, whom Monique describes as "smooth and classy, definitely an upper-class type."

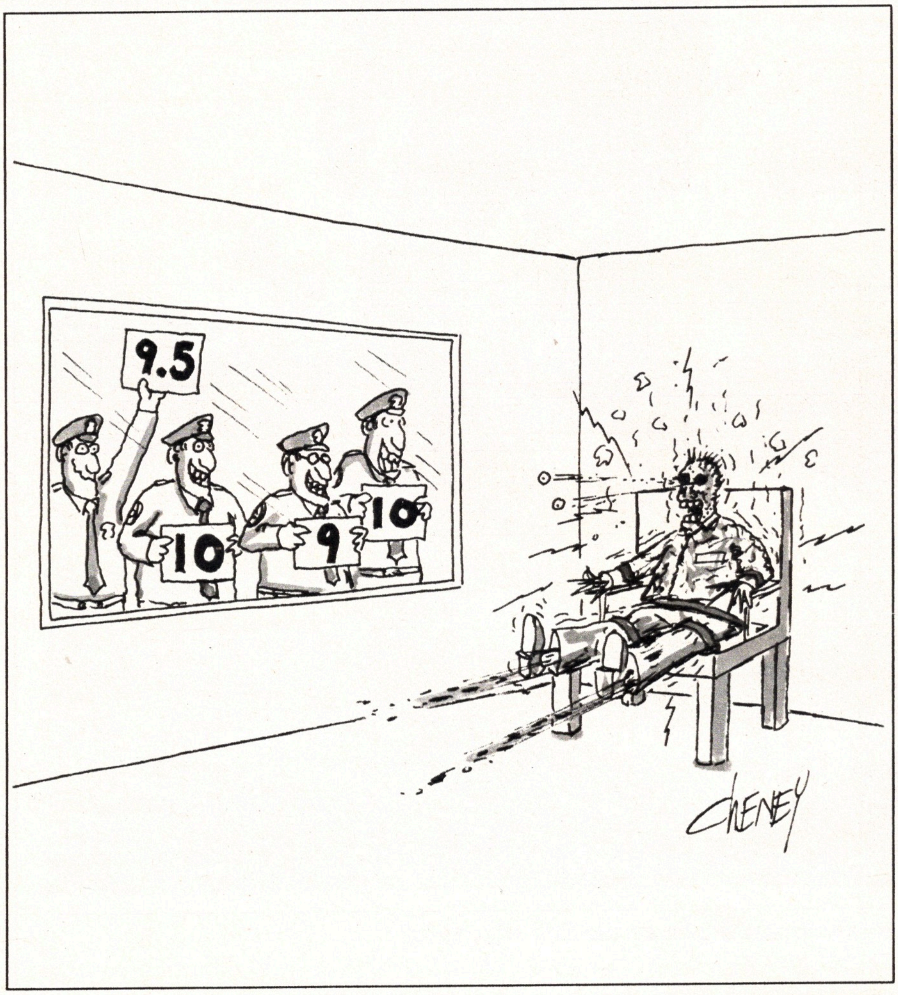
Once the "audition" was passed, Monique and her roommate signed contracts for a two-month tour of duty with an "option" for four more months. The contract also guaranteed that round-trip tickets would be put in their hands before they left the States—"I was very emphatic about that," Monique says.

But when it came time to board the airplane, the "agent" arrived at the very last minute, bearing one-way tickets instead of the promised round-trippers. When Monique confronted her, she said that the agency had run out of money and that the girls would be given the other portion of the ticket when they arrived in Tokyo. "I was upset and flustered," Monique says. "It seemed that I was caught between the frying pan and the fire. I had given up everything I had in California, my savings had been spent in preparation, and if I stayed I had nothing to go on. If I went, there was all this opportunity—or so I thought."

Despite their misgivings, Monique and her roommate boarded the plane. When they arrived in Tokyo they were met by three Japanese men, one of whom, they noticed, was missing his little finger. They were taken to a small hotel, where the three men offered to relieve them of their passports, "to keep them safe," as they said. Fortunately, the girls declined.

A week later, they were picked up with all their luggage and driven to a small town about three hours from Tokyo. Here, they were told, they were going to work in a club for a week. But when the car pulled up in front of a corrugated metal shack, Monique could scarcely believe her eyes. "This is *it*?" she said. "This is where we're going to *work*?"

Inside, they found a big, bare dressing room with fifteen to twenty Oriental girls preparing to dance. The toilets in the dressing room were holes cut in the floorboard. "I heard some music coming from behind a curtain," Monique says. "I opened the curtain, and there was a room full of about fifty Japanese men, all yelling



CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

REBECCA

WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE

Welsh-born Rebecca de Burghmound is profoundly sentimental about her homeland. Its dramatic sea-pounded cliffs and lonely wild moorlands recall her favorite Gothic tales of brooding love and passion woven by the Brontë sisters. "Like every young girl, I had fantasies. Jane Eyre wanted to marry her master, Catherine tried to tame the heart of Heathcliff; my fantasy was to be adored by dozens of beautiful men, then loved to death by just one...." Easy to see why her particular dream became a reality. At 37-25-36 inches and a willowy five feet ten inches, our Pet is a prime example of moorish architecture at its finest....

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURT BUNGER

While vacationing in Ibiza, our conscientious college senior crammed for exams between shooting sessions. Luckily for us, she plays as hard as she works.

Seems Rebecca's a firm believer in keeping her body as active as her mind. After class, she often works out with weights or does exercises at the ballet bar.

On weekends she skydives with her boyfriend. "Parachuting, in a way, is like making love. It's heady, wild, and unpredictable–but the rush is well worth the risk!" Small wonder that Rebecca is more strongly influenced by William the Conqueror than by shy Lady Di. "The biggest thrills in life, I think, come from telling yourself you're invincible, then taking a very deep breath and acting accordingly...." Easy enough, we'd say, for a breathtaking girl like Rebecca.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

> ❛Prime Minister Begin's interpretation of
> Camp David was certainly contrary to the interpretation
> that both President Sadat and I had. . . .
> I believe that the Palestinians should have a homeland
> and be treated as human beings. . . .
> This issue occupied more of my time in the White House
> than any other foreign policy matter.❜

JIMMY CARTER

James Earl Carter, Jr., joined the population of Archery, Ga., on October 1, 1924, the eldest of three rambunctious offspring born to Lillian Gordy Carter. As with Jack Kennedy, the personality of the future thirty-seventh president of the United States was to be largely forged by a strong-willed mother, the irrepressible Miz Lillian—who was later to solve the boredom of widowhood by becoming a Peace Corps volunteer in India at the age of sixty.

When Carter registered at Georgia's Southwest College in 1941, he was, according to contemporaries, a typical product of rural Georgia—shy, a strict Baptist, ignorant of the wider world. But Miz Lillian's boy was also ambitious, and the following year he transferred to prestigious Georgia Tech. By then the war was on, and a year later he became a middy at the U.S. Naval Academy.

Including those four years at the academy, Carter spent ten years in the navy, an engineer on nuclear-powered vessels. Part of the time was spent under feisty Adm. Hyman Rickover, the "father of the nuclear fleet." By then, there was another strong woman in his life: he had married Rosalynn Smith on graduating from Annapolis.

In 1953, with three sons to support, Carter hung up his uniform and returned to Georgia, establishing himself as a peanut farmer in Plains. Soon, he branched out into the profitable warehousing side of the peanut business.

The ex-lieutenant became a prominent community figure, active in church and business organizations. He ran successfully for the Georgia senate in 1963, serving four years, then tried for the governorship and lost. But 1967 had a recompense—the birth of his daughter, Amy Lynn, far and away the most intellectual of the new Carter brood.

A second stab at the governorship, four years later—with his campaign being run by a rumpled, overweight student called Hamilton Jordan—was crowned with success.

Emerging from the state house in Atlanta in 1975, Carter dashed off an autobiography, *Why Not the Best?* (a quotation from Rickover); then he and Jordan put together the most impressive end run on the Democratic party ever seen in modern times. The result: a nationally unknown figure became president.

Today, Carter is back on home territory, in the tiny hamlet of Plains. It is a village you could drive through without noticing, if you had a good symphony on the radio. The only large sign on Main Street—virtually the only street—says BILLY CARTER'S FORMER FILLING STATION. There's one traffic light—installed because of the press of the press and other visitors when his comfortable but modest home became the summer White House. If you keep a sharp lookout, you may spot Carter's "office." It's actually Miz Lillian's old abode, a small three-bedroom affair with a tiny yard.

The only thing that distinguishes the house from its neighbors is the trio of Secret Service cars parked outside the garage. For security reasons, visitors are ushered in through the side door, and go through a small kitchen to reach the living room—which, save for the addition of a large desk, seems not to have changed since the days when his mother lived there.

In the White House, Carter rose most days at 5:30 A.M., jogged on the South Lawn, and read the press. By the time Zbigniew Brzezinski arrived to brief him at 8:30, he had done nearly two hours' work. His speed-reading capacity, encyclopedic memory, and reluctance to delegate deci-

PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY ARTHUR/CAMERA 5

sions made him probably the most workaholic occupant of a job for which only workaholics are suited. Today, with his book *Keeping Faith* now launched, a visitor has the impression of a man puzzled as to how most Americans can tolerate working only forty hours a week.

As president, Carter never seemed to lose sight of the larger picture of why he was elected—to bring honesty into an office where dissembling was the name of the game, to look out for those too underprivileged to look out for themselves, to try to promote peace and check the arms race. He smiled little—except with his mouth, not his eyes, on public occasions or when a photographer was present. His own staff found him distant. He seemed more devoted to humanity than to all but a very few actual human beings. Yet Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter's White House was probably the most gracious and "classy" since Franklin and Eleanor's. This close, distant couple remain unchanged.

Camp David was Carter's main bid for a place in history, the Tehran hostage crisis his nemesis. These issues took up more of his time than any other single one. In Plains, where the intellectual ether smells of football scores, beer, and peanut prices, the Middle East haunts him still—the birthplace of the religion to which he has nailed the colors of his soul, and the home of his late friend, Anwar Sadat.

He is a visiting professor at Atlanta's Emory University—as is his Sancho Panza, Jordan. He has managed to parlay this sinecure into a round-the-clock job by planning to spend most of 1983 as a student of peace in the Middle East, traveling there to meet the leaders he knew when he was president. At former President Nixon's suggestion, President Reagan has asked Carter to brief him on what he learns. Back at Emory, he will bring famous policymakers from his administration to talk to his students about the problems of peacemaking.

In a long interview in his Plains office (he has another in Atlanta), Carter came across as a man convinced that his loss of office was God's will, intended to make him contribute his considerable talents to humanity in other ways. The honesty, integrity, and capacity for self-criticism that made him "flip-flop on the issues" are no longer a problem to a man relieved of the burden of the world's toughest job.

His self-imposed assignment this year is to help bring peace to the Middle East. After that, what? Carter once remarked that he had seriously considered abandoning the presidential race and going off to South Africa to try to help solve *that* problem. By the time he's gotten Yasir Arafat and a future prime minister of Israel around a table, Andrew Young, his former ambassador to the United Nations and "best friend in politics" (interviewed in *Penthouse* two months ago), should have finished his term as mayor of Atlanta. No one should be surprised if they go off to Pretoria together.

The interview was conducted by Washington journalist Russell Warren Howe.

Penthouse: What are your views on today's economic situation?

Carter: Well, there has been a series of very bad mistakes, quite radical in nature, with enormous tax decreases, which have built-in deficits, under President Reagan, that will equal all the peacetime deficits of all the presidents that served before him for over 200 years. These deficits, I think, will be damaging to our country for the foreseeable future. There's been a lack of emphasis on employment for our people. As you know, there are more people unemployed now than at any time since the Great Depression, and small businesses have been wiped out at a rate not equaled since that depression.

One thing that has been beneficial has been the stability of oil prices; in 1979, as you know, oil prices more than doubled. They haven't increased substantially since, so that gives us a worldwide lid on inflation. But in general I think Reaganomics has been a mistake and has created some damage not only to our country but to other countries of the world, and I think there's a general realization that what I have just said is true.

Penthouse: How do you feel about President Reagan's defense policies? Do you think he's spending too much money on defense and not enough on domestic problems?

Carter: Well, I think so. My career was in the military, and I am familiar with military budgets as well as any president. And it's a bottomless pit. When I came into office the military budgets had gone down about 35 percent in eight years, and I established a policy of gradual, predictable, very tight defense budget increases each year, on an average of about 3 percent in real terms, so that there was some stability to it. And this has now effectively been abandoned by the Reagan administration. Kind of a blank check has been given to the military, and a lot of worthless expenditures have been approved, with great waste, in my judgment. So, I think it has been ill-advised, and I hope that Congress will put some corrective action on it.

Penthouse: Even though it's a Soviet idea, do you think a nuclear freeze would be a good place to start from?

Carter: Well, it's not a Soviet idea. As a matter of fact, when I was in Vienna in June 1979, with Brezhnev, I proposed an immediate freeze on the production and deployment of all nuclear weapons, and the implementation of a comprehensive test ban against any nuclear explosives, whether peaceful or warlike in nature. And at the same time, I proposed that SALT II go into effect immediately, even prior to Senate ratification, and that we have a 5 percent reduction each year in the SALT II limits.

Brezhnev rejected all these proposals because he was so eager to go ahead and deploy the very formidable SS-20 weapons in the Soviet Union. Once he got his SS-20s deployed, only then did Brezhnev say, well, let's now have a freeze. By that time, of course, the NATO allies had agreed to go ahead with Pershing II deployment and with the ground-launched cruise missile, to meet the SS-20 threat.

So to summarize, at this moment, looking back on that as accurate history, I would think that a freeze on intercontinental-type missiles would be appropriate now, but that the NATO allies should go ahead with the deployment of intermediate-range missiles. The basic premise of all those peace moves would have to be adequate verification of compliance on both sides.

Penthouse: You talk in your book about the problems you had with specific interest groups. Do you think that lobbies abuse their power?

Carter: Yes.

Penthouse: Do you think that they go too far in their interference in policymaking?

Carter: Yes, I do. I don't know if they are the greatest threat to our system of government, but I can't think of a greater one. Some of these lobbies are extremely rich and extremely powerful. Through political contributions on the one hand and political threats on the other, these lobby groups are able to influence Congress substantially. I think the situation's getting worse instead of better, and it helps to subvert, in my judgment, the intention that Congress should pay to the interests of people who are not represented by lobby groups.

Penthouse: Could you name some of the most powerful lobbies?

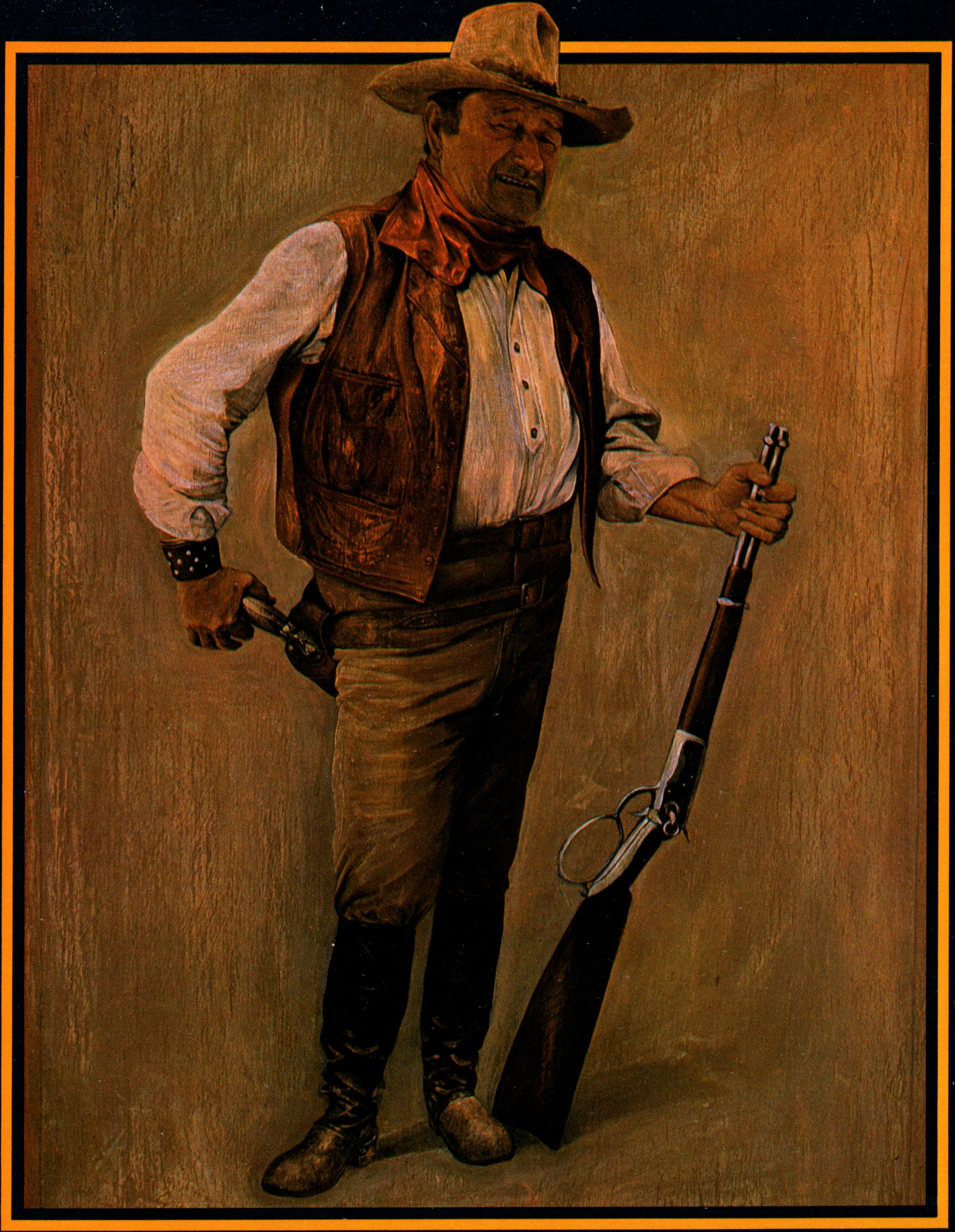
Carter: Yes. One is the military-weapons manufacturers. The B-1 bomber, for instance, is a complete waste of money. The Clinch River Breeder Reactor, which is proposed for building in Tennessee, is also a $7–9 billion-dollar project from which we will never get two cents' worth of benefit. But the lobbies' political influence is so great that they have so far been able to get a majority of the votes in both houses.

We tried to establish a system for controlling the unwarranted increase in hospital charges and costs; but the health industry has its powerful political arm in Washington and has so much money to spend in Washington that they were able to subvert this effort.

Penthouse: What about foreign-policy lobbies?

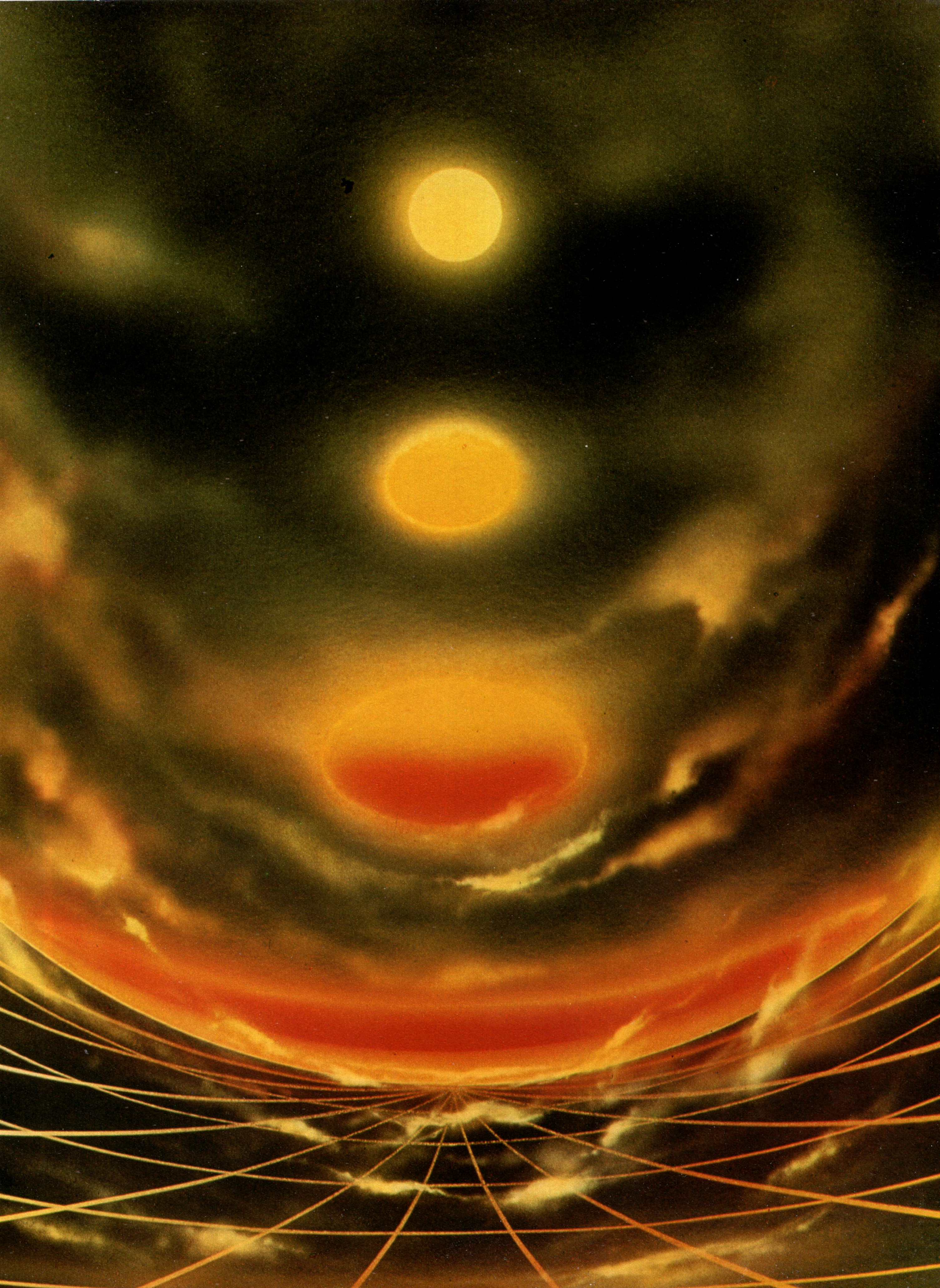
Carter: Here the efforts are much more open and obvious to the public. There are certainly ethnic groups in our country that have a strong influence on public policy; but in general those efforts are well known to the news media, because the issues are so highly publicized. The American Jewish group, the American Greek community, and the Taiwanese are three that immediately come to mind. They're very influential and powerful on the issues that affect their home countries.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE

Israeli artist Ori Hofmekler has always been fascinated by the great American folk heroes–Marilyn Monroe, James Dean, Elvis Presley, and, above all, John Wayne. To Hofmekler, Wayne fulfilled a uniquely American need to return to the basics. He was a heroic figure, not very beautiful physically, certainly not a model, but one whose legendary affinity for raw, middle-American nationalism and whose special way of standing represented a better time, for America and for the world. After reading an article on the tragic death of John Wayne, Hofmekler began this portrait. He mixed the rich colors of the Old West to underline the relationship between a man and his environment–a man who was not perfect but whose goodness was beyond dispute.



In the frenzied aftermath
of the first floods, thousands of panicking
New Yorkers scaled the tops of
skyscrapers in search of survival.
Few realized that there
would be no escape from the damaging
effects of the planet Lynx.

THE END OF THE WORLD NEWS

FICTION BY ANTHONY BURGESS

The first floods did not seem so very terrible. On April 3 water came swirling in over the Battery, the Hudson roared and swiped at the quays, the East River sloggered at the United Free Nations Building and dislodged its bas-relief emblem on the riverside wall (a bronze pregnant female figure with arms raised towards a solar cornucopia). The waters were quick to recede in the normal tidal rhythm, leaving streets no dirtier than usual, but the timider citizens began their exodus. On April 11 there were earth tremors in the Bedford-Stuyvesant district of Brooklyn, an area of the borough habituated to calamity. There was also water at waist height on Fifth Avenue, swift, however, to go gurgling down the gutters. Bad things were happening abroad but, in the interests of maintaining American tranquillity, few of these were being divulged through the regular channels of communication. Still, stories of the entire destruction of Auckland, New Zealand, were leaking in, as well as of the deaths of several coastal towns on the Malay archipelago. As for San Francisco, already totally evacuated, there was as yet no report of unusual seismic

---

From *The End of the World News* by Anthony Burgess. Copyright © 1983 by Liana Burgess. Reprinted by permission of McGraw-Hill Book Co.

PAINTING BY HELMUT WIMMER

activity. This, to many, seemed more ominous than tranquilizing. Nature was dabbling, yawning, taking her time.

At eleven o'clock on the evening of April 12, Vanessa and Val Brodie and Professor Frame were packed and ready. Their plane did not leave till four in the morning, but Vanessa, the cool, the careful, never liked leaving things till the last moment.

"What time do we leave here?" Val asked.

"About two-thirty," Vanessa answered. "Why?"

"I think I'll go into town. A last look. A last drink with, you know, friends."

"You'll do nothing of the kind."

"Let him," glared Frame. "Let him. Let him be late if he wishes. We shan't wait. We have our orders."

"I shan't be late." Val glared back. "You old bastard."

"Father," Vanessa cried in distress. "Val. Oh, why can't you both—"

Val stamped out. Frame said: "As the word *bastard* has been used, let it be used again. Why do you say you love that bastard?"

"I don't know. Love isn't a thing you analyze."

"I hope he gets drowned."

"The tides are quiet tonight. Because of the winds or something."

"Beaten up, then. Knifed."

"You *are* an old bastard," Vanessa said. The word sounded terrible on her cool tongue. "You like him really. You're more alike than you'll admit."

"Never mind, never mind." Frame closed his eyes, very weary. "I'll sleep a little."

The planet Lynx was bright and bloody tonight, seeming to stand like an ornamental artifact on the pinnacle of the Outride Building, balanced, if you looked from one particular angle, like a blood orange on the tip of a finger. Val stood and looked an instant from Fifth Avenue. A group of yellow-robed monks, hair shaven, gave exotic song to the heavenly body, banging little drums and tinkling antique cymbals. In St. Patrick's Cathedral, interdenominational or pan-Christian since the Fourth Vatican Council had dissolved Roman Catholicism in favor of a kind of Hookerian faith (the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* man, children. Never heard of him? Never mind) which, in the face of the menace of oil-rich Islam, might reconcile all Christian sects, a night service was in progress and crammed to the doors. Val, unseduced by religion, went to Jack's Tavern on West Forty-sixth Street, there to find his friend Willett in Falstaffian flood. Willett, who had recently completed a small acting stint for ABC television (he had played Orson Welles in a dramatization—somewhat indiscreet, seeing the need to keep public panic down—of the creation of that ancient radio adaptation of the other Wells's *War of the Worlds*, with its devastating effect on a public whose naiveté the present American public had long outgrown) and was in funds, was drinking away and inveighing against a Calvin Gropius rally that was being televised:

"Shitabed scoundrel, slapsauce druggel, jobbernol gnatsnapper, codshead looby, turdgut." But many of the customers told him to hold it, shut it, pipe down, quiet friend, they were interested. The point of interest was that Gropius's congregation was restive, shouting back, not willing to accept his slavery to the Bible and his attempts to impose that slavery on his auditors. To Val, what words of Gropius got through seemed not unreasonable, granted his theological premise:

"There are times when God warns—and if you will not have it that it is God directly sending us these prodigies in the sky and on the earth, at least admit that times of fear have come upon us—warns, I say, each and every one of us to take stock of our lives, examine our faults, consider that mankind approaches a judgment—" He tapped his Bible vigorously and tried to recite from the Book of Revelations, but his voice was overcome by the collective yell of a huge block of opponents that, well drilled, was on its feet, shouting slogans, waving banners. LIVEDOG, said the banners, LIVEDOG LIVEDOG, and the slogans took up the name—"Live for Livedog, kill for Livedog." Val saw that the name was compounded of God and Devil backwards. He nodded to himself—a science-fiction situation. Evil? That didn't perhaps come into it. The new god was beyond morality, the ultimate supernatural to be appeased. Lynx was his body.

> “"Out, out, you little beauties," sneered a one-eyed, red-haired sergeant. . . . Val knew sudden panic. He shouldn't be here, he had a plane to catch, it was all a mistake.”

"Where's this?" he asked the bartender.

"Sacramento."

California, seedbed of crank faiths. He watched the screen intently, and even Willett, despite odd grumbles about calfshead boggergulls, had eyes of interest now on it. The meeting was being disrupted by the Livedog body, but a purely secular element had crept into the proceedings—young men and women stripping naked and engaging in bacchanalian acts; frotting, mock or real sodomy, fellation, to the tune of "Pounce On Me, Lynx." The scene was cut off rapidly, and commercials supervened, the sanity of salesmanship—cars, car boats, boat cars, travel boxes, realtors seeking to buy, not sell. "Out of here," Willett said.

"You know I'm off tonight?" said Val.

"Off? Where?" Val saw two Lynxes in Willett's great bloodshot eyes.

"CAT. Center of Advanced Technology. Where I don't know. Highly secret."

"Off, then." Willet nodded. They were walking toward Sixth Avenue, which had once been called the Avenue of the Americas. "The wind," he said. "It's changing. There'll be trouble before the night's out. Man is born to trouble, yes yes. In my fifty-five years I've seen as much as any man. I can smell something on that wind. Lynx, cat, catastrophe. Is there going to be an end of trouble?"

"I don't know," Val lied, loyal to something—her? "I'm wanted as a kind of literary recorder of this moon project."

"What's this? People escaping to the moon?"

"Not escaping exactly. The moon, I understand, may leave earth's orbit and become a satellite of Lynx. Think of what this means to scientists. Science-fictionists, too. Lynx snuffles off, its moon with it, scientists observing, busy as hell. Me with them."

"You should sound excited."

"Oh hell, I don't want to go. I'm an earthman, like you."

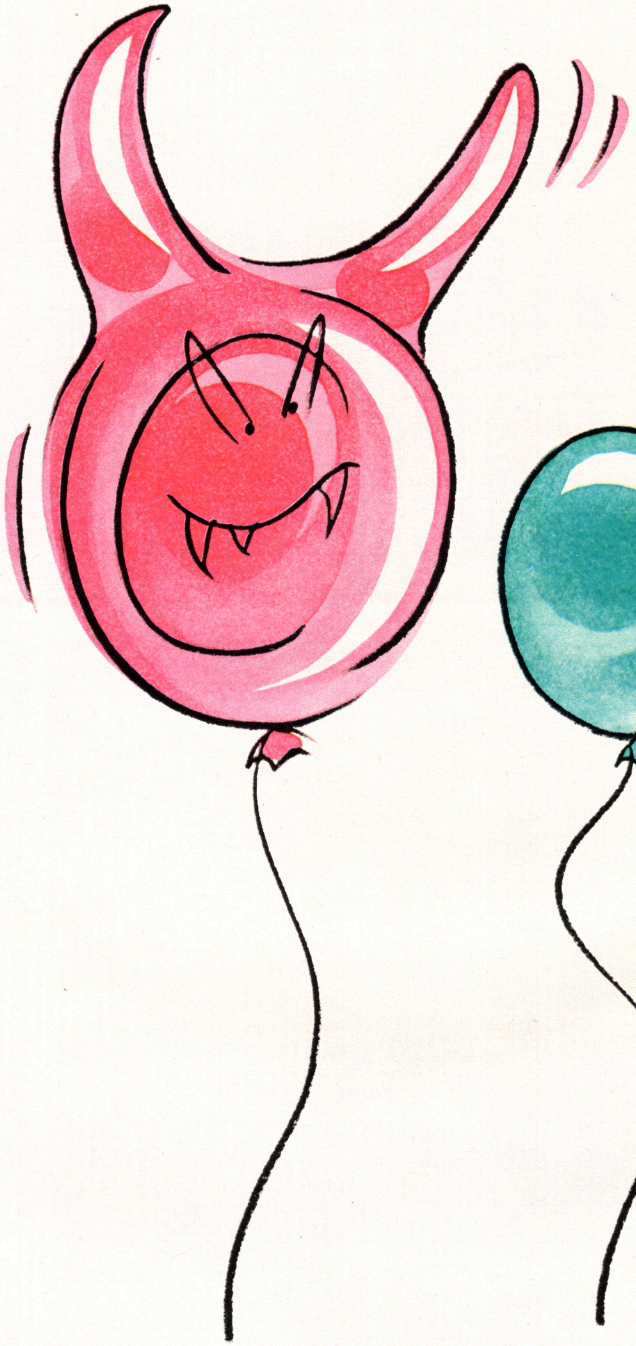
Willett grunted. "Let's go and eat. Something gross and sustaining. Beef pudding and sausages and stewed tripe and jam roll. Great grumbling spuds roast in their overcoats. Beer by the quart."

A young Teutprot did a lip fart at him. "Lob-dotterel," said Willett evenly. "Look," he said to Val, "I don't like that at all."

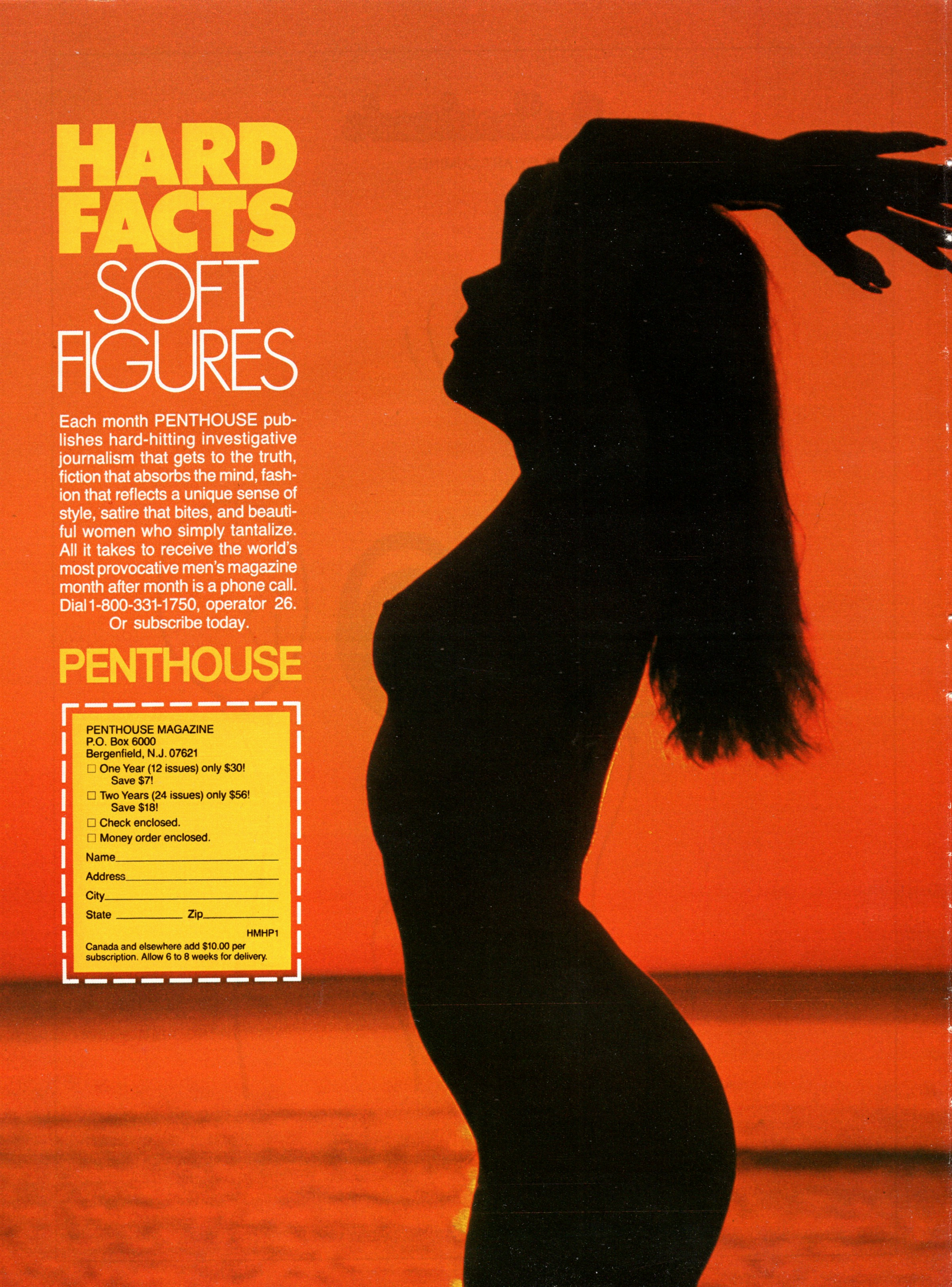
"Christ," Val said, "I know her." An alley off West Forty-sixth Street, full of upturned garbage cans, torn garbage bags, refuse blowing on the growing wind, was also full of fighting youth, girls as well as boys. One of the girls was Tamsen Disney, scanty clothes near torn off her, not alone in that. "I won't," she was screeching, "I won't." One of the boys, a leering Teutprot, was dressed in a jersey that said LIVEDOG. Who the hell made those? wondered Val in a segment of his mind. Christ, was commerce behind everything, even the end of the world? There were one or two opposing sweatshirts marked LYNX worn by blacks. "Sacrifice," panted and grinned a Livedogger, "sacrifice, baby. The loving Lord demands it." Willett picked up a rolling empty whiskey flagon by its single finger ear. "We can't do a damned thing," said Val, fearful. Willett said nothing; he waded in; hit. "Wrong side," panted Val as Willett hit out at a black. Tamsen seemed to be on the black side. "Any side will do," roared Willett. A point in the struggle, in which language had been reduced to pinpoint monosyllables of outrage and pain, came in which Tamsen was clutched quite naked in Val's

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"What do you mean, someone should call an exorcist? He is an exorcist."



HARD FACTS SOFT FIGURES

Each month PENTHOUSE publishes hard-hitting investigative journalism that gets to the truth, fiction that absorbs the mind, fashion that reflects a unique sense of style, satire that bites, and beautiful women who simply tantalize. All it takes to receive the world's most provocative men's magazine month after month is a phone call. Dial 1-800-331-1750, operator 26.
Or subscribe today.

PENTHOUSE

PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 6000
Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

- ☐ One Year (12 issues) only $30! Save $7!
- ☐ Two Years (24 issues) only $56! Save $18!
- ☐ Check enclosed.
- ☐ Money order enclosed.

Name__________________________

Address________________________

City___________________________

State __________ Zip__________

HMHP1

Canada and elsewhere add $10.00 per subscription. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

arms and clutched back at by dithering fingers. Tamsen did not seem to recognize her temporary savior, for she hit out at him with teeny fists. "It's me, idiot," expired Val. "Val Brodie." She screamed, for some reason, all the more for that. Willett was doing well, roaring Shakespeare or somebody. Then approaching whistles pierced like toothache. "Jesus, Lynx," somebody tried to yell. "It's the fucking millies."

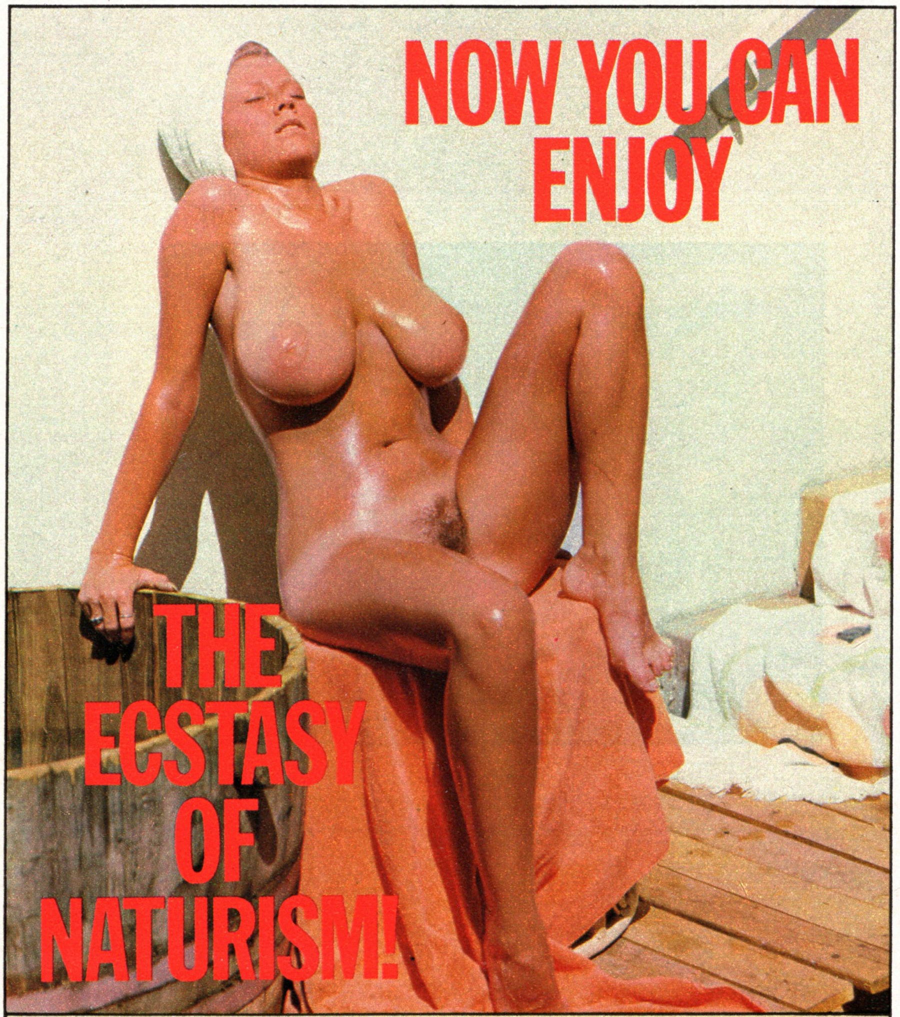
There were gray uniforms as well as blue. The militia, the minutemen, the emergies, the specials, some fucking thing. Val and Willett were quick to be grabbed, Willett, whiskey flagon brandished in air, bashed ouch ouch on the shin with a nightstick. The sticktrick ready for Val Val opposed with desperate arms, crying: "We tried to stop it. Look at us. Christ. We're not. Kids." Kids streaking off, torn and limping, were frankly shot at it, gun raised, eye closed. "O Jesus, let them live," moaned Val. A black van had drawn up. Tamsen, naked, well mauled by cops' hands, was one of the first in. "In, goddamn it, in, bastards." Val followed Willett, hopping, crying feebly now about fucking blasted shitabed scrotflogs or something.

It was black as hell inside the van, full of noises, including the odd cry from, presumably, Tamsen: "Hands off, fucking pig," and so on. Then she, or some other girl, seemed to throw a fit, all thrashing legs and dangerous fingernails. Some boy or other howled high-pitched like a woman. "Dark dark dark," quoted Willett. "We all go into the dark." He seemed crazed, delirious, but calmly so. They couldn't at first tell whether they were going downtown or up.

Downtown, well downtown, they knew when the van stopped and the door was pulled open. City Hall area, place of courts and lock-ups. "Out out, you little beauties," sneered a one-eyed red-haired sergeant, cap back to look like a black halo. Val knew sudden panic. He shouldn't be here, he had a plane to catch, it was all a mistake. "Look, sergeant," he said desperately. "I'm looking, me boyo," and he stamped a black boot on Val's aesthete's sandal. Val limped in, howling. In, he found a great hydraulic hoist without a door, which rose creaking.

"Tide time," said Willett with nodding satisfaction, sort of, looking out at the East River. The water was rising, wind-lashed. "Wait for no man." Tamsen was shivering. Val took off his jacket and draped it about her. "Why," she said, "it's Professor Brodie. He gave me an *A*-plus," she told the others. Nobody was interested. The hoist stopped at the third floor, brightly lighted. "Out," cried the accompanying sergeant. "Look," Val said, "I demand to see the lieutenant, the captain. I've urgent business, I've a plane to catch. A letter with the presidential seal. Here, somewhere." He reached toward his inside jacket pocket, meaning Tamsen's right breast. "Okay, feller," said the sergeant, "we'll bleep the president right away."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



If you have ever wondered what makes people revel and luxuriate in the open-air life utterly nude, ...wonder no more.

You can enter this fascinating world yourself by reading Health & Efficiency magazine. H & E, England's oldest Naturist magazine is now being offered to readers, in the United States and Canada.

The pages of H & E are full of exciting, colorful pictures of people who enjoy naked living around the world. There are inside reports on the best and most popular nude beaches, campsites and exotic places. See for yourself. Enjoy the ecstasy of Naturism.

Become a regular reader of Europe's leading and most exciting Naturist magazine.

The sooner you fill out the coupon, the sooner you'll get your very own copy of H & E.

CLIP COUPON and send with your remittance made payable to Peenhill Publishing Ltd.

Don't send cash. Send a check or money order to: Peenhill Publishing Ltd., Dept. E, P.O.B. 4346, Great Neck, N.Y. 11027

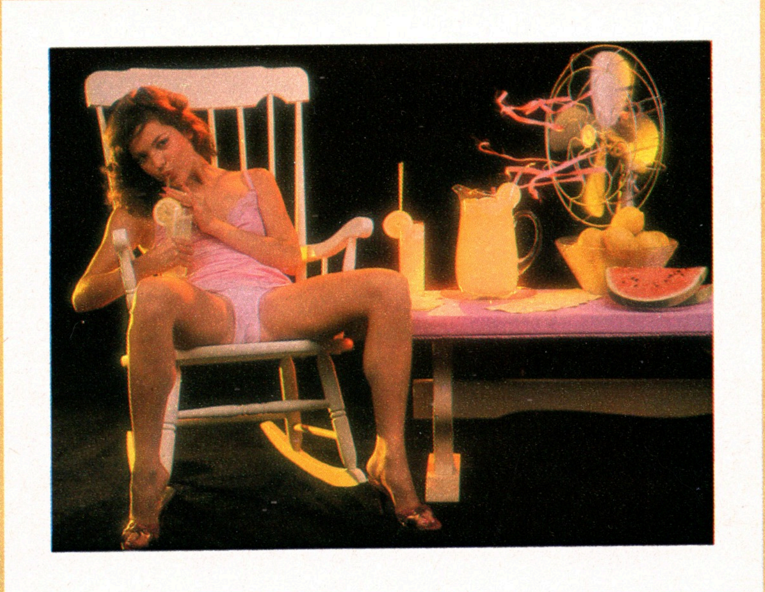
	Sea Mail	Air Mail
☐ 12 issues of H & E	$37.00	$73.00
☐ 4 Special Quarterly issues of H & E	$13.00	$25.00
☐ 12 issues of H & E and 4 Special Quarterly issues of H & E	$50.00	$98.00

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

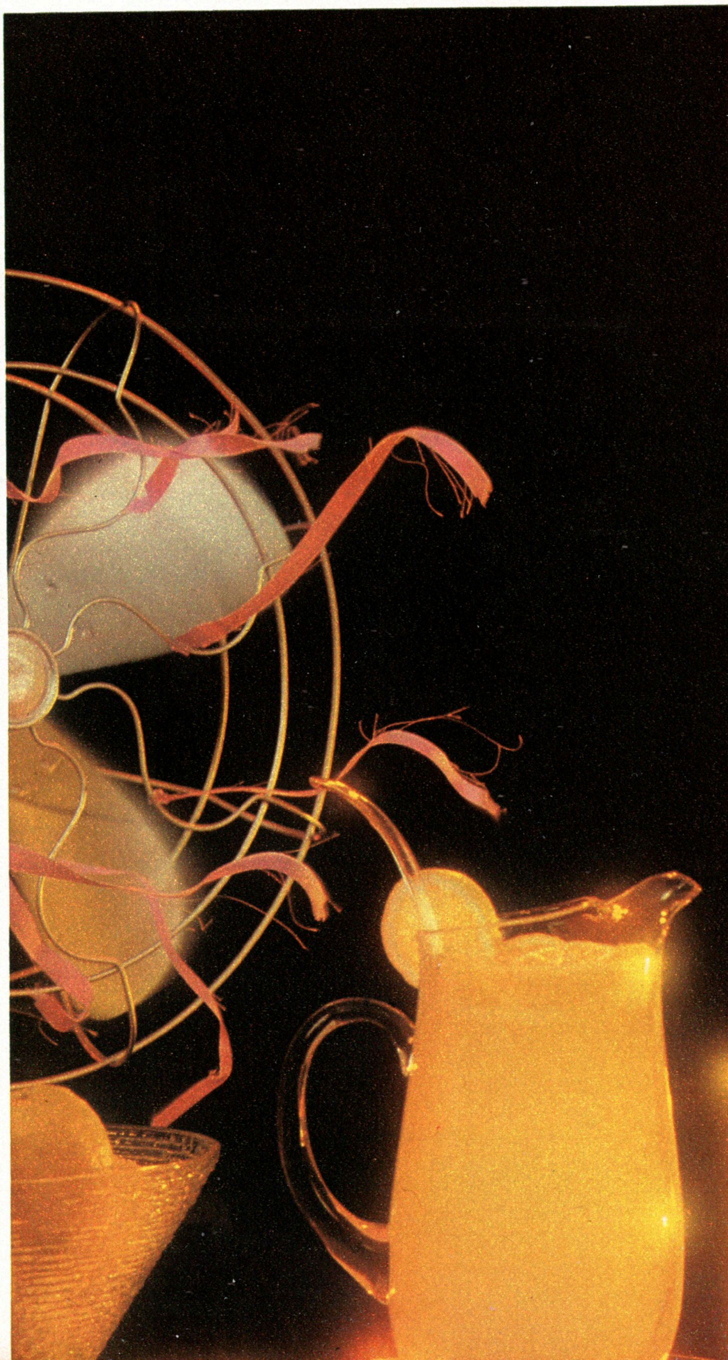
Sea Mail: 8-10 Weeks Delivery Time



MARTY

Presenting, with suitable fanfare, the portrait of a lady in her rocker. Hardly Whistler's Mother, *though it doesn't take a fine-arts degree to discern that she's substantially more than a still life and well worth a whistle...*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RON RAFFIELLI



Despite the impromptu April shower, Marty's disposition stays sunny. "And why not?" she points out. "I'm young...I'm in perfect health...Most men appear to find me attractive. I've got plenty of friends...a car, two cats, my own apartment, and a real purpose in life." Marty's "purpose" is to put her considerable talents, youthful good looks, and other blessings to work as an actress. "I love pretending...I have a real instinct for the stage."

Then, executing another theatrical turn, our Pet
informs us that bars do not a prison make. As her unabashed
pose reveals, Marty is a very liberated lady...

THE END

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

Then Val remembered that Vanessa, the faultlessly efficient, had both their letters of authorization in her leather carrying file. "Let me at least—" And then he let it go, arms dropping, body drooping. Bleep my wife. My wife? The clever woman, Dr. Frame.

They were not formally charged. That, they were told, would come in the morning. They were shoved ten in a cell, white walls, open clogged toilet, ineradicable zoo smell, men together, Tamsen off somewhere with his jacket and his pack of five cheap cigars. Willett took out a long silver torpedo and released a cigar, not at all cheap, of aromatic goose-turd color. He also produced a nail file and sawed the monster in half. He gave Val the half with the round end. He struck a kitchen match on his behind. They smoked. Their eight fellows snarled or moaned, black and Teutprot together, LIVEDOG confronting LYNX. "Go, devil," Willett said. And then, laughing, "Toilest."

"What am I to do?" Val nearly sobbed. "What the hell am I to do? They'll go without me."

"And without me, for that matter," Willett said evenly. "Don't worry. There's much of interest still in the world. *I* won't go without you."

Soon they slept. Later, Vanessa, up in the air, was going through the sounds and motions of sobbing but gave out few tears. Dry ducts, deficient ducts, no room for tears in her trade, but her distress was genuine. Her father, seat turned into a bed, respirator wheezing away, but a dry mottled hand on her lily one and said softly:

"Nothing could be done. He was terribly knocked about. Unconscious. They gave him an hour to live." He looked at the clock above the cabin curtains. "He's dead now. Rest his soul, such as it was."

"How do I know you're telling me the truth?"

A good question, he thought. "I'm your father. You heard me speak to the commissioner."

"You didn't have the bleposcreen on. How do I know who you were speaking to?"

"He was carrying his identity card. No doubt about who it was. A tavern in the Village. The Minetta or some such name." Not too bad at the fictional art or craft of lying, Frame told himself. Not too bad at all. "Believe me, dear, it's for the best. In these times."

A glockenspiel-surrogate high A came from a megalal, and then a synthetic voice gave news. "Strong tail winds may reduce our flying time and our ETA may be brought considerably forward. The highest tides yet recorded during the present tidal phase are at this time ravaging the eastern seaboard. Land evacuation schemes are in full process of implementation." The artificial Standard Yankee twanged off.

"He's better off," said Frame, "as he is. Dead, I mean. A badly wounded man trying to cope with all that panic. New York City. A very undisciplined place."

"I don't want to live without him."

"Duty. Think of your duty."

Duty. Back in jail in downtown Manhattan, Val awoke from an uneasy sleep to hear Willett's voice singing something about duty. "All intrepid captains and mates," he trolled, "and those who went down doing their duty." Val came fully awake to hear swishing and roaring, the tumble of what sounded like a ton of bricks not far off, their own cell shaking like a brig on the high seas. Their cellmates were coming alive like a slowish scale, *accel. molto* at the end, a note of astonishment for each, progressively successively rising. "Jesus, Jesus," a black prayed, "ah meant no harm, man, there's only you." Somebody started as though struck by taut leather—a water knot had lashed him. Christ, this was the third floor. Willett, on tiptoe, was looking through the bars. "We're at sea," he said. Val, looking too, saw marine night sky, most bitter waters, a sickly yellow high wall, flickering floodlights enlemoning it, going down from a wave strike, moon and Lynx peekabooing through thick clotted cloud.

> "They looked down to see the water level falling as the sun rose. When it fell totally, they knew, they would see a street littered with thousands drowned."

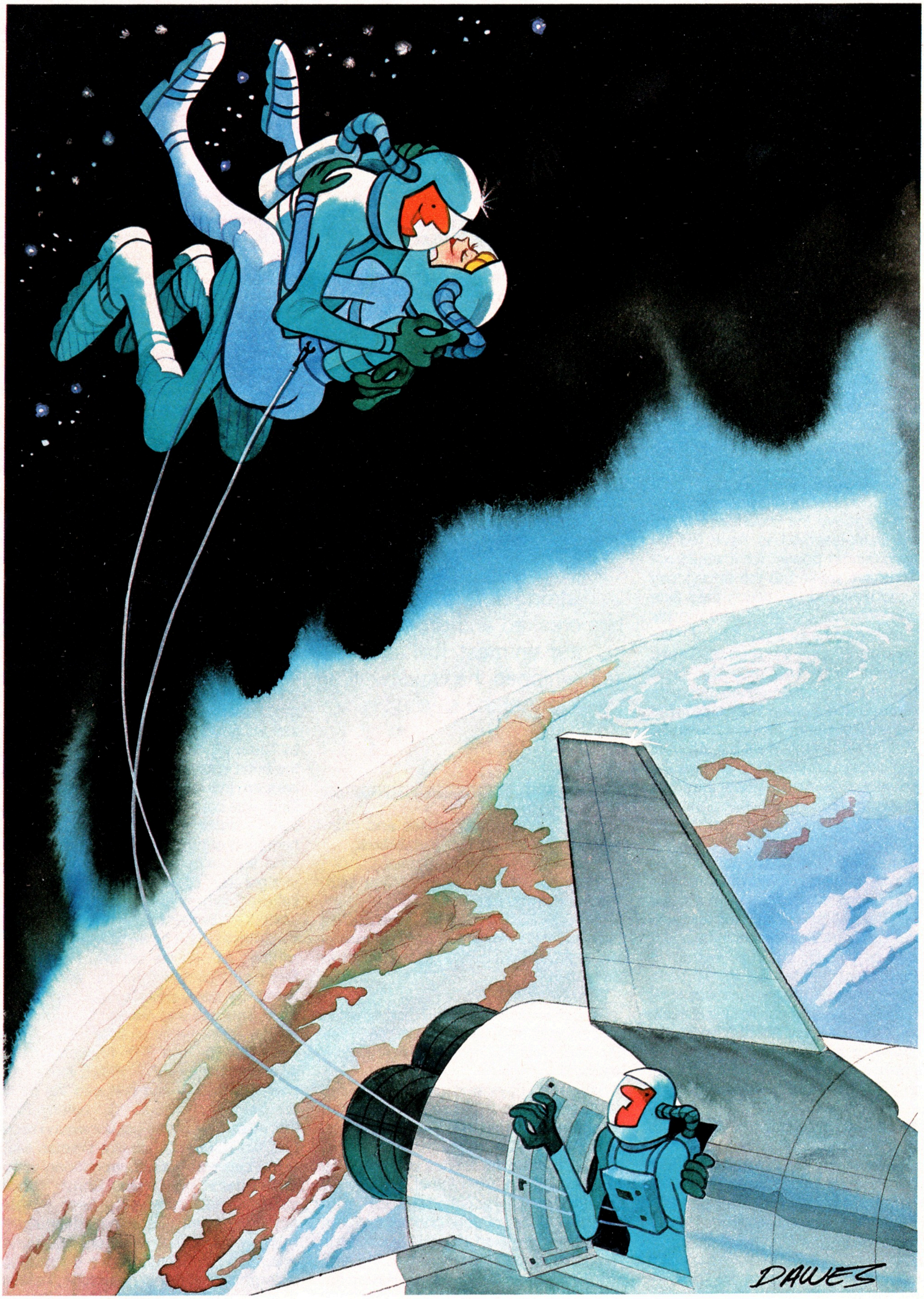
"An eighteenth-century sailor's life," Willett said. "A jail sentence with the risk of drowning added. We'd better get out of here." This seemed to be the view of many, not only in this cell but, from the noise, the neighboring ones. Willett strode to the corridor bars and yelled louder than most. The religious black with LYNX on his vest called on Jesus. A flurried officer appeared in waterproofs and shining Wellington boots. He had keys. "You birds better swim for it," he confided. "No room on our choppers." He ground metal and conferred freedom. His fellows had done likewise with the other birds. The corridor was full of panicky freed. The liberators, dressed ready for water but destined for air, were getting into the hoist. Lights were raw and bright but they flickered. Some of the liberated tried to join them, but guns pointed. The red-haired sergeant of their welcoming committee of all those hours back said, pointing a heavy black Politian .65: "Heavy waters, heavy, heavy. Swim good." The hoist rose.

"That," Willett said, "will not come back again." Some of their fellows, following an old reflex, were ready to take the stairs down, but a thin Slav cried: "Water. The fucking sea's gotten in. There." He jabbed a shaking index. A tentatively lapping tongue of wet green, dirty-flowery with foam, carrying like a silly gift an empty Gelasem pack, protruded from the stairwell. Then came vivid lightning, bluing everything an instant, and, a second or so after, clumsy thudding hoofing blunderbussing thunder. "Don't like this, man," said the black for Jesus, ostensibly Lynx. "Don't like this one little bit." A white with a punched-in eye sneered: "This is what your fucking Lynx has done to us." Willett said: "It has to be up, gentlemen, and risk the bullets." They waded and ploshed to the stairs.

It was a long climb—seven more stories. Willett cursed out of Rabelais with what breath he had left. Val's head was first to peer out of the roof door, obligingly open. He saw helicopters gyrating off into murderous squalls. One roared inaudibly with frightened policemen fearful of being pitched out by the craft's yawing. The waves were good creamed mid-Atlantic, the rain hissed diarrhoeally, moon and Lynx coyly peered, arcs flicked and flickered and then went out. Manhattan's street lighting all went out. There was an internal red glow from somewhere in New Jersey. Val came in again and, with the aid of three heavy-shouldered louts, shut the door against the chaos. Lightning blued out a brief message; thunder, at great length, confirmed it. "No good," Val cried. "We'll have to wait till the tide goes down."

There was a shove past Val and Willett by some dozen cursing, better be drowned in the open fucking air, and Willett gravely nodded assent to their act, seeing the swift rise, tread by tread, of the flood. The roof had amenities not previously noticed—a kind of tough metal bus-stop shelter, probably for the use of roof guards, if there had been such things, people, too late to bother about that now, in wet weather; a twenty-foot radio tower. Some men were in one, others considering, if the water should rise farther, the salvatory value of the other, which swayed terribly in the wind but was toughly hawsered. Moon and Lynx obligingly, with the sporadic aid of lightning, fitfully illumined these. They also showed Willett, who was peering out from the parapet, something he was gravely interested to see—a vast torn wood and metal advertising billboard, raftlike nudging the parapet corner as if impatient for someone's embarking. "Aboard," yelled Willett to Val. "Imposs," shook Val. "Aboard," buffeted Willett, buffeting him aboard.

The raft bore them some little way up-



"Chalk up another American space first!"

town, soaked, shivering, lurid in lightning. It made manically, already dissolving to plank and lath, for a building high enough to have still twenty or so stories showing above the flood level. The name of the building flashed in Egyptian italic an instant—THOTHMES. A hotel? Damned silly name for a. The raft hit the facade clumsily but kindly just beneath a windowsill and then disintegrated further. Willett grabbed a metal support of the billboard before it leapt into the tiger-jawed waters and hit with it at the window. He was pulled away by wind and water and then shoved back. He hit and hit inaudibly, but the window was responding. Willett stepped onto the sill with rare grace for one of his bulk, then fell in, glass yielding. Val was borne away and screamed. He was borne back and was grabbed, grabbed and was grabbed. Willett pulled him in there, to lovely dryness. It was a hotel, a bedroom, abandoned, lightning showing brutally a bed unmade. Val wanted to lie on it, made or not. "Up," Willett insisted, over the thunder.

To their surprise there was a dim light on the corridor, evidently a domestic generator snug above the waterline. But the elevator bank seemed to have fed on some profounder power, for it would not work. The two walked to the emergency stairs and clattered up, taking their time this time. Val, ridiculously, looked at his watch, ticking healthily away, time and the hour running through the roughest night. Four twelve of a wet morning. He'd missed that plane. To be on the safe side they climbed five stories. Safe side? The building was shaking; probably it would hold, though, till the tide went out, if it went out. Explosions popped from all over the city. Through a landing window they saw the greater towers of Manhattan lightning-drenched but still standing. "This," Willett panted, "will do."

They came out on to dim-lighted deep purplish corridor carpet. Many doors were locked, but one, RAMESES SUITE in cursive metal on the wall by it, was open and welcoming. Hasty evacuation here—a bed a Laocoön of sheets, an open wardrobe even displaying neat suits. In the bathroom fine primrose towels unused; toilet articles, male, on the marble wash-deck. A sitting room with bar. Another bedroom, bed made or perhaps never used. The lights were dim, emergency obviously, but to their joy there was hot water in the faucets.

Val, drinking raw gin naked at the bar, let Willett soak his mountainous body first. In heavy jocularity he dialed 4 for room service. A mechanical voice said that room service was temporarily suspended. The telescreen gave out nothing. The radio delivered urgent official words, unintelligible under static. There was nothing in the still-humming refrigerator except for soft drinks and fruit-flavored yogurt—papaya, boysenberry, butterscotch, and bitter orange. Healthy fare, but it would not do for Willett.

A neat whiskey was what was in the hand of Val Brodie as he sat down, in white silk shirt, Taxis woollen suit of baby blue, and soft gray Gucci shoes, to a fore-dawn meal with Willett, whose bulk had rendered it difficult for him to find anything fresh to wear. He had, however, unexpectedly, bizarrely, come across male Scottish evening dress in the Ptolomy suite, and he now wore kilt, sporran, stockings complete with dirk, an oversize pajama jacket all spots, and a bulky hunting coat of leather with pockets for hares and rabbits, possibly even stoats.

They ate alone in the top-floor restaurant (named the Rameses II), though they were not sure whether they were alone in the entire hotel. They heard odd movements, as of a great upset stomach, doors banging, feet hurrying, but these might have been engineerings of the tidal gale, which, however, was now dying down. The restaurant had its own emergency power supply, like so many in those days of strike-bound public utilities and comparatively cheap nuclear installations.

> His room rocked like a ship's crow's nest, the whole strong hotel beneath him creaked and groaned like a main mast, hail and rain whipped the window, fire tore at the sky. . . .

"The skywalk," Val suggested.

"Hole up here for a bit," Willett said. "Nothing wrong with up here."

"My view is," Val said, "that the tide will rise even higher tonight. Higher still tomorrow night. We want the highest hotel in Manhattan."

"The Neogothic?"

"The New Gotham, yes. There ought to be a skywalk from the roof here. We'll see after breakfast. No immediate hurry. More brandy?"

Skywalks, boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, were a feature of the Manhattan skyline in those days. There was much helicopter traffic, many heliport roofs, some of them in the service of hotels. You could disembark from the chopper, walk by skywalk to the reception area on one of the upper floors of your chosen midtown hotel, then be taken *down* to your room. The upper area of the city was called Alto, as the lower was called Basso. Having finished their bottle of Zacatecas, cooled it with more champagne, and refired it with more coffee, and lighted up long Solzhenitsyn panatellas taken from the restaurant's smokecase, Val and Willett went up, following a notice that said TO THE GARDEN OF THOTH, to a ruined mess of greenery on the roof. They saw that there was indeed a covered skywalk, battered somewhat by the gales but still intact. The skyscrapers, they were relieved to notice, still stood in proud defiance and had also sheltered the skywalks from the fury of sea and sky. They looked down to see the water level falling as the sun rose. When it fell totally, they knew, they would see a street littered with thousands drowned.

"New Yorkers," Willett puffed sadly. "They will not be told. Everything left to the last moment. Public orders ignored. Public orders badly given and hardly at all enforced. Too much individuality. Too much incredulity. New Yorkers have seen everything and live in a perpetual state of apprehension. There is nothing new to make them feel new fear. Millions dead, I have no doubt. The subways choked with dead. How many, I wonder, will have gotten through the tunnels to New Jersey?" He shook his head puffing. "This walkway or airwalk or whatever it is leads to the roof, by a series of gentle stairs and corridors, of the Witherspoon Hotel. Then we mount, gently again, to the Valention. Then the Neogothic."

"New Gotham."

They walked, peering through the tough durovit at the skyline. The Brooklyn Bridge was shaking in the wind. They could, they thought, glimpse the plinth whereon the Statue of Liberty had once stood. Soon, on its heliroof, they stood beneath the gigantic steel sign of the New Gotham. But the "A" and the "M" had gone, dislodged by fierce winds or struck by lightning, and the hotel spoke of what would now never happen, though it had often been prophesied—the coming of a new savage disruptor of Western civilization from the fierce heartland of barbaric warriors. A morning wind suddenly blew with Gothic ferocity, straight out of the dawn. "For God's sake—" Willett cried tardily. The huge steel "G," evidently only hanging on by a single rivet, flew down at Val and a serif clonked him on the temple. Then it clattered and clattered on the roof and at length lay still. Val too lay still. He had fallen heavily. Val was out and bleeding badly. His teeth madly clutched a panatella still smoking. "Val." Then: "Jesus Christ all damnable mighty." Willett threw both panatellas away and dragged Val by his armpits. It was difficult. "G," bitterly. Panting, near expiring, he got Val wound round him like a sousaphone in a fireman's lift.

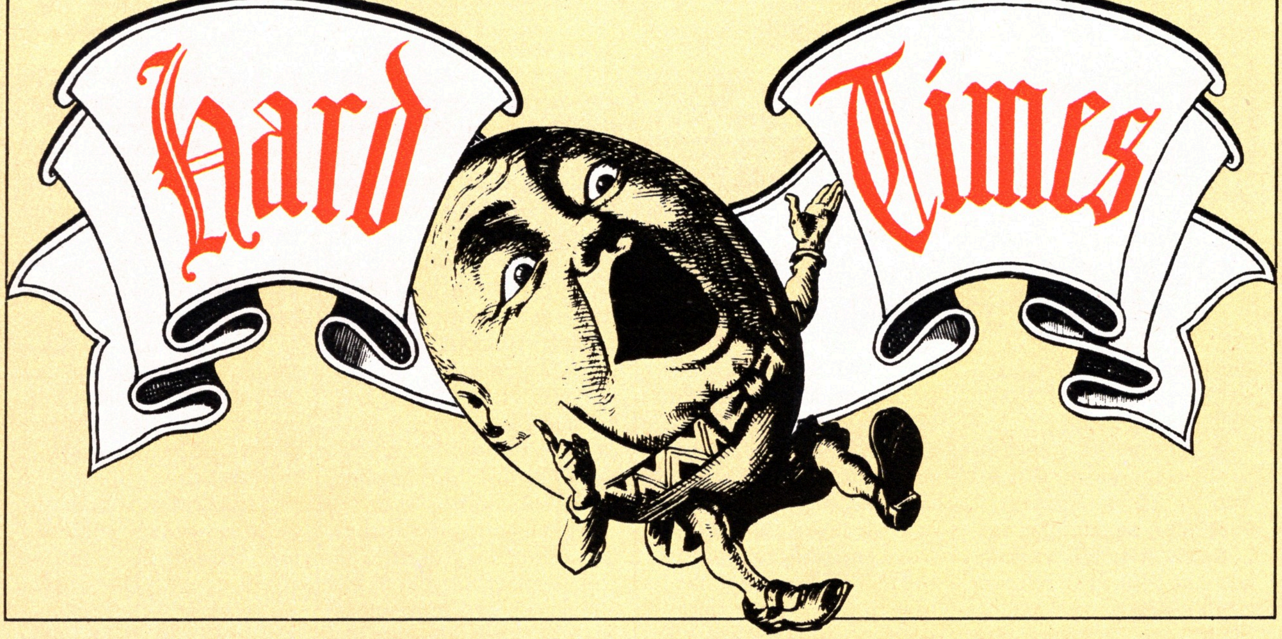
Val came at twilight, wondering where in the name of. "Thank Christ," Willett said. "Quick, drink this, these I would say." He gave him a potent analgesic ready watered, then hot strong tea, sweetened and rum-laced, from a thermos jug of large size. "A foul headache, I should think," said Willett, "but the cut isn't deep. I checked, I medicated, I bound. But I was getting worried. You've been out too long."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



© HARD TIMES, INC. *ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT* VOL. 2, NO. 3

POLITICS, FRISCO-STYLE

CHRIS HARDY/SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

KATY RADDATZ/SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

In a sickening blow to morality and decency, 23,000 San Francisco voters cast their ballots for a gay man–who parades around dressed as a nun! Shockingly, of 24 people running for five seats on the City and County Board of Supervisors, "Sister Boom Boom" came in ninth–just four places short of winning.

"I ran as 'Nun of the Above,' " joked Sister Boom Boom, who's really Jack Fertig, a self-proclaimed "gay man, astrologer, and witch." Fertig, who is seen above in costume, and getting a kiss from an admirer, is a member of the super-sicko "Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence," a weird group of male gays who walk the streets of San Francisco dressed as nuns.

"You have to be gay to get into the sisters," he said. "On Halloween I campaigned in drag–as a man. I dressed as a priest. Some of the straight Catholics have been very upset." *(National Enquirer)*

Let's hope he doesn't make a habit of it.–Editor

NAKED CITY—FOR REAL!

SONIA MOSKOWITZ

The town of Cap d'Agde in southern France has 20,000 residents—all naked.

It's the world's largest nudist community, with its own banks, supermarkets, boutiques, nightclubs, restaurants, post office, shopping malls and luxury condominiums.

"It's a tremendous feeling being able to get up in the morning, shower and then go out to the supermarket without having to get dressed," declares Cap d'Agde resident Stan Bainbridge, a retired policeman.

French naturist and businessman Rene Oltra, who founded Cap d'Agde, says, "My idea was not just to create a vacation place where families could throw off their clothes and enjoy the sun, then go home when the holiday season is over. People sell their apartments in other parts of France and Europe—and move here permanently."

Cap d'Agde residents never have to put on their clothes—not even to cash a check at the bank or go out to dinner.

A 34-year-old resident, who teaches school outside Cap d'Agde and asked that her name not be used, confided, "I love to go shopping taking along nothing but a bag to carry my groceries. Nudism is a way of life which is very appealing." *(National Enquirer)*

THE BOY WHO BECAME A DOG

He's a little boy—who thinks he's a dog.

Two-year-old Joel Zacarias, his body racked by hunger, was suckled by stray dogs for an entire year in a remote, dirt-poor Philippines village—until the boy actually became one of them.

Instead of learning how to talk, he learned to bark and snarl. He walked on all fours, scratched furiously at imaginary fleas, and scurried around chasing and biting other children.

"In 22 years as a social worker, I've seen odd cases—but never anything like this. You don't expect to see anything like this," said Zenida Chantiaco.

Joel's amazing case came to light earlier this year when he was admitted at age 3 to the University of Santo Tomas Medical Center in Manila.

Chantiaco, who works in the hospital's pediatrics section, vividly remembers the day Joel was brought in: "The child was barking, snarling, scratching. I was shocked. It sent chills right through me. Joel thought he was a dog. It was like a horror movie come to life."

It's a case set against a background of bone-grinding poverty in a remote farming village on the island of Leyte, where Romeo Zacarias and his wife Nenita tried to eke out a living from the soil.

There was never enough to eat. So the young couple left their son Joe, 2, and also his three sisters with their grandparents and traveled to Manila to find work.

"After a year we returned home to fetch our children," said Nenita, 28, "and we couldn't believe the situation we found."

Romeo, 32, said: "The children's grandmother took us aside and told us to prepare for a shock. She said she had not been able to feed the children properly because the floods washed away the crops.

"She said one day she saw Joel crouched at the side of a dog that was feeding its young. There he was—nursing with the puppies—and the old woman didn't stop him because there was no food in the house."

Badly shaken, Joel's parents took him to the hospital.

Said Chantiaco: "Joel was admitted to the pediatrics center on April 2. We kept him for two months and worked to change him. He'd run around on all fours barking furiously at the other kids. He'd scratch himself wildly, just like the dogs he identified with.

"But now he's changing. He says 'mama' and 'papa.'

"By the time he left the hospital, he was barking only once or twice every few days. His other dog-like behavior also dwindled."

Said Nenita: "All we want now is to have Joel grow up like a normal child." (*National Enquirer*—submitted by Guillermo Martinez, Jr.)

M.D. HELD IN IGNITING OF STEWARDESS'S HAIR

A pathologist at Manhattan Psychiatric Center was charged with singeing a flight attendant's hair with a cigarette lighter during a flight Thursday from Los Angeles to Kennedy Airport. The man also was ordered to undergo psychiatric observation.

The incident occurred after the man allegedly threatened a woman and spit wine and food at other passengers during the flight.

Dr. Horn Min, 47, of Forest Hills, was arrested and confined in the Metropolitan Correction Center in Manhattan, where he then allegedly damaged a wooden door, a metal cell door and flooded a cell by plugging up the toilet, according to the U.S. attorney's office.

Min also allegedly flooded a holding cell at the Brooklyn federal courthouse before his appearance yesterday by plugging up a toilet with his hands, police sources said.

According to police sources, Min allegedly started winking at a woman and followed her to the bathroom, where he pounded on the door. Then he began throwing and spitting food and wine at other passengers, threatening passengers by assuming a karate stance and claiming he was carrying a time bomb.

He threatened a woman with a cigarette lighter, putting the flame close to her face, police sources said.

When a flight attendant, Cathie L. Braun, tried to intervene, he allegedly singed her hair with the lighter. She quickly put out the fire and was not hurt, officials said, but she had to cut off the hair that was singed.

Police sources said that Min kept harassing passengers until the flight landed at Kennedy but was not restrained in any way.

"I think most of the passengers did their best to try to ignore him," one source said. *(Newsday)*

AMERICA'S OLDEST KILLERS?

Worried cops across the country say they are concerned about senior citizens, and not because old people may be targets of crime–but because grandmas and grandpas have suddenly become killers!

In the two latest cases of senior citizen violence 84-year-old Harold Mantius was charged with murder in Providence, R.I., after blasting a neighbor in the face with a shotgun, and Hattie Nevin, 82, was hospitalized in Coquille, Oreg., after she took a slug in the chest during a shoot-out with police.

Mantius told authorities he thought there was a prowler outside his home when he fired a round from a .12-gauge shotgun through a window.

Police don't believe the old man.

"I don't want anyone to think we charged him with murder for shooting a prowler," Captain Mike Wilson told the *News*. "That is the story he told us, but we charged him with murder because we have evidence to the contrary."

Wilson said it was simply an argument between Mantius and the victim, Howell Dawson, 55, that sparked the murder.

"At about 1:30 a.m. Dawson was outside Mantius' window," Wilson said. "Words were exchanged between Mr. Dawson and Mr. Mantius. They were having an argument. Then Mantius pulled the shotgun and shot Dawson in the face. He was killed instantly and we found his body lying in the driveway."

Mantius was released from jail on $35,000 bond while he awaits trial.

Until Mantius blasted his way onto the scene Hattie Nevin had the dubious distinction of being the oldest murder suspect in America.

"She was the oldest murder suspect I was aware of in 23 years in law enforcement," said Veral Tarno, sheriff of Coos County, Oreg. "Things never cease to amaze me."

Tarno said Mrs. Nevin was recovering from a stroke when she threatened to kill her husband, fatally wounded a friend who was caring for her, then opened fire on police.

"She threatened her husband with a straight razor and he ran out of the house," Tarno said. "He came back to get his clothes and found her loading a rifle."

When sheriff's deputies arrived at the house they tried to talk the woman into surrendering, but when she refused to come out they fired tear gas through the windows.

Then deputies broke into the house and tried to capture Mrs. Nevin, but she fired one shot that narrowly missed a deputy's head. When she aimed at a second deputy he shot her in the chest with a .357 magnum.

In the house, authorities found the body of Bernice Leaton, 74, a friend who had been taking care of Mrs. Nevin.

"Hattie's damn tough," District Attorney Paul Burgett told the *News*. "She took a magnum in the chest and it looks like she'll make it."

(Weekly World News)

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

GARY McCRACKEN

Jim Diamond is less than half the man he used to be–and proud of it!

In less than two years, Diamond has shed an incredible 304 pounds of blubber, thanks to an amazing stomach operation.

In January 1981, six-foot-one Diamond weighed an eye-popping 602 pounds and could barely walk.

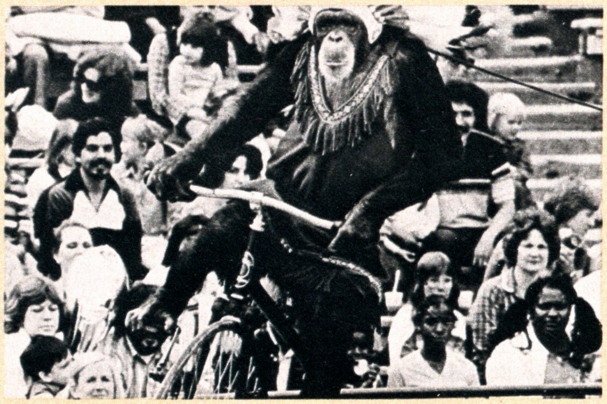
He could not go to the movies because he didn't fit in the seats. He had a belt-busting 76-inch waist and his neck measured 22 inches, including all his chins.

"I was practically an invalid," said Diamond. "My life was a nightmare. I was headed for an early grave."

Then he heard about gastroplasty–surgery to reduce the capacity of the stomach, preventing a person from eating big meals.

Today, thanks to the astonishing operation, Diamond is now an "incredible shrinking man." He now weighs 298 and is still counting down. He's shooting for a goal of 275. *(National Enquirer)*

A REAL BIG WHEEL



KEYSTONE PRESS

Shana the Chimp is no chump when it comes to riding a bicycle. The spectators go ape when she shows off her talents on this antique model at Marine World/Africa park in Redwood City, California. *(Examiner)*

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

THE END

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

"How long?" Val felt the bandage, felt pain rattle in his skull like a stone in a gourd.

"The 'G' hit you yesterday morning."

"Yesterday mor—"

"You were right about the tide getting higher. It seems to have engulfed that mock-Egyptian place we stayed in. Here seems safe enough. This is the penthouse suite, called, for some reason, the Ezra Winter." Val took in blurred and agonizing luxury—beechleaf-green walls, olive curtains, chunky fawn furniture, a cocktail bar shaped like a stylized golden galleon. He was lying not in a bed but on a great couch as big as a bed. "We are not alone," Willett continued. "There are others here with the same notion as ourselves—to ride out the storm, wait for a total tidal recession, and then—then what?" he asked. "Or will talking exacerbate the pain?"

"I think I'd better sleep."

"But you've done nothing but sleep. No, unfair. It wasn't sleep. Will you eat something? No. Look, I'll leave you in peace for an hour or so. I have dancing lessons to give."

"*Dancing less*—" But Willett had gone. Val, shaken fully conscious and almost painless by this revelation of the frippery of dancing going on (seriously too: *lessons*, for God's sake) while New York drowned, meanwhile being terrier-shaken ratlike, suddenly felt a deeper and more awed affection for Willett than he had previously known. Willett had, then, dragged him here painfully, knocked out by "G," whatever that meant, and tended him. If he had been alone last night's sea-sky bacchanal would have done for him. (Out as long as that, for God's sake.) He kept smiling, hearing the wind rise, feeling protected. He woke to dark with a monstrous light on him and he screamed like a child. Then he knew: Lynx. The destructive planet intruder. But surely Lynx had been different—a red sore eye, all veined? Now Lynx had a silver disc attached, its circumference edged in red, glued to the planet below the planet's center. The moon and Lynx, lord and vassal, conjoined this night in a one-way tug. Then his senses, shocked to deadness by the vision, came alive to fear of the consummation of all things coming. His room rocked like a ship's crow's nest, the whole slender strong hotel beneath him creaked and groaned like a main mast, hail and rain whipped the window, fire tore at the sky, and thunder rumbled open-mouthed a punctual second after. The pain in his skull temporarily knocked away, he went tottering to the window to look down and was aghast at what he saw: cream-topped waves dragoning and hurling three stories down. This must surely be the tidal limit. In panic he went to what he took to be a bedroom but saw only glacial bathroom fittings, white-hued silver, and blood by the fireballs in the heavens. "Willett," he called, back in the living room, going to first one door and then the other. There was no sleeping Willett, only two neatly made beds. He shook his way to the corridor and found dim blue light, as in that other hotel so long ago, an emergency supply gamely holding up. He heard faint music. He followed its source and came to a well-carpeted broad stairway leading up to what was called the Jacob Riis Ballroom. He climbed the stairway and swung open a massy door, blued gilt in the dim light. What he saw astonished him more than the tidal madness without, the red and silver flameglobes.

Candles, candles, candles. A stereo player thundered out civilized defiance at the elemental rage clawing and bouncing the building: the "Blue Danube" waltz belting from wall and wall and wall, men and women, youths and girls, swirling to it, with Willett a ferocious master of ceremonies, beating out the time on the parquet with a broom handle as bandmaster's mace, crying: "Dignity, grace, rhythm, for God's sake." Faces sweated in candleshine, bodies swung, turned, swayed. This, Val thought sadly, this: you'd never get this in a spaceship. He sat down on a chair by the door, comforted by light, people, harmony, civilization. Never get this in a fucking spaceship. He decided to go down with *this* ship, so long as Willett was captain. Earthship, that had weathered so much, that held the dust of great men and women in its bowels. To hell with that cold, contrived future in the heavens, the spaceship horror. And then he saw in his mind's viewing room Vanessa, cool, unperturbed, watching calibrations, taking readings. A woman he knew, a woman who had been his wife. The heavens were hers: he would crumble to nothing with the dirty earth. His body relaxed to heroic resignation. Only the dead were great. He left the dancers, returned to the Ezra Winter suite, fell into one of the beds, raised his fist feebly like a wool-stuffed mock-Beethoven at the tempest in the heavens, then passed out like a child.

> "New Yorkers," Willett puffed sadly. "They will not be told. Millions dead . . . The subways choked with dead. How many, I wonder, will have gotten through the tunnels to New Jersey?"

Val woke to daylight and near tranquillity, to find Willett, half-Scot, half-American hunter, looking down on him.

"How do you feel?"

"Better. That was one hell of a night."

"Yes, I'm aching all over. So are the others, I should imagine. Oh, you mean the tide. I think we've had the worst of it now. Time and the hour run through the roughest. Perhaps I've given you that citation before. Shakespeare. I played Macbeth in Minneapolis, at the old Guthrie. Shall I bring you breakfast, or do you think you could manage to walk to the Pickwick Coffee Shop? A Mrs. Williams and her daughter are running it, enjoying it too. There's nothing like occupation. It's on the floor below this."

And so they ate breakfast, in cheerful enough company. There seemed to be a general feeling that New York—the world, for that matter—had seen the worst. A man called Mr. Weill was bitter about lost trade, the ruination of stock, the difficulty of restarting a men's garment store. A Mrs. Wolheim tried to cheer him up by recounting something she said she had heard, thinly, distantly, on a radio broadcast from what was now called Commonwealth HQ, meaning presumably the new Washington: no shortage of government money to tide (ha) over, a mere matter of going to specially set-up CBF offices (Commonwealth Bureau of Finance) and drawing one hundred dollars a day. In inland towns and cities, of course. New York, no. Mr. Terhune said there had to be a boom coming when all this was over, especially in the construction trades. The mortician's trade too, said a Mr. Steinweg gloomily: all those bodies to be collected, identified, interred, or incinerated. He was revealed later himself to be a mortician: the gloom was a professional mask. Val held his peace. After breakfast he would talk to Willett.

He talked to Willett up in the living room over a bottle of Presidio cognac. There were certain things that Willett had certainly guessed; now he was to have as near professional confirmation as he could hope to obtain. "You know," Val said, "or I think you know—"

"Yes?"

"That it's all going to be over."

Willett nodded vigorously with even a sort of satisfaction. The satisfaction of not having to leave the party before it finished? Everybody saying good night together? "I couldn't understand," he said, "why there was so much humming and hawing. Why couldn't the big men be out with it? I always thought scientists believed in the dissemination of truth."

"The truth is very hard liquor. Panic. Murder. Wait till the people learn the truth. Not from others' lips, from their own agony."

"What precisely is going to happen?"

"There's going to be a brief period of peace and calm. Optimistic clearing-up, I suppose, and a lot of free money around. A lot of goods to be used up. The sensible will know the worst from the fact of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

HOW TOUGH ARE YOU?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-six questions to see if you're a psychological superman.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Most people, you may have noticed, are not nuts. But you couldn't prove it by leafing through the average psychological research journal. Read that stuff and you'd think the whole world is loony.

Norman Garmezy, a pioneering professor of psychology at the University of Minnesota, notes that there has been "a curious neglect" on the part of the psychological profession when it comes to understanding why most people—even those who suffer severe deprivations and disappointments—are *not* psycho cases.

Garmezy and his colleagues have begun trying to rectify this state of affairs by investigating a concept they call "invulnerability." People who exhibit this trait manage to go through life and remain relatively normal, healthy, and balanced even though they may suffer jolting psychological shocks along the way. This psychograph may give you an idea whether or not you're one of them.

Some of the best early research on invulnerability (though, at the time, the term hadn't yet been coined) was carried out by the U.S. Office of Strategic Services during World War II. The OSS was the highly successful intelligence agency that preceded the formation of the CIA. The folks at OSS were looking to recruit people who, quite simply, would make good spies. They reasoned that, in most cases, the best operatives would be those with the soundest mental health. They were looking for the proverbial man who can keep his head when everybody else seems to be losing his. Hordes of OSS shrinks went to work seeking ways to measure who had this basic invulnerability, and their research formed the basis for the relatively small body of work done since that time.

One of the first and most interesting findings flew in the face of Freudian orthodoxy. The wartime investigators found that childhood traumas and deprivations, rather than screwing up people for life, often *improved* personalities. This is a point many shrinks still tend to overlook. Take poverty, for example. If you grow up in a slum surrounded by pimps, junkies, and sundry other nasty people, you indeed are statistically more prone to psychological injury than if you grow up in a warm, loving, comfortable, middle-class home. But that doesn't alter the fact that most people who grow up in even the most wretched slums do not become murderers, rapists, or dope-crazed sociopaths. They grow up to be normal, decent people, and are, in a psychological sense, truly invulnerable. They are the people who understand that life, as Robert Louis Stevenson said, "is not a matter of holding good cards, but of playing a bad hand well."

To find out how well you play with the cards dealt you, answer the following questions honestly. (Note: the respected British psychologist Michael Rutter has found that males tend to be distinctly more vulnerable than females—which is why we thought it particularly appropriate that this subject be treated in *Penthouse*.)

1. Do you think you read well or poorly?
   (a) well
   (b) average
   (c) poorly

2. Do you think you speak well or poorly?
   (a) well
   (b) average
   (c) poorly

3. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
   (a) I wish I had more friends.
   (b) I have enough friends.
   (c) I have too many friends.

4. Which statement comes closer to describing you?
   (a) I enjoy learning about new things.
   (b) I'm pretty happy as I am; I don't much care about learning new things.

5. Do you think you often give up too easily?
   (a) yes, usually
   (b) yes, frequently
   (c) sometimes
   (d) occasionally, but not very often
   (e) rarely or never

6. Does this statement describe you? "I feel I know quite a bit about many things and a lot about at least one or two things."
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) no

7. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "Once you set a goal for yourself, you should never deviate from that path."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

8. You think the future for you personally will be:
   (a) much better than the present
   (b) somewhat better than the present
   (c) about the same as the present
   (d) somewhat worse than the present
   (e) much worse than the present

9. How's your memory?
   (a) very good
   (b) adequate
   (c) lousy

10. Do you worry a lot?
    (a) yes, almost always
    (b) frequently
    (c) sometimes
    (d) occasionally
    (e) rarely or never

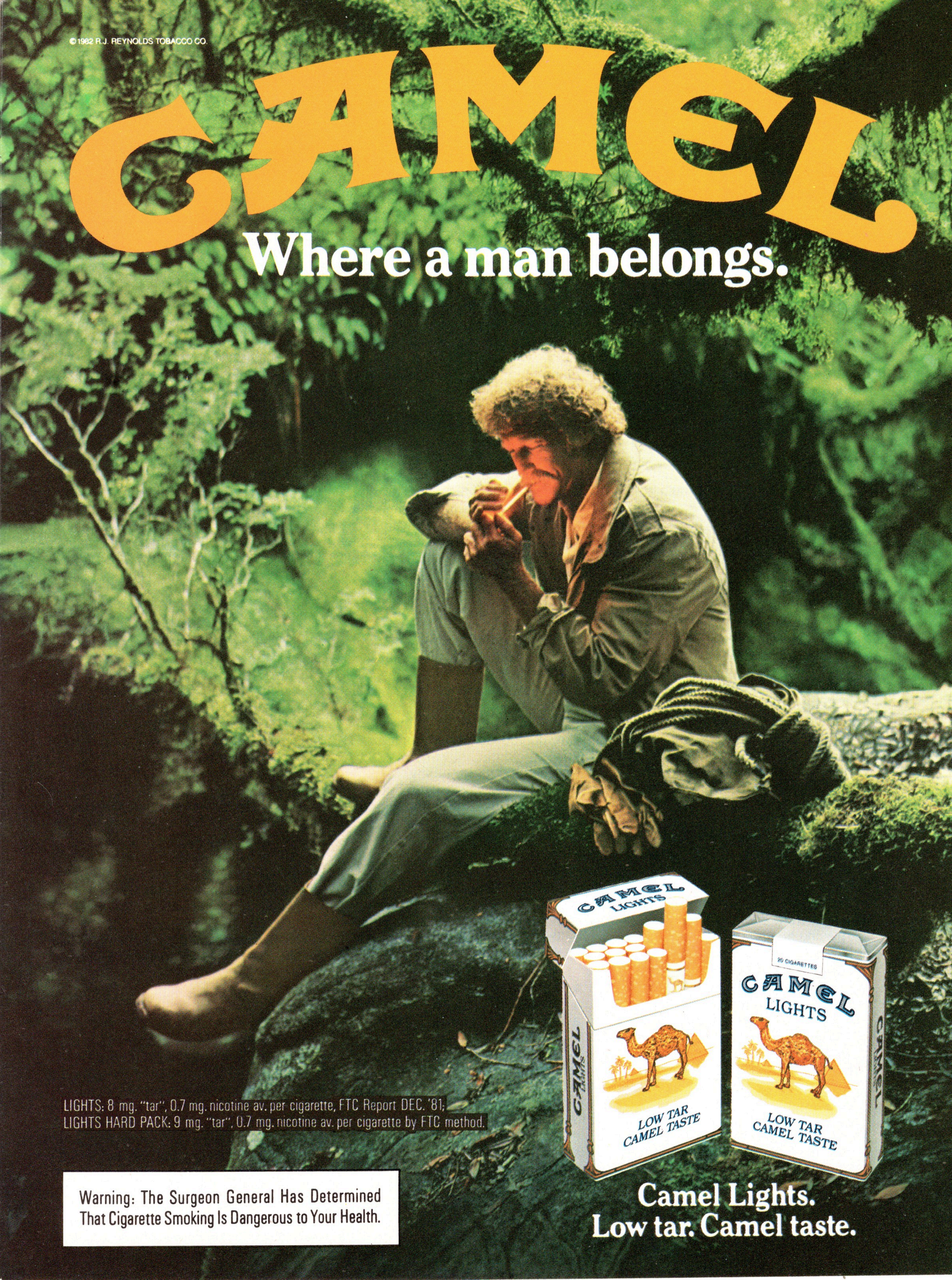
11. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing you?
    (a) I'm basically a moody person; I tend to get depressed easily.
    (b) I'd say I'm fairly even-tempered; my moods don't usually change much from one day to the next, unless, of course, something drastic (like a death in the family) happens.

12. Do you feel you're basically a competent person?
    (a) yes, very much so
    (b) yes, quite competent
    (c) about average
    (d) below average
    (e) very incompetent

13. How do you act around women?
    (a) I'm quite shy.
    (b) I'm quite outgoing.
    (c) I'm about midway between the two extremes.
    (d) I'm *extremely* outgoing, but that's my way of covering up my insecurity.

14. When you go to bed with a woman for the first time, you are more likely to be:
    (a) quite inhibited (and maybe clumsy), refraining from sexual practices that might be too exotic
    (b) quite experimental, trying a variety of techniques to see what she likes best

© 1982 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.


CAMEL
Where a man belongs.
CAMEL LIGHTS
20 CIGARETTES
CAMEL LIGHTS
LOW TAR CAMEL TASTE
LOW TAR CAMEL TASTE
Camel Lights.
Low tar. Camel taste.

LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81;
LIGHTS HARD PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PSYCHOGRAPH

15. Do you feel you have control over your life?
    (a) yes, a lot
    (b) quite a bit
    (c) some
    (d) a little
    (e) hardly any

16. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "Whether or not you succeed in life is basically a matter of luck."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

17. Does it bother you to accept help from other people?
    (a) yes
    (b) somewhat
    (c) no

18. Do you get irritated easily?
    (a) yes, very
    (b) quite easily
    (c) not too easily
    (d) I rarely get irritated.

19. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
    (a) I often feel guilty and/or ashamed about the things I do.
    (b) I often feel guilty about things, even when I know I've had no control over them.
    (c) I sometimes feel guilty about things I've done.
    (d) I rarely or never feel guilty or ashamed about what I've done.

20. Choose the statement that best describes you:
    (a) I'm a work addict. I have trouble playing and relaxing.
    (b) I'm a lazy sonofabitch. I'd play all day if I could get away with it.
    (c) I get my work done well, but I don't have any trouble relaxing. There are many things in my life that I enjoy besides working. On the other hand, I'm not a lazy fuck-up.
    (d) I don't do an awful lot of work, but, by the same token, I have trouble playing and relaxing.

21. Do you have trouble really loving another person and establishing a deep, responsible emotional commitment?
    (a) yes
    (b) somewhat
    (c) no

22. Did your parents (or other adults who served in a parental role) help you with your homework when you were a kid?
    (a) yes
    (b) rarely or never

23. Would you describe your childhood home as dirty, crowded, and noisy?
    (a) yes
    (b) no
    (c) It was one of the above things, but not all three.
    (d) It was two of the above things, but not all three.

24. Were there quite a few books around your home when you were a kid? (The types of books aren't important; they could be anything from philosophical tomes to pulp westerns.)
    (a) yes
    (b) no

25. You'd say you're basically:
    (a) reflective
    (b) impulsive
    (c) somewhere between the two extremes

26. How do you feel about your life up till now?
    (a) It has been very happy.
    (b) It has been relatively happy.
    (c) It's been relatively unhappy, but it could have been worse.
    (d) It's been very unhappy.

SCORING
All answers have been given point values, which are listed below. Add the point values of the answers you chose to get your score. The highest possible score is 130 points; the lowest, 26.

1. a-5, b-3, c-1
2. a-5, b-3, c-1
3. a-1, b-5, c-1
4. a-5, b-1
5. a-1, b-1, c-3, d-5, e-5
6. a-5, b-3, c-1
7. a-1, b-5
8. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
9. a-5, b-3, c-1
10. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5, e-3
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
13. a-1, b-5, c-3, d-2
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
16. a-1, b-5
17. a-1, b-2, c-3
18. a-1, b-2, c-5, d-5
19. a-1, b-1, c-5 d-1
20. a-1, b-1, c-5 d-1
21. a-1, b-2, c-5,
22. a-5, b-1
23. a-1, b-5, c-3, d-2
24. a-5, b-1
25. a-5, b-1, c-3
26. a-4, b-5, c-3, d-1

If you scored 110 to 130 points:
You are probably one of the most mentally healthy people in the country. You're kind of a psychological Jack La Lanne. Your mental muscle is so well tuned and supple that it can deal successfully with just about any psychological shock or stress. You are indeed invulnerable. The interesting thing, of course, is that you haven't achieved this invulnerability by building a psychological wall around yourself. Quite the contrary, you are likely to be outgoing and energetic. Like the athlete who builds his prowess by continually subjecting his body to new tests, you've built your mental strength by embracing the world and facing its challenges.

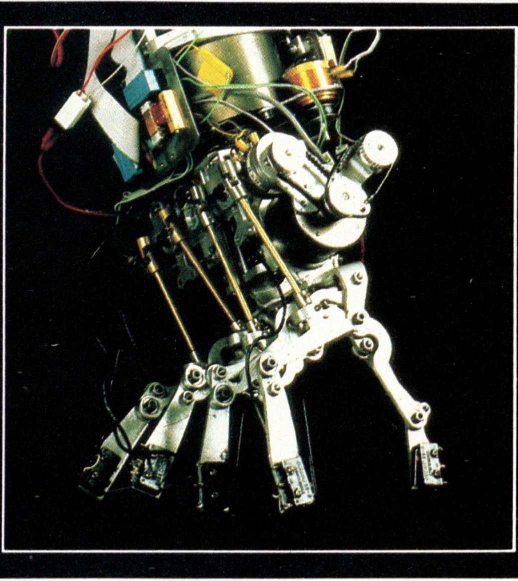
76 to 109 points:
While you may not be extremely invulnerable, like the man in the category above, you share many of his characteristics. You are likely to exhibit what one researcher has called positive mental health. This means you are probably relatively happy and relaxed, but you are thoughtful and resourceful as well. Very rarely does life get the better of you.

41 to 75 points:
Many people fall into this category. Life's psychological shocks do rattle them, but on the other hand, they have enough resilience not to get pushed over the edge. While they function all right on a day-to-day basis, they don't always feel very self-confident or good about themselves. Sometimes they can't quite pin down what's bothering them, but somehow they just feel life could be a whole lot better than it is.

26 to 40 points:
You appear to be a highly vulnerable person. This doesn't necessarily mean that every little psychological pin prick will turn you into a mass murderer, but it does mean you are extremely sensitive to anything that might disturb your psychological equilibrium. In fact, things that wouldn't particularly disturb many people (e.g., a sudden rain shower when you want desperately to play tennis or finding that your favorite dress-up slacks are at the cleaners) can ruin your entire day and make you extremely angry.

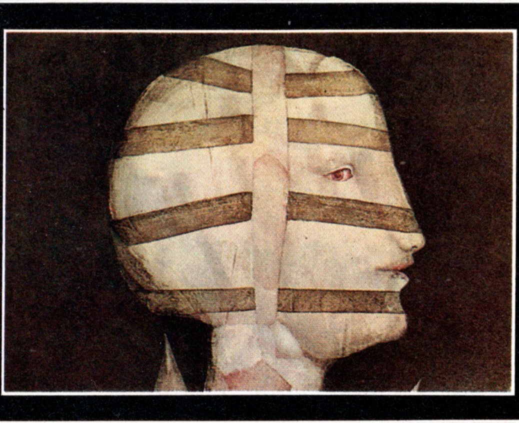
OMNI ON SALE MARCH 22

ROBOTS



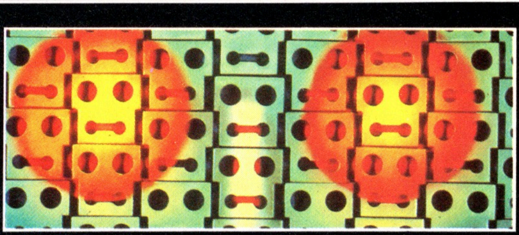
The era of the robot is just beginning, and to help you cope with it, *Omni* has devoted next month's issue to the fascinating field of robotics. Among the topics to be explored are: artificial-intelligence expert John McCarthy's personal vision of what the robot of the future will be like; a glance at the first generation of domestic robots now being built and what we can expect from the next generation; a hard look at the effects of the robot's expanding role in society—as worker, as helper, even as rival in the workplace; an examination of the peculiar challenge facing a new breed of specialist, the robopsychologist, an expert in incorporating behavior in intelligent machines; and how the ultimate robot, a self-replicating machine, could construct energy farms in a desert wasteland, allow us to conduct mining and manufacturing operations on the moon without a human in sight, and help us to colonize the far reaches of the universe in self-contained habitats or spacecraft.

FICTION



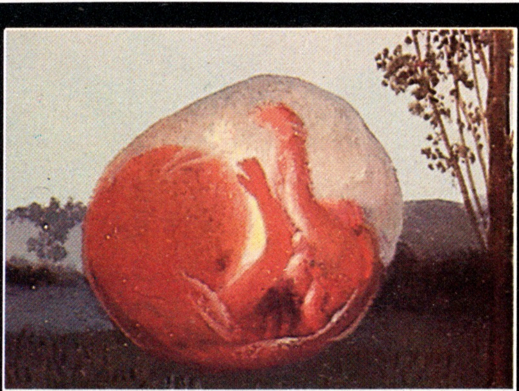
In April the conclusion of our two-part excerpt from Anthony Burgess's *The End of the World News* climaxes with various groups converging on Sloansville, Kansas, the location of a spaceship built to save mankind from an oncoming collision with the wayward planet Lynx. Burgess, a respected literary figure in Great Britain and the United States, is renowned as much for his mainstream novels as for his science fiction. And Jack Dann, last year's Nebula Award finalist for "Going Under," returns to *Omni* with another powerful story, entitled "Blind Shemmy." This chiller is about a man with a dangerous compulsion to gamble who finds a unique casino to satisfy his need.

FACT AND FANCY



For years we have been reading about robots in the great science-fiction classics or seeing them portrayed on the silver screen. Now the machines are a reality, and in a dazzling gallery of images in the next issue of *Omni* we will compare the robots of science fiction with their counterparts in real life, showing how fact can sometimes prove to be even more stunning than fiction.

GENETIC HARVEST



Some scientists have grown a bigger mouse; others have implanted brick-red eye coloring in a line of fruit flies that otherwise would have had dull brown eyes. On the drawing board are dreams about abundant meat and milk, the flow turned on by a simple addition to the cows' drinking water. This is the near-future harvest of gene research. But it may be merely a backdrop for further genetic manipulation—on human subjects. *Omni* shows how work in laboratory farms brings us closer to the genetic engineering of a human embryo. The report outlines the awesome implications of work that could cure the diseases of future generations—even before they're born.

AS RE
FOUNDED
180
DED
WHIS
PRODUC
OF SCOTLA
00% SCOTCH WH
ED & BOTTLED IN
AS BROTHE
ABERDE

The foremost authority
on power and success tells you how to drink
your way to the top.

POWER DRINKS

BY MICHAEL KORDA

Once, when Winston Churchill was talking to General Montgomery during World War II, the general boasted: "I run five miles a day, I don't drink, I don't smoke, and I'm 100 percent fit!"

The prime minister looked at the general with displeasure and suspicion. He replied firmly: "I never walk when I can be driven, I drink, I smoke—and I'm 200 percent fit!"

On the whole, there is a universal tendency not to trust nondrinkers. Among our own presidents, Truman's fondness for good bourbon (and poker), FDR's famous dry martinis, Jack Kennedy's Scotch before dinner, and even the widely held suspicion that Richard Nixon was sometimes downright drunk never lost them any votes or diminished their popularity—whereas Jimmy Carter's abstemiousness made him seem to people even more of a Sunday school teacher and spoilsport than he was. When you come right down to it, the public actually felt that poor Billy—fat, blowsy, and beery—was the more attractive of the two brothers.

People who don't drink have a tendency to make us nervous, as if their abstaining were a sign of disapproval or assumed moral superiority. We don't want those in power to be *drunks* (though the phenomenon is by no means unknown in American life and history), but push come to shove, we rather prefer the occasional drunk to a teetotaler, and even assume that the occasional bender or hangover is the sign of a certain spirit, a willingness to let oneself go. I think this can be read into Lincoln's famous comment when several busybodies brought him the news that Gen. Ulysses S. Grant was drinking heavily again: "I wish I knew what brand he drinks, and I'd send all my generals a barrel."

If you're going to succeed in corporate life, you'd better learn (admittedly, among other things) the right way to drink. Just as the wrong suit (off-the-rack doubleknit with a belt in the back and wide lapels), the wrong shoes (thick soles, Corfam, any other color but a hand-polished black), etc. can get you shunted off the fast track at the start, so can the wrong attitude toward drinking. Upward-mobile corporate types don't wear short-sleeved shirts or show a row of ball-point pens in the breast pocket of their jackets, and they don't order beer at dinner or the cocktail hour, either, or drinks with funny names and slices of fruit in them, or any cocktail that comes with: a maraschino cherry (green or red, the color doesn't matter), a small paper umbrella, or whipped cream (or cream of any kind), or one that is served in a hollowed-out coconut shell. Corporate America may not take quality seriously, but drinking, like golf, remains a serious business—and one of the ways in which the corporate sheep are decisively separated from the goats.

Naturally, drinking habits are subject to change and regional differences—but perhaps

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

not so much as you might think.* The trend toward fitness and exercise has led to the current fashion for drinking mineral water or, possibly, a white wine-and-soda spritzer instead of hard liquor, but this remains more common in cities like New York and Los Angeles than in the heartland.

Some companies, of course, frown on drinking (IBM executives are not supposed to drink on company time, for instance). Others allow their executives and salesmen to drink only if their client, guest, or a customer orders a drink. But most take it for granted that business entertainment means expense-account drinking, and that liquor oils the wheels of American commerce.

Because of the size and diversity of the United States, class in *anything* is always hard to define, and of course businesses differ very much from each other as well. A beer and barbecue feast among Texas oil men, for instance, is naturally very different from a luncheon party among studio executives at a Beverly Hills restaurant, or from a wine, cheese, and cocaine outdoor hot-tub party among the Silicon Valley computer entrepreneurs in California's Marin County. But these are extremes. Most of American business is not exotic. The road to power in banking, industry, finance, merchandising, even advertising, is straight and narrow. You can now get away with a lot more in the way of freedom in your private life (the corporation no longer aspires to play Big Daddy), but your corporate hours ought to reflect a certain amount of polish and savvy. The Gulfstream II jet and the chauffeur-driven limo are there only for the man who knows how to play the power game all the way to the top, and the last time I traveled that way (last week, as a matter of fact, and believe me, it's the only way to go!), both the plane and the car had nicely stocked little bars: bourbon, Scotch, vodka (Russian, please note), and gin. Ice and soda water too, of course, and a bottle of dry vermouth for those who like martinis.

There was, I have to admit, a bottle of white wine on the plane, but you will have remarked that as we sat in our reclining leather swivel club chairs, 40,000 feet above the ground, watching a movie on the plane's videotape player, we did *not* have available to us: sweet liqueurs, liqueurs in odd colors (bright green or pale blue), drinks in which alcohol and cream are mixed to resemble a bottled milkshake, cans of beer, or the kind of low-tech chemistry set with which Americans of a certain type (*not* corporate winners!) mix up cocktails. Also, no blender.

Corporate America at the highest level takes its Scotch straight, on the rocks, with maybe a splash (and I mean a *splash*) of water; its bourbon ditto; its Russian vodka straight up, poured into a chilled glass from a frosted bottle kept in the freezer (*not* the refrigerator!); its domestic vodka on the rocks with a splash of soda and a twist (in the summer, tonic water may be substituted for the soda); and its dry martinis as straight up as straight can be, dry-ice cold, with either one small green olive (no red pimiento stuffing, please, and the olive should be imported Italian and unpitted) or one English imported cocktail onion, as small as possible.

These rules are not absolutely ironclad, except among bankers, big-time East Coast financial people, the very top lawyers, and the kind of Fortune 500 board chairmen who spend their summers commuting by corporate jet every weekend to Hobe Sound, Dark Harbor, Maine, or Newport. However, if you want to get to the top in American corporate life, the sooner you learn how to win the favorable attention of bankers, financiers, top lawyers, and chairmen of the board, the faster you're likely to get there, right?

> “Do not attempt to hold a drink, smoke a cigarette, and eat a shrimp wrapped in burned bacon at the same time. It cannot be done, and only nonpowerful people try it.”

It is not, by the way, at all necessary to *like* drinking or to be a connoisseur. Almost everybody, except other connoisseurs, finds them boring; and the other connoisseurs—though they may not find you boring—will probably hate you for being wrong, or being right, or simply for stepping on their turf. Drinking, within limits, is a way of establishing and maintaining a degree of camaraderie, a rite as much as it is a pleasure. It is *how* you drink and what you drink that matters.

Needless to say, not everyone holds his liquor well, in case that worries you. Most people assume they can hold their drink better than in fact they can or do, and the corporate climber would do well to stay sober, particularly at the beginning of his or her career.

Here a certain amount of strategy is useful. If you're thirsty, drink water. Don't *ever* try to assuage a thirst with liquor, however diluted. Drink water until you're no longer thirsty, then (and only then) drink liquor. Liquor should in any case be drunk for the taste, if you like it, or for show, if you don't. If you think you can't handle liquor well (and nobody handles it as well as he thinks he does), order a glass of iced soda water on the side. You can sip it unobtrusively, or pour it into your drink as the evening wears on, or pour your drink into *it.* Nobody will notice—the main thing is not to make an issue by refusing to order a drink, which not only makes your peers uncomfortable, but may also give rise to the suspicion that you're either a prude, a Mormon, or a reformed alcoholic.

Make *sure* your drink has plenty of ice. As ice melts, it not only dilutes the drink but keeps the glass full, so you can delay for a good long time before ordering another. If necessary, begin the evening by eating something greasy—a cheeseburger (without the bun), a few spoonfuls of butter, or a cup of coffee with a lot of cream (no sugar, and *cream*, not milk). A lining of fat in the stomach slows the effect of alcohol on the metabolic system, and your goal is (or ought to be) to join in without losing your judgment or your critical faculties. Your elders and betters may get drunk, but if you're hoping to get ahead, you'll keep a clear head. It's surprising how much you can learn from your superiors in the hierarchy when they've had a couple of drinks—and of course, how much they can find out about *you* if you've had one or two drinks too many.

Once you've found a drink you can live with, *stick* to it. Most people know better than to mix drinks, but few people seem to realize that a man is supposed to know what he wants to drink and order it firmly, without a lot of thought and hesitation. It took me years to admit to myself that I didn't like Scotch and that dry martinis made me sick—not just drunk, but really *sick*. Bourbon, however, I can tolerate, and actually like, depending on the brand. The worst thing you can do, business-image-wise, is to flail around when you're asked what you want to drink. You should *know*. A guy who doesn't even know what he *drinks* can be presumed (and *will* be presumed) to know nothing. I always say, "Bourbon [usually by brand name] on the rocks, club soda on the side," which is a perfectly respectable "power drink" (and one I like), though probably not quite as respectable in the East as Scotch, or as acceptable in the highest financial WASP circles as the dry martini. The main thing, however, is not to hesitate, and not to ask, as women often do, "What are *you* drinking?"

If I had to grade drinks in order of business/career power, I would do it thusly:

(1) a very dry gin martini, made with *imported* English gin
(2) Scotch on the rocks—only by brand

It may be worth noting that regional differences in drinking are sometimes complicated by snobbery. In the South, bourbon is sometimes considered less sophisticated than Scotch—while exactly the reverse is sometimes true in the urban North. In much the same way, Irish whiskey is fashionable in Los Angeles but not in Boston, where it has an aura of Irish saloon drinking. In fashionable resort towns like East Hampton, tequila has a certain chic popularity, whereas in Texas people tend to despise it as a native Mexican drink. This is merely reverse snobbery, and shouldn't concern you. In Moscow, for instance, the fashionable drink is Scotch, for those who can get it, and in France it's "le dry" (martini) or a good brand of bourbon. We are not talking about what is chic—a whole different subject—but what is "powerful."

When you really get it all together.
Crown Royal
Fine De Luxe
Blended Canadian Whisky
A PRODUCT OF
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Limited
WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
80 PROOF
750 ML
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.

name when you're ordering

(3) a very dry vodka martini (*not* made with Russian vodka, which should only be drunk straight)

(4) bourbon on the rocks—again, by brand name (in certain parts of the country, bourbon is actually rated above Scotch)

(5) Russian vodka straight up, which has become a status drink in the Northeast but is still viewed with some suspicion in the South and Southwest, where it may be regarded as a left-wing political statement*

So far as brand names are concerned, a word of advice: when you're in someone's home, ask for something people *have*. Asking for something so esoteric that nobody has it merely makes you look like a jerk. At the *very* top, some people actually arrange to have a restaurant not only stock their favorite brands but have them on the table. Philip Johnson, the distinguished architect, always has his favorite brands waiting for him at his private table at The Four Seasons at lunchtime, and some people keep their own wine at "21." But on your way up, it would be difficult to achieve this kind of status. Later on it will give you something to aim for.

My friend Norman, for example, likes a glass of champagne at lunch—why not? He's a hugely successful video games executive. Champagne is no good if it's served by the glass. Once a bottle is opened, it goes flat. So Norman orders a bottle, and drinks a glass, or maybe two, if he feels like it. So it costs him eighty or ninety dollars (he eats in an expensive restaurant). What does he care? It's company-deductible. The point is that he likes Roederer Cristal, and he's succeeded well enough to have what he wants, whatever the cost. If his guests don't want champagne, he doesn't force it on them, and he doesn't feel obliged to drink more of the bottle than he wants to. That, my friends, is civilized (and also powerful), but not exactly a beginner's ploy!

Norman, in short, has *style*, and style is the key to power drinking. The style you should be aiming for is an easygoing, experienced, relaxed attitude toward drinking. You don't make a fuss about it, or a point of it, or a whole long *megillah* about it—nor do you rush to the blender to concoct something with coconut, bananas, and crushed pineapple. All this is definitely lower-class, non-upward-mobile-corporate-winner behavior. You have a drink before lunch (one only), and maybe two drinks before dinner, and you do it gracefully. You may not have *been* to Harvard, but it is not impossible to adopt the urbane, easygoing style of Harvard drinking, which remains the American business ideal—even among people who still think of Harvard as "Moscow on the Charles."

There are basically three kinds of drinking to think about: (1) a drink before meals (lunch or dinner); (2) cocktail parties and/or conventions; and (3) dinner parties.

We've already dealt with what you should drink before a meal or when meeting somebody for "a drink"—though perhaps it should be added that before lunch (and only before lunch, *never* before dinner) a Bloody Mary is acceptable *provided* it is served in a glass, not a mug, straight up, and does not have a stalk of celery sticking up in it as a stirrer or a wedge of lemon floating on the surface.

At large cocktail parties, the sensible drink is a Scotch or bourbon with a lot of soda water in a big glass so you can nurse it—but make sure the bartender doesn't fill the glass up. Nothing looks less powerful than a man who has spilled his drink on his tie or suit, and since at crowded cocktail parties it always happens to someone, let it not be *you*. Bear in mind, too, that the purpose of cocktail parties is to meet and mix with important people (or to meet girls). It serves no purpose to get drunk, and is not to your advantage. Since cocktail parties are usually held in rooms that are too small for the number of people invited, and infernally hot, pace yourself and stick to simple, long drinks that won't give you a headache. Your aim is *not* to be the life of the party, but to make an impression. Do not attempt to hold a drink, smoke a cigarette, and eat a shrimp wrapped in burned bacon at the same time. It cannot be done, and only nonpowerful people try it.

> “The worst thing you can do, business-image-wise, is to flail around when you're asked what you want to drink. You should *know*.”

At dinner parties where wine is served or offered, accept it. Sip it as if you enjoyed it, whether you do or not, but do *not* attempt to wash down your food with it. That's what you have a glass of water for. Powerful people assume that they have been offered good wine, and do not feel obliged to make a fuss over it, unless the host makes a comment on the subject, in which case it is polite to make some small sign of appreciation. Boning up on wine lore, however, is usually a mistake. There's no bore like a wine bore, and if anybody is going to be boring on the subject, let it be the host.

As for after-dinner drinks, the only powerful choice is to order a brandy, if possible by brand name. On the whole, powerful people in business do not drink stingers, Black or White Russians, sweet after-dinner drinks, or drinks that have to be set on fire. If you don't like brandy, a Scotch or bourbon is perfectly acceptable, but brandy is better. It is *not*, in England or the United States, by the way, necessary to refer to brandy as "cognac," which is merely an affectation. And it doesn't need to be heated, served in a glass the size of an astronaut's helmet, or treated as if it were more precious than liquid gold. You order a small snifter of it, you sniff it, and you sip it, without fuss.

Basically (and this should be clearly understood), power drinking is the last bastion of WASP traditionalism in American life. Perhaps the only *real* advantage of an Ivy League education used to lie in the fact that it taught one to drink like a gentleman, or at any rate how to drink among gentlemen. Young men learned not only how to hold their liquor but what to drink.

A lot of things in America—like sex habits—may have changed, but drinking is not one of them. With the exception of the martini, most people of any substance and power in America drink pretty much what their grandfathers did. This is no surprise. The whole *point* of drinking is to affirm tradition; hence the "traditional" look of most good men's clubs and bars. Like the best men's clothing, these things don't change much and are, in fact, seldom *improved* by change. Thus the power drink remains the traditional man's drink of America—good Scotch, old bourbon, the kind of dry martini that's crisp and cold as a winter morning, just as the best American food still remains just those solid, simple things our ancestors ate: steak, oysters, lobster, corn on the cob, the noble and quintessentially American baked potato (with lots of butter, please, *not* sour cream).

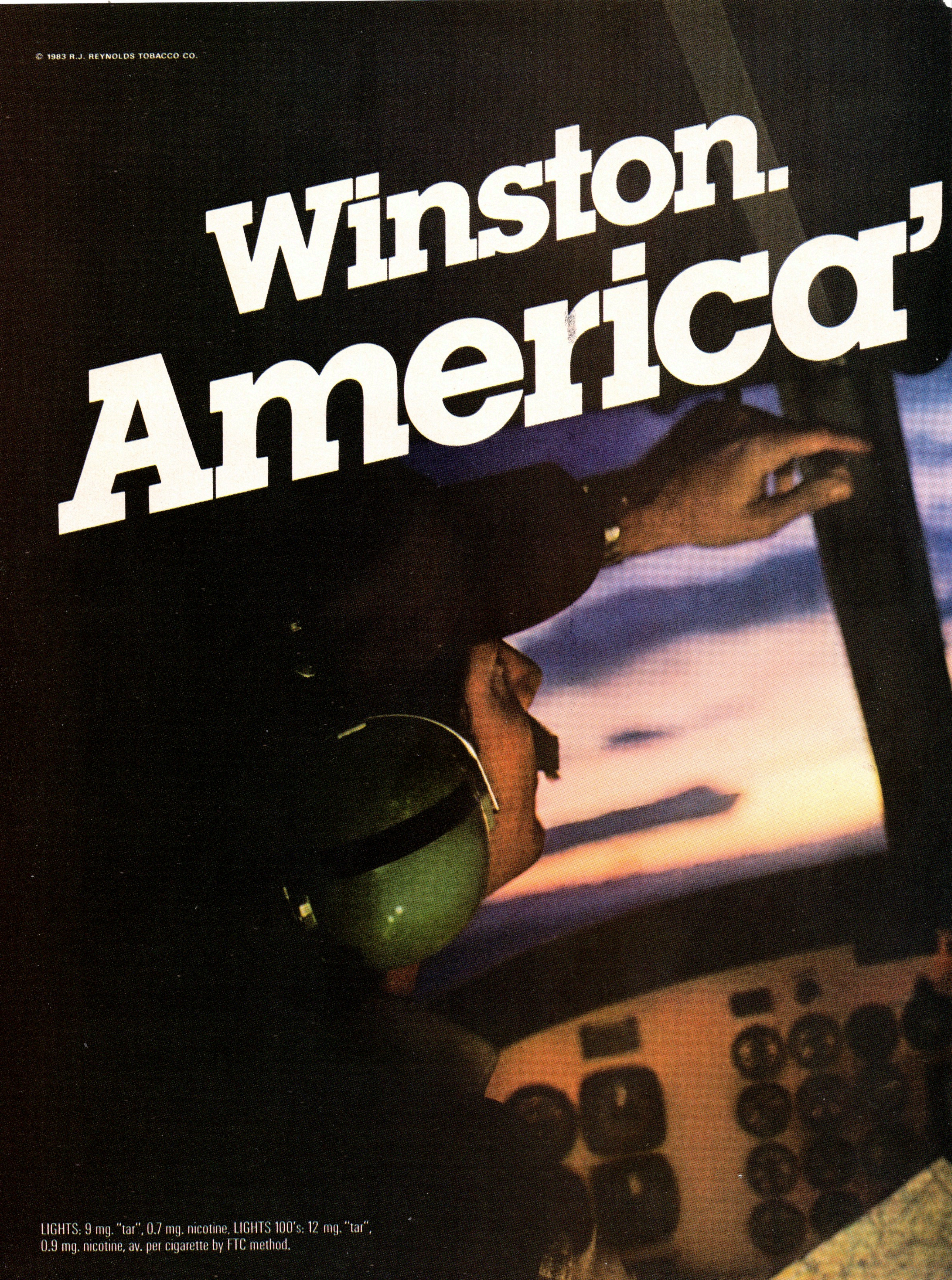
The great Samuel Johnson once said, "Claret, Sir, is the drink for boys; port is the drink for men; but he who aspires to be a *hero*, must drink brandy!" This was no doubt true for eighteenth-century England, but ours is a tradition of hard liquor, if only because our ancestors had a natural aversion to paying the cost of importing wines and spirits all the way from Europe (not to speak of paying the British crown's excise taxes, which were the prime cause of the revolution). Grain they had. The knowledge of how to distill it into alcohol they learned. While the English were still importing what *they* drank from France, Americans were already making decent whiskey, "sippin' whiskey," and drinking it straight (in quantities, it must be said, that awed foreign visitors).

If you want to be ahead in the drinking game, the drinks based on that tradition are the ones to choose. They are as American as apple pie—and ambition!

**In any of the above except the last, a twist is okay, but in my opinion slightly less okay than without. If you must have a twist, squeeze it gently over the drink, then put it to one side. Leaving it in the drink looks messy and unpowerful, in addition to presenting the risk of choking on a piece of lemon peel at a crucial moment in the conversation.*

America's Best.
STORM SEARCHER
STORM SEARCHER
STORM SEARCHER

© 1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.


Winston.
America'

LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

s Best.
20 CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
Winston
LIGHTS
SMOOTH RICH TASTE
20 CIGARETTES
Winston
LIGHTS
100's
TH RICH TASTE
Join the first team.
Reach for Winston.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

JOKERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

I stood up. George cowered in his seat.

"I'm not going, man. You're on your own. Well, good luck in Boston, if you make it."

I turned in the aisle, staring at all those angry faces, the burning rays from those hundreds of icy blue eyes, Cossacks without horses. I raised my arms, pointing up the aisle. "I don't know about the rest of you folks," my voice boomed, "but personally, I refuse to fly on any airline that screws up things this badly!"

George and I stormed off the plane with five other guys! The gig with Robert Goulet in Monticello was fabulous!

From the time I was a small child up until this very moment, I've played a lot of pranks and practical jokes on a lot of people. As I mentioned, it is my way of having fun and expressing my feelings for someone. I never kid with someone I don't like. Anyway, of all the many practical jokes, I consider the following to be my best.

Buddy Hackett saw me on my first appearance on "The Tonight Show" on January 8, 1971, and that same night called the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas to ask the entertainment director to put me into the main showroom as soon as possible. A few weeks later I was walking out on that stage. Frankie Avalon, a fellow Philadelphian, opened the show and Sonny and Cher closed it. I was a fifteen-minute serving in the middle.

Sonny and I had several things in common. Height wasn't one of them, but a love for practical jokes was, and we pulled off some beauties on each other.

Well, the practical-joke rivalry went on for years and was pretty evened up. One day, sitting around some hotel room somewhere, we started discussing who was better at pulling off practical jokes. Finally, I decided how to settle the debate once and for all.

"Tell you what, Sonny, there's one way to settle this. Rather than go after each other, would you agree that I am the king of practical jokes if I were to get someone, a normal person, a straight kind of person, to put peanut butter up his own ass?"

"Yes," Sonny laughed. "I'd call you the king, but how the hell could you do that?"

"I have no idea," I smiled, "but I'll figure it out."

A month or so later we were in the middle of one of our five-week-long one-nighter tours, bouncing every night from one town to another, very often in a different state as well. Tiring but fun! Sonny and Cher had leased a private jet for the tour. Including their band, secretaries, baby nurse, etc., there were about fourteen of us. One was Sonny and Cher's road manager, who we will call Jerry, mainly because his real name is Jerry.

As we were airborne, heading for the next town, Jerry stood up in the aisle of the plane and stretched. "Damn, my back is killing me! Must've pulled a muscle."

"If we were going to New York," Sonny said, "you could go see Dr. Milton Reder [one of America's foremost physicians and one of my favorite human beings]."

"Right, and if we were going to be in South Carolina, Jerry, Major Rodriguez would fix you up."

"Who's that?"

"Oh, they had big write-ups about him in *Newsweek* and *Time* a few months ago. Didn't you read it?"

"No. What's he do?"

"Well, I knew him when I was in basic training with the 101st Airborne in Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Fixed a lot of guys' backs then. You can imagine how many men get hurt jumping out of planes. Anyway, he had a very unorthodox method. That's what the hullabaloo was all about. Seems the AMA wouldn't accept his methods, the army asked him to stop using them, he refused, the army pressed for a court martial, and the major just retired. Quit on principle. Quite a guy! Well, doesn't matter anyway, 'cause we're not going to be in South Carolina."

> “The audience went ape—laughing, screaming, squealing, applauding! I stood there with a stupid smile on my face, as the camera zoomed in for a close-up.”

About ten minutes later, Jerry came up to me. "We are going to be in South Carolina. Four days from now."

"You're mistaken, Jerry. We're going to North Carolina."

"No, here, look at the routing sheet. See, night after Baltimore, Maryland—Greensboro, South Carolina."

"I'll be damned. Home of the Screaming Eagles. Well, look, I don't know if the major is still living there or what, but I'll try to track him down for you. How's that?"

When we landed and checked into our hotel, I called Greensboro information and got the phone number of an acting school. I called the school, told them I was looking for someone who could play the role of a doctor for a practical joke. I'd pay well. They said they had just the person, middle-aged, handlebar mustache, very sophisticated, good actor—perfect. I told them where I'd be staying and to have the actor meet me there a few hours after I arrived in town that morning. I then called Jerry and told him the good news. He was excited. Then I sat down and started plotting a detailed plan.

When we arrived in Greensboro, I went off on a shopping spree by myself. Then I returned to the hotel to meet the "doctor." The school was right. He was perfect. We spent several hours going over every detail and forming bits and pieces of a scenario to follow. We would ask each other about soldiers who were in my company; we'd make references to incidents that happened; whenever, or if, I started to laugh, he would tell me he would do to me what he used to do to me in the army—put me out of the room! We created and rehearsed a script that validated his profession and our knowing each other from my army days. I shook hands with the "doctor" and he left to return at a designated time. I called Jerry and told him the time the doctor would be in his room. I then called Sonny and Denis and told them when to meet me in Jerry's room.

A few hours later, the four of us were all standing in Jerry's room when there was a knock on the door. Jerry let the doctor in, who was carrying the small black shaving kit filled with the items I had purchased and concocted.

"Major, it's so good to. . ."

"Colonel, Brenner. I retired a colonel. How have you been?"

"Fine, sir. I'd like to introduce you to Sonny Bono."

"Yes, of course. My wife and I are big fans of you and Cher."

"Thank you, sir."

"This is Denis Pregnolato, Sonny's manager, and Jerry, his road manager and the one with the bad back."

"Well, let's get started, shall we? Got lots of patients just like when I was taking care of your old company, Brenner. Say, what ever happened to Anderson?"

"Bucky?"

"Right, Bucky Anderson. He really was a strange one."

"He made it through all two years, Maj . . . Colonel."

"Good. Well, Jerry, did you read about my methods in *Time* or *Newsweek*?"

"No, sir, I didn't. I'm sorry, sir."

"Well, they said I was unorthodox and I am, but I'll cure you! All you got to do is believe in me and do exactly as I say. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay, take off all your clothes and lie down on the floor on your stomach."

Jerry started taking off his clothes. I was holding back a burst of laughter. Sonny and Denis were looking at me. Finally, they caught on. They smiled. I smiled back and winked.

"So, Brenner, you really made something of yourself in civilian life. You never were much of a soldier. You and that Italian kid from Cleveland."

We both said the name together in perfect sync: "Ralph Silvestro."

Jerry was now naked and lying on his stomach. The doctor ran his knuckles down Jerry's spine. "Okay, Jerry, now get up and let me see you walk away from me toward the door."

Jerry did it.

"Okay. Jerry, did anyone ever tell you that you walked more on one side than on the other?"

One of my jokes. Sonny and Denis almost exploded. Jerry was so mesmerized and concerned, he only said, "No."

"Okay, Jerry, sit on the bed so your legs extend over the edge."

Jerry obeyed, and the doctor opened his black shaving-kit bag and began to go through our rehearsed procedure. "Jerry, there are five sets of nerve endings in your body. One at the bottom of each foot, one in each armpit, and the last at the base of your spine. My entire treatment is based on stimulating those nerve endings, thereby eliminating the pain in the small nerves of the back. Understand so far?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. First I want you to take this." He handed Jerry the miniature golf putter I had bought. "This is specially treated and is to be rubbed up and down your spine about twenty times each day, preferably when you first get out of bed, and before you go to the toilet. Let me see you do it."

Jerry did it. Sonny stuffed his fist in his mouth. Denis turned his back to us. I looked out of the window. The fuses on our explosive laughter had been lit, but we were holding back as best we could.

"Very good, Jerry."

"Thank you, sir."

"Okay, now take this medicine. This is to be put on the bottom of your feet before you get out of bed. Put it on."

It was a combination of Pepto-Bismol and Johnson's Baby Oil. Sonny, Denis, and I turned to watch Jerry put it on his feet.

"Then you have to have someone tickle your feet with this chicken feather for five minutes. Do you have someone who can do it?"

"My girl friend is traveling with me."

"Fine. For now, we'll let Denis do it. Denis?"

Denis tickled Jerry's feet for five minutes and it was a godsend, because it gave all of us a chance to let out all the bottled-up laughter.

"That's enough, Denis. Thank you. How do you feel, Jerry? Better?"

"A little bit, sir, except my stomach hurts from laughing."

"Laughter's good medicine in itself. Isn't that so, Brenner?"

I nodded.

"Now, could I trouble you, Sonny, to get me a glass of water? Thank you. Here, Jerry, these are sort of painkillers, but they won't make you drowsy and you can operate heavy machinery after taking them, even if you never operated it before, which is one of the amazing side effects [another one of my jokes]. You take two of these [Tums, with the name scratched off carefully by me] in the middle of breakfast. Take two now."

Tums are huge and Jerry could just about swallow them.

"Look here, Jerry. Know what this is?"

"Swimming nose guards."

"Very good, son. Okay, you have to wear these, but only indoors to keep out the impure air, which affects nerves almost as badly as nerve gas. Someday the whole world's population will be wearing them. Put them on."

Jerry put them on. His voice became very nasal.

"Sir, I work indoors. I do rehearsals with orchestras and work with stagehands and ushers and all kinds of people. I can't walk around like this!"

"Forget it, then!" the doctor said angrily, reaching up and pulling the nose guard off Jerry's nose and then letting it go so it snapped back into his face. I had to go into a coughing fit to keep from cracking up.

"I shouldn't have even bothered to come here!" he yelled, as he started repacking his kit. Jerry put on the nose guard.

"I'm sorry, Doctor. It just seemed a little strange. Please continue."

"Okay," the doctor smiled. "Here, son, look at this. This is the underarm nerve solidifier and tranquilizing agent. I call it BF-21. [I called it Man Tan Artificial Tanning Cream.] Every morning and right before you go to bed, you have to rub this into

---

LIFESTYLES™
for you, for her
for sure
FORM-FITTING CONTURE
LIFESTYLES
CONTURE
ULTRA-THIN NUDA
LIFESTYLES
NUDA
NEW IMPROVED STIMULA
LIFESTYLES
STIMULA

Lifestyles™ Condoms. The unique contraceptive line created for your particularly American way of life. Strong, confident, sensitive, feeling. Available in three styles designed to maximize pleasure for both partners, so that together you can achieve an American ideal: choice. STIMULA,® the first textured condom in America. NUDA,® the thinnest condom in America. CONTURE,® first shaped condom in America.

MARKETED BY WARNER-LAMBERT COMPANY
MORRIS PLAINS, NJ 07950

both armpits. Do it right now.''

Jerry complied.

''Now comes the main ingredient of my treatment. Le tour de force, as it were. See this? Smell it and tell me what it smells like.''

Jerry opened the lid of the cocktail shaker and sniffed its contents.

''Smells like peanut butter.''

''Perfect! Yes, it does have a very slight peanut oil base, but its true value is that it completely seals the nerve box, allowing its powerful medical aroma, which is my own secret formula, to penetrate every single muscle fiber and nerve ending in your spine, leading to complete and permanent recovery! Stand up, Jerry! Good! You did that well. Now, I want you to take four fingers of this secret formula and place it gently at the base of your spine, avoiding your rectum, if possible. Do it!''

Jerry did it and I looked straight into Sonny's eyes. Slight smiles crossed both our faces and Sonny nodded to me and I to him.

''I'd suggest, Jerry, that you wear a rolled-up T-shirt in your underwear shorts so you don't stain your outer fatigues—I mean, pants. Sorry. Old habits die hard. Remember to put this on your spine first thing in the morning and right before you go to sleep. And that, my friend, is it! Let me know how it works, although I know you'll be perfect in two weeks, max. No charge. Good luck to all of your troops.''

That night, as I stood behind the curtain in the concert hall, I heard a nasal voice behind me.

''Brenner, I've got peanut butter in my ass.''

''For crying out loud, Jerry. I'm about to go out there in a few seconds and make 35,000 people laugh. You think I've got time to listen to your problems?''

Four days later, as we were getting into our limo to go to the airport, Jerry turned to Cher, whom we made swear she wouldn't tell him it was a joke.

''Cher, do you think I'm being put on?''

''All I can tell you, Jerry, is that if someone told me to put peanut butter up my ass, I'd really check into it.''

That night on the plane, Jerry smelled normal, but it didn't matter by that time, because I had already been declared the king of practical jokes.

There was a television game show a few years back called ''The Magnificent Marble Machine.'' I really liked the show. I thought it was a lot of fun. It lasted only a couple of seasons. Figures.

The name came from what was truly a magnificent pinball machine. Its dimensions were about thirty feet long by twelve feet wide. I was really good at pinball. Why not? I had spent most of my free hours between eight and eighteen shaking (''goofing,'' as it was called by true aficionados of the sport) every pinball machine from Market Street to Chester Avenue, from Sixty-third to Fifty-second streets. When I played them legit, I won lots of free games. Of course, people, especially poor people, try to beat any system, and pinball machines were no different.

One trick called for the assistance of two strong friends. As I stood playing the machine, they would stand on either side of the machine and gently and slowly lift it. I would slide my feet forward and then they would lay the two front, metal legs of the machine back down on the toes of my shoes. This way the ball didn't roll down as quickly, so one could rack up higher scores and win more free games. When the maximum number of free games that could be won was reached, the machine was taken off the shoes. Yes, it hurt the toes, and yes, it was difficult explaining to my mother how the tops of my shoes sometimes wore out before the bottoms, but it was well worth it!

Another trick was to drill a tiny hole in the side of the machine through which you could slip a thin piece of metal that would hit a ''bumper'' and rack up points. The hole would be filled in with a little chewing gum of a matching color.

> “The first ten minutes of my half-hour act were extremely rough, and the last twenty minutes were excruciatingly painful. I was bombing beyond bombing!”

Another method of beating the system was my very own creation. It was a new twist to an old scam. The day after the man invented the vending machine, some kid invented the ''slug,'' a fake coin. They were usually made out of metal; sometimes certain plumbing washers would work. My brainstorm was to use LP records! With a stylus, I traced the shape of a nickel on the record, placing the nickel-sized circles as closely together as possible. Then I heated the LP over an open fire. When it became pliable, I would cut out the circle from the soft record with my father's linoleum cutter. Then it was a simple matter of filing down the circles to the exact size of a nickel and smoothing them with sandpaper. I could get up to about 120 nickels per LP. That's six dollars' worth. Now, the LPs didn't cost me anything, because they were my sister's.

As often happens when one is enjoying a walk on the wild side, I got caught by a store owner and was arrested. It was my fault—getting caught, that is—because I had heard they were looking for the guys using the ''record slugs,'' and when one of my homemade slugs became jammed in the money slot of a pinball machine, instead of just leaving the store, I was anxious to play the machine, so I kept trying to dislodge the slug with a tooth I had broken off my comb. Eventually the owner saw what I was doing and grabbed me. I told the police that some ''older guy'' sold me the slugs for two cents apiece, and, since I was a believable bullshitter even at the age of twelve, they let me go. My sister wasn't as lenient. When she discovered what I was doing with her LP collection, she ended my manufacturing career. You could say I was slugged out of the slug business.

The years off the playing field had not dulled my talent. I was so good at playing on ''The Magnificent Marble Machine'' and telling the contestant who was my playing partner what to do that one time I won doubles and triples of every possible prize a contestant could win—two cars, three trips to Hawaii and Europe, two mobile homes, etc. This motivated the producers to change the rules.

So, you see, I was a super pinball-machine player. Modesty aside for a moment, I was probably the best player of all my fellow celebrities, but I had one major problem. In order to play the machine for the prizes, you had to answer questions, which I was as capable of doing as anyone. That wasn't my problem. In order to answer the questions, you had to know how to spell. *That* was my problem! I could never spell and I still can't. In a test given in my senior year in college, I scored the lowest of 26,000 students. Truth. To this day I spell words phonetically, the way they sound. Like the word ''laugh,'' I spell ''laff.'' Why not? It looks like laugh and it sounds like laugh and, if you want more laughs, you just add *f*'s—laff-f-f-f-f. I'm serious about the phonetic spelling and my inability to truly spell. Okay, I've asked the publishers of this book to allow the previous sentence to be printed again without the proofreader's corrections as I wrote it—''I'm searius about the fonetic speling and my inahbility to truley spel.'' Now, you believe me? Good.

Of course, I knew I had this problem as a child. When I'd get my written essay examinations back with red circles wrapped around words all over the place and ''SPs'' next to the circles and low grades with a handwritten note by the teacher that ''spelling is important, David,'' I knew something was wrong. I did try to do something about it, but the teachers didn't help. Let's say I'd get a test paper back with a circle around the word ''laff.'' I would raise my hand.

''Excuse me, Miss McConnel, I got two points taken off the exam because I misspelled the word 'laff.' Could you please tell me how to spell it so I can memorize it and never get it wrong again? Thank you very much.''

Now, instead of just telling me how to spell it, the teachers would always say, angrily, too, ''Don't be lazy, David Brenner!

Look the word up in the dictionary!"

Teachers are really stupid! In order to look a word up in a dictionary you have to know how to spell it! I'd go to the front of the room, open the dictionary that was on the stand there, and look up "l-a-f-f" and it wasn't there. Then I'd look through every "l"—let's see . . . lap . . . lag . . . "l-a-u-g-h" . . . what's a "luggah"? So I never learned to spell, which is what led to my most embarrassing moment on TV.

I'll explain a little bit about the "game" to you, so you can better visualize what happened. Bert Convy, the emcee of "The Magnificent Marble Machine," would tell you how many words were in the answer you were looking for and how many letters were in each of those words. Then the clue to the answer would come out on a large bulletin board one letter at a time until they formed complete words.

Now, let's use an example of a clue and answer from the show. Let's say the emcee tells you that the answer has three words in it and the first word has three letters. So that's 3-5-10. Then the clue starts coming out across the board, one letter at a time . . . F-A-M-O-U-S . . . (something or someone famous) . . . S-W-O-R-D . . . (famous sword? Excalibur! No, wrong number of letters) . . . S-M-A-N . . . ("Famous swordsman??? Famous—got it!").

Now, when you think you have the answer, you press down on a buzzer on the top of the desk you're sitting at, next to your contestant. Hopefully you did this before the opposing celebrity and his or her contestant push their buzzer. The emcee then calls on you and you give your answer.

"The Three Musketeers!"

"Right!"

Bells go off, lights light up, the audience applauds, the contestant thanks you, your fellow celebrity shakes his or her finger at you, indicating you're going to get yours, etc. More clues, more answers, until one team gets a certain number of points, winning the game and a chance to play the Magnificent Marble Machine.

Okay, now here's what happened that fateful day. My contestant and I were in a tie breaker with the other team. The next answer would determine the winner. The emcee read from the index card very slowly so we'd all understand.

"Okay, contestants and celebrities, the answer we are looking for, the one that will determine who will get the chance to play our Magnificent Marble Machine and win up to $50,000 worth of prizes, has only one word, three letters."

"One word, three letters," I thought. "Even I know twenty-six letters, so I got a chance."

"Now," the emcee continued, "here comes the clue."

On the screen, the letters began to appear. I had my hand on the buzzer, ready to press down. "A-T-H-L-E-T-I-C . . ." "Come on! I know my sports figures pretty good," I thought to myself. ". . . S-U-P-P-O-R-T-E-R." "Athletic supporter? Athletic . . ." I hit the buzzer hard, jumping to my feet.

"Yes, David Brenner, what is the answer?"

"Jok!" I yelled.

The emcee stared. The audience went ape—laughing, screaming, squealing, applauding! I stood there with a stupid smile on my face, as the camera zoomed in for a close-up for all of America to see. It was so out of hand they had to take a commercial break to calm down the audience. I had to sit there through the break. The answer was "fan," F-A-N. Athletic supporter—fan? Shit! After the two-minute commercial break, the audience was still laughing. The emcee had to do something to stop them so the show could continue. I could not believe what he asked me in front of millions of people.

"David Brenner, how did you ever get the word 'jock' with only three letters?"

The audience went crazy all over again and they moved in for an even closer shot. But I answered him, street-corner style.

"I don't know, Bert. All I know is I never went to gym class wearing a fan."

The laughter and applause was so great we had to take another commercial break. We did continue. My team won. But you could hear giggling throughout the rest of the show. Some of it was mine.

CATCH UP WITH
PENTHOUSE

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF PENTHOUSE NOW. FILL OUT THE HANDY COUPON AND MAIL WITH YOUR PAYMENT TODAY.

PENTHOUSE Back Issues
P.O. Box 358, Belleville, N.J.
07109

List desired issues below using codes.

☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for $5.00 per issue. (Postage and handling included.) Payment must accompany order.

Total amount enclosed

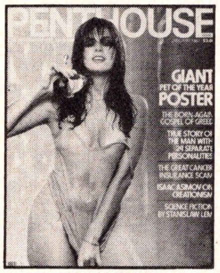
$ ______

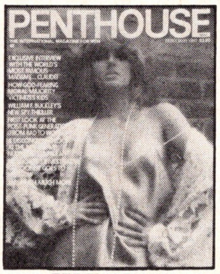
Name

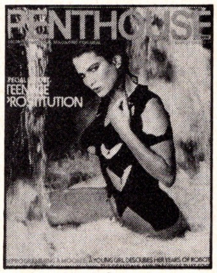
Address

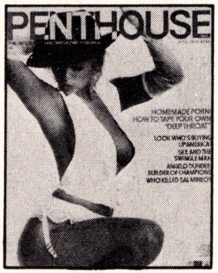
City State Zip

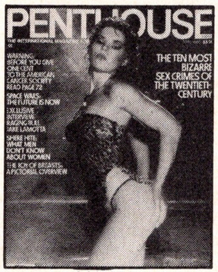
Payment must be made in U.S. currency.
Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. HMDP5


PH8201
JANUARY 82

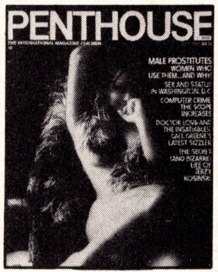

PH8202
FEBRUARY 82

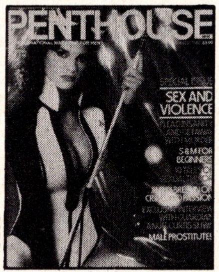

PH8203
MARCH 82

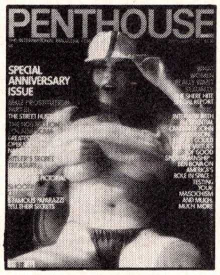

PH8204
APRIL 82

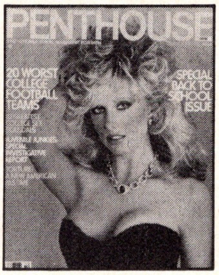

PH8205
MAY 82

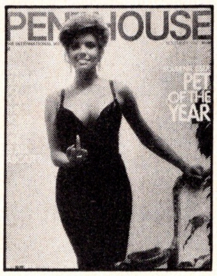
PH8206
JUNE 82

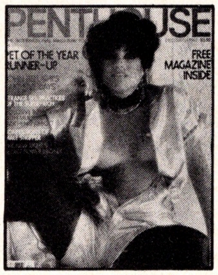

PH8207
JULY 82


PH8208
AUGUST 82

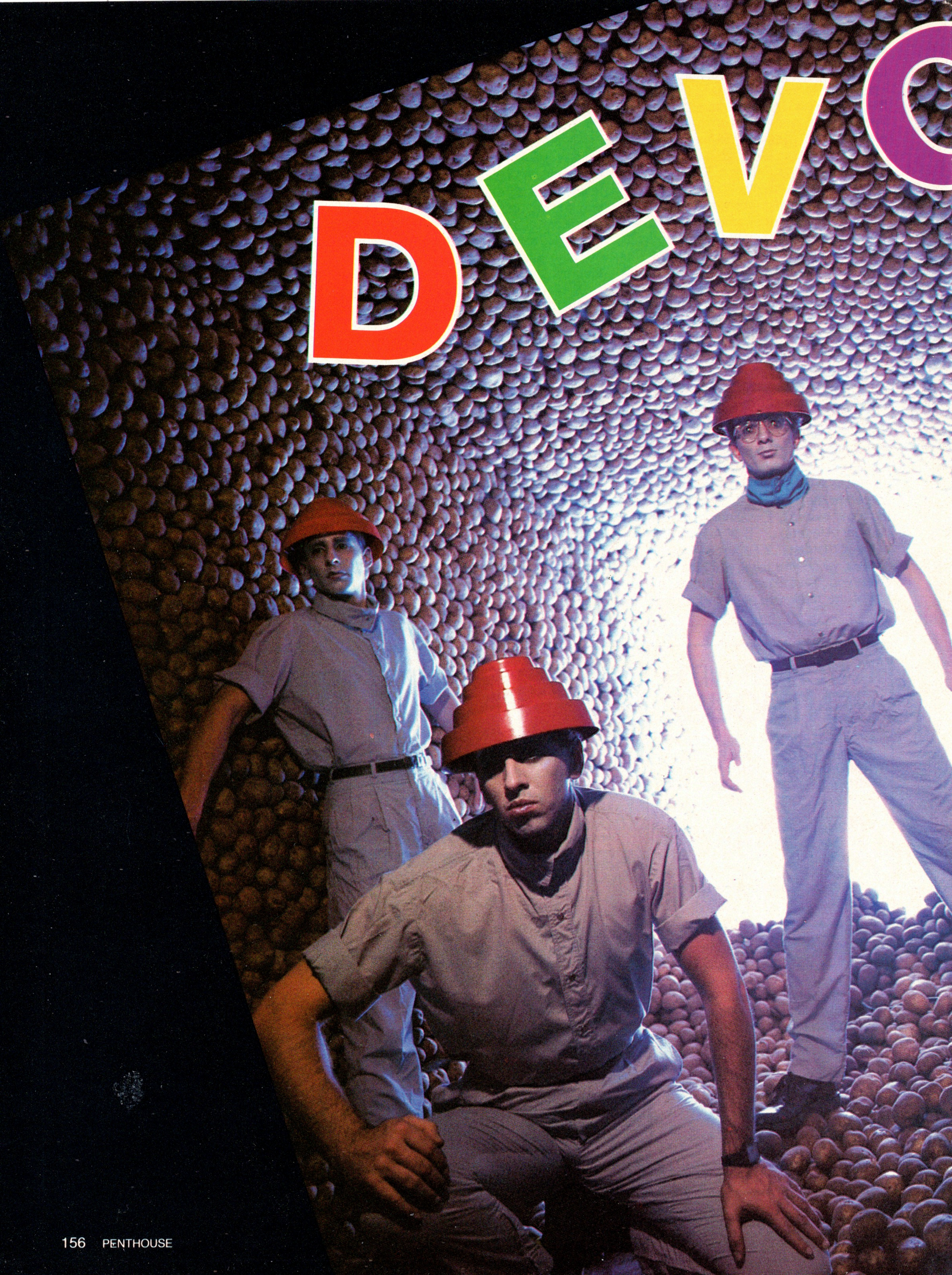

PH8209
SEPTEMBER 82

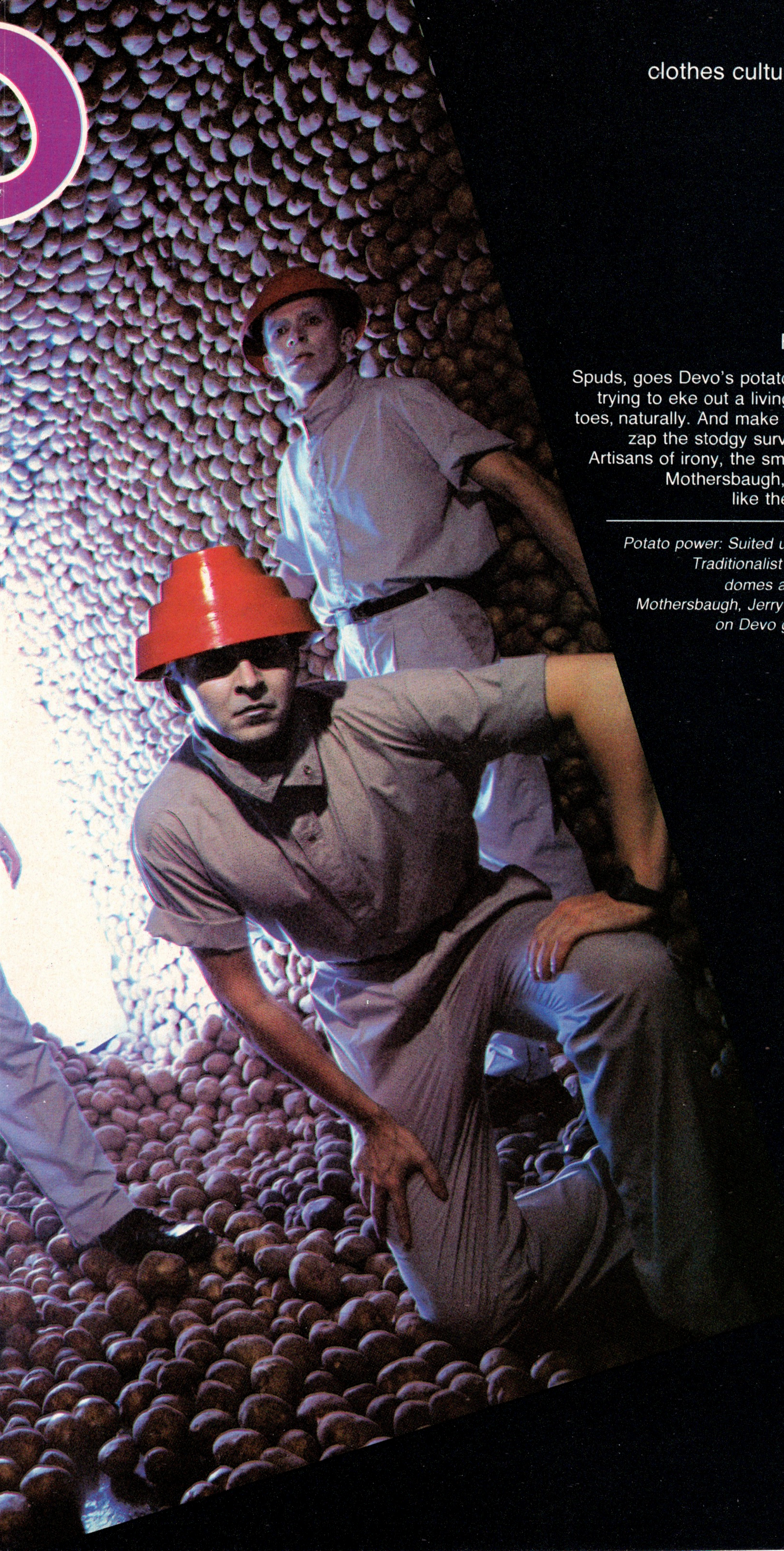

PH8210
OCTOBER 82


PH8211
NOVEMBER 82


PH8212
DECEMBER 82

DEVO





Step into Nerd New Wave's
clothes culture—and the punky pleasures
of potato power.

SPUDS IN DUDS

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

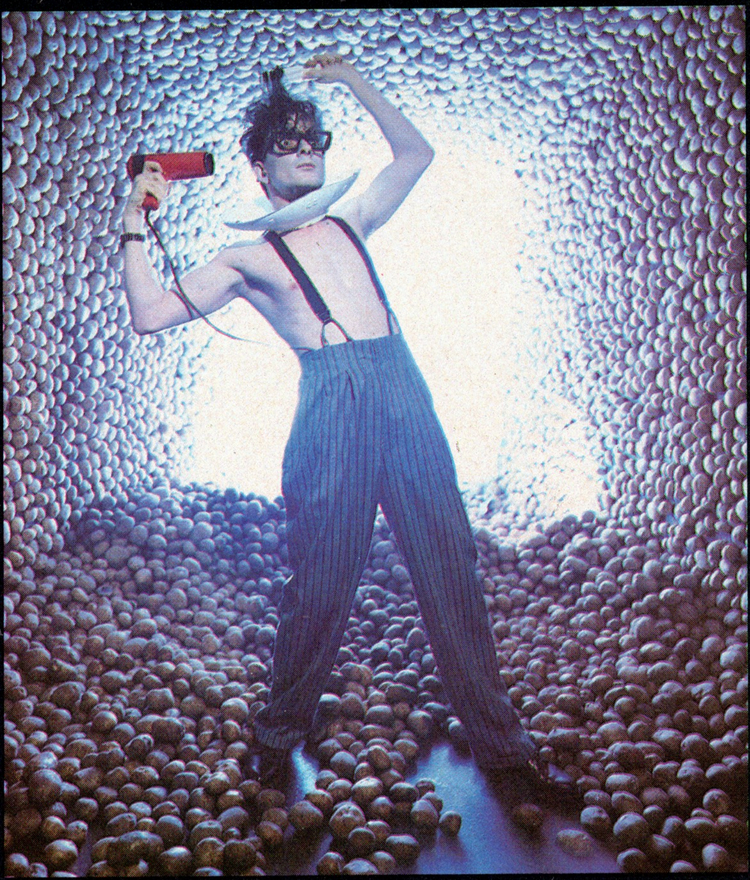
Spuds, goes Devo's potato philosophy, stand for just plain folks trying to eke out a living amidst recession. Eat simple—potatoes, naturally. And make waves in wild New Wave clothes that zap the stodgy surveillance of yesterday with futurist fun. Artisans of irony, the smash rock group Devo—Mark and Bob Mothersbaugh, Jerry and Bob Casale, Alan Myers—like their spuds to sprout in surprise fashion.

Potato power: Suited up for an onstage spudtacular in the "New Traditionalist" uniforms by Devo, Inc. and Devo energy domes are (clockwise, from center) Mark and Bob Mothersbaugh, Jerry and Bob Casale, Alan Myers. All inquiries on Devo gear go to: Club Devo, 9120 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY

With war declared on classicism, an entire generation of new designers have de-evolved to shun tweedy aristocratic styling in favor of free-wheeling sci-fi snazz. In place of a romanticized past, the Devo dudes dissect tradition and create clothes that cross the line into costume. Like updated zoot pants, pleated and worn with suspenders. Later, 'tater!

Lead vocalist Mark Mothersbaugh (below) sports cotton "prison stripe" suspender pants ($40) by H. Cotler Co. (Opposite) The entire ensemble looks tuberrific in cotton cap-sleeve muscle shirts ($15 each) by Mark Elliot. Devo's white "spud" ring collars and black bazooka pants designed by Spazz Attack; inquiries to Club Devo.



Makeup by Jillayne and G. Garth Gardner

Bigger is better, with the new silhouette characterized by jackets in broad but soft shoulders, a full chest, and stylishly wide sleeves with slightly baggy, tapered trousers. Comfortable, too. These oversized cuts leave plenty of room for imaginative layering. Says Devo: "Better a spud than a dud."

(Below) Jacket ($250) by Ben Veronis Design, pants ($55) by Bobby To. (Opposite, from left) Jacket ($200) by Kansai Yamamoto for Achilleus Sport; pants ($65) by Bobby To. Cotton slicker vest ($135) and matching pants ($70) by Randy Allen for Mirage; belt ($150) by Robin Kahn, Inc.; striped pullover ($20) by Kennsington Blue. Suede and canvas jacket ($185) by Philippe Monet over linen top ($250) by Ben Veronis Design; pants ($200) by Andrew Fezza, Ltd. All shoes ($36) on these pages are Le Sport by Giorgio Brutini for Harbor Imports.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 169.

IN THE APRIL VARIATIONS ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WITH MY IRON MISTRESS
An uninhibited account of a man's plunge to ultimate submission and a woman's climb to the apex of sexual power.

MASTURBATION
A highly sensuous woman describes in detail the many delightful ways in which she brings herself to the peak of sexual pleasure.

SEXY SCENARIOS
A clever young actress takes her stolid boyfriend on an unforgettable romp through the enticing terrain of erotic imagination and discovers the passionate side of his nature.

TANTALIZING TEASING TICKLING TECHNIQUES
It's the sweetest torture, the most exquisite erotic agony, the wildest sexual fun imaginable, as a frolicking couple tickle each other to love.

SEX AU NATUREL
Life and love at a nudist resort, seen through the eyes of a young couple struggling to break through the barrier of inhibitions to the erotic adventures beyond.

SEPARATE VACATIONS
On the sizzling sands of the Caribbean, a lusty young man enjoys the fun of sexual freedom while his lovely wife uses her wiles and charms on the snowy slopes of ski-land.

YAKUZA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

and screaming. Onstage there was a Japanese guy lying there with nothing on but his socks. On top of him was a Caucasian girl in a black negligee. They were performing a sex act—live. I was so stunned I couldn't even talk. I walked out of the club, furious and crying. On top of that I was paranoid, because it suddenly struck me how far we were from home. We had no return ticket, and no one to turn to in Japan. The horror of it really hit me."

Monique and her roommate refused to work in the "club." A long argument ensued, but eventually they were driven back to Tokyo and transferred from their hotel to a filthy, roach-infested apartment. An appeal to the U.S. Embassy garnered unofficial sympathy, but no aid. Their gangster employers informed them that since they had refused to work in the sex club, they would have to do nude dancing in twelve-hour shifts at a "theater," and that they would be expected to do "anything the theater owner wanted them to do."

Again they refused, even though they were told that their *yakuza* bosses were "very angry" and could "hurt" them. Eventually they were given work in a hostess club, where their job was to "sit there with the customers and look pretty."

Their duties did not stop there. "There were a lot of people in that club with *yakuza* connections," Monique says. "One of them offered my roommate 90,000 yen [$750] to go to a love hotel with him. We were approached for sex many, many times. We were told to do whatever it takes to make the customers happy. I know that other American girls in the club were prostituting. They talked about it, there was exchange of money, and they left the club with different guys every night."

Still, the girls steadfastly refused to sell themselves. In the face of their refusals, the *yakuza* went out of their way to make their lives miserable. "We were watched," Monique says. "We went very few places in the daytime. Someone picked us up and took us to the club. When we left, someone took us home. Every time they came to talk with us it was harassment and veiled threats. 'If you do what we want,' they'd say, 'you'll get your tickets home.' The implication was that something would happen to us if we didn't do what they wanted us to."

Things came to a head a month later, when the girls went to pick up their paychecks. Their *yakuza* boss had been there ahead of them, had shown the club owner their contracts, and absconded with their pay. Then he came to their apartment and threatened them again, saying it was their last chance. When Monique became furious, the gangster hit her in the face. "I went to jump him," she recalls, "but two guys grabbed me. [The gangster] turned beet red, then told us to get out. They deposited us and our suitcases on the sidewalk."

Stranded and penniless, the girls again went to the U.S. Embassy. Again they were denied aid. Finally they were referred by friends to a legitimate agent in Tokyo. He was able to get them jobs in good clubs, where, according to Monique, "we were treated like royalty, and never asked to do anything illegal." They stayed six months, ultimately working clubs in Japan, Hong Kong, and Taiwan. When they finally returned to the States, it was from nothing worse than pure homesickness.

"I know," says Monique, "that there are other girls with worse horror stories to tell. I know there were girls who were there for months and months and couldn't get out of it. I'm sure that could have happened to us too. But I'll never," she says in conclusion, "be put in that position again."

One girl who put herself in that position voluntarily was Sandra (a pseudonym), a longtime professional prostitute who had plied her trade all over the U.S. Sandra was recruited in Salt Lake City by two black men who were running a "talent agency." When they tried the familiar stardom-in-Japan routine on her, she called their hand immediately and told them that she was more than willing to go to Japan as a whore. With the preliminaries out of the way, Sandra was told that she would do live sex shows with audience participation and carry on a hooker trade in the club where she worked. For this she was guaranteed a minimum of $3,000 a month.

She was given the standard one-way ticket to Tokyo, and when she arrived she was met by men with the standard missing fingertips. She was taken to a Holiday Inn, where despite her volunteer status she was relieved of her passport and held a virtual prisoner. She was put to work in low-class bars of the corrugated-metal variety, where she performed live sex onstage with the whoremongers and petty crooks who frequented the place.

As time went on and Sandra continued enthusiastically to buy the program, she began to win the confidence of her *yakuza* bosses. An investigator who knows her well explains: "Sandra has a very strong personality. She's no dummy. She's a good prostitute, a good business lady, and she's loyal." The *yakuza* recognized this, and saw that she was capable of controlling the other American girls, many of whom wanted to leave. Within a month she had been made a sort of manager, scheduling the girls' work hours and in general keeping them in line. For this she was paid extra.

Sandra stayed in Japan for three months, at which time her contract expired and she was allowed to go home. She came back to the States with $30,000 cash. The *yakuza* invited her back, and six months later she linked up again with the recruiters from Salt Lake City. This time they sent her to Vancouver, where she had to work the streets to get the money for her ticket. While in Vancouver she became involved first with the Seattle live-snake gun smugglers, and then as an informant for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. But when the ATF asked her to go to Japan and send back information on the *yakuza*, she became frightened. "I won't do it," she told her investigator friend. "Those guys will kill me."

The stories of Monique and Sandra may be hair-raising, but they are not unique. One investigator has spoken with ten to fifteen girls whose stories are similar, all of them, he says, "smacking of *yakuza* involvement." The investigator, who asked not to be identified, is firmly convinced that for every girl who has talked to him about the experience, there are "literally scores" who haven't. All in all, he estimates that there may be hundreds of girls who over the past five years have been led down the path to white slavery. "I've heard from several girls," he says, "that some of their friends went over to Japan and never came back."

There seems little doubt that the *yakuza* have already begun to carve their own pathway through the landscape of American crime. All over the country, authorities are concerned about what they see as a steady increase in the *yakuza* presence. "Everyone," says one official, "is talking about the amount of *yakuza* money pouring in." In addition to their operations in Los Angeles and San Francisco, *yakuza* officials are known to have made contacts in San Diego and Las Vegas. Federal investigators cite a *yakuza* offer to buy a casino in Atlantic City, and Starrett has evidence that at least one *sokaiya* organization has offered its services to American corporations, promising that they could make stockholder meetings run "more smoothly."

The question in the minds of many law-enforcement officials is whether or not the *yakuza* can be stopped before they get much further. At this writing, at least, the outlook seems bleak. Other than the Hawaii cases, there have been few arrests, no prosecutions, and no convictions. In the case of the white-slavery operations, nothing illegal actually takes place on this side of the ocean, and Japanese officials have as yet shown little concern about what seems to be going on over there. Investment of *yakuza* money in legitimate business is hard to pin down, and Japanese-American businessmen who have been victimized by *yakuza* extortion tactics are afraid to report their problems to the cops.

"If the question is whether the *yakuza* can be stopped," says one federal investigator, "the answer is no. We know less about *American* organized crime than we did fifteen years ago, let alone Japanese. We don't have the same priorities, we don't have the resources. Given the budget-cutting tenor of the times, it doesn't look like it'll get any better."

Many authorities are also worried about the possibility of an ongoing alliance between the *yakuza* and the Mafia, the possible creation of what would be the first multinational syndicate in the history of organized crime. Functionaries of both groups have been seen putting their heads together in Las Vegas. "There's no doubt in my mind," said one investigator, "that if they can make a buck, they'll join forces." "It's just a matter of time," says another.

The focus of such an alliance might well be the lucrative international trade in heroin, since the *yakuza* have excellent contacts for Southeast Asian opium. "They have the organization, they have the discipline, they have the expertise," Dennis Morton of the Drug Enforcement Administration testified at a 1981 congressional hearing. "All they lack is a distribution system." If the Inada-Milano deal is a precedent, and if reports coming out of Los Angeles are correct, that system now exists.

It may be that all this was bound to happen. Trade is trade, after all, and like everything else, international exchange is liable to have its ugly side. If this be the case, then the message, though written in Japanese, is clear: "Move over, Vito. Get ready for godfather-*san*."

Sheik
RESERVOIR END
CREME LUBRICATED
CONDOMS
Sheik
PLAIN END
NON-LUBRICATED
CONDOMS
Sheik
RESERVOIR END
NON-LUBRICATED
CONDOMS

How could a condom so thin be so strong?

You're looking at an unretouched photograph of a typical Sheik® condom being used in a rather untypical way.

We may be stretching a point, but we're doing it to prove that a condom doesn't have to be thick to be safe.

Measuring a thin three one-thousandths of an inch, Sheik condoms offer the perfect balance of strength and sensitivity.

If they were any thinner, you wouldn't feel quite so safe. Any thicker and you wouldn't feel all there is to feel.

How were we able to achieve such a perfect balance? By not compromising on the quality of our materials or our testing procedures.

In fact, Sheik condoms are actually tested up to seven different times by advanced scientific techniques—including individual electronic testing.

Yet, with all their strength, Sheiks feel so natural you'd swear you weren't wearing a condom at all.

Sensi-Creme Lubricated, Ribbed, Reservoir End, and Plain End.

Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, New Jersey.

Sheik
The strong, sensitive type.

There's only one way to play it...

Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; 100's, 5 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1982 B&W T Co.

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

There is nothing wrong with this in a democracy like ours. I think it's an advantage to our country that we do have ties of American citizens to almost every country on earth. And that kind of commitment is important. When Poland had its recent troubles, the Polish American community was the strongest proponent of action by our government to protect the freedom of the workers there. This has historically been the case, but it is less subversive and much more open than lobbying on domestic issues.

Penthouse: How do you feel about relations with China? There's more talk now of the Chinese mending their bridges with Moscow.

Carter: I think there has been a very serious mistake on the part of our country, in the past two years, in not understanding the importance of our good and friendly relations with China, of the prime responsibility of relations with China. All the way from President Nixon through the end of my term, we recognized how important China was, as a friend, cooperating with us in matters around the world.

We always avoided very carefully any alignment of the United States and China, on the one side, against the Soviet Union on the other side; I think that would be destabilizing. But to maintain better trade, better understanding, better progress toward peace and stability in the Pacific, it's obvious that our lot should basically be with the Chinese.

President Reagan early on announced that he would reject that premise and cast our lot back with the Taiwanese. I thought that was a mistake then and I think it is a mistake now. He has modified that position to some degree; but in the process, I think, a lot of the understanding and mutual confidence that had been built up has been lost.

Penthouse: How do you think the Taiwanese problem should be resolved?

Carter: The way I resolved it when I was president—by recognizing China, that there is one China, but expressing a hope that China-Taiwan differences be solved peacefully, and with patience, and having our dealings with the people of Taiwan through private agencies and not on an official basis.

Penthouse: Do you think one possible solution for China and for Hong Kong might be for them to become independent countries in a Chinese commonwealth—Chinese Canadas?

Carter: That's one of the options that I'm sure the Taiwanese leaders have considered, but I don't have any way of knowing which nations on earth would recognize a nation of Taiwan if it declared its own independence.

Penthouse: What if this were done with the consent of the mother country, as with the case of Australia and Britain?

Carter: That would certainly be one option, if it was suitable to the Taiwanese and to the people of the mainland. It would certainly suit me.

Penthouse: If you were able to do Camp David again, what would you do differently?

Carter: I think we should have consulted more closely with the Jordanians and the representatives of the Palestinians and perhaps some of the other Arab leaders before Camp David was begun. But of course, at that time, we had no idea what the result would be, we had no definite plans, and we were trying not to be specific in terms of a final solution in the Middle East before we started, but were just aiming for basic principles. But that—more consulting—is one thing I think we should have done.

Penthouse: Was the reason you didn't invite King Hussein that you didn't think he would come, or that he wouldn't get along with President Sadat, or that it would just make agreement more difficult?

Carter: Well, we had a hard enough time with just two Middle East leaders trying to negotiate a settlement, without having a fourth head of state or government there. But, during the Camp David process, President Sadat talked to King Hussein and explained the basic settlement terms to him; and my report from the Egyptian leaders was that King Hussein was supportive, and that President Sadat and King Hussein would meet immediately after the Camp David agreement was signed, and [that Sadat would go to] Morocco, and I believe that [these meetings were] scheduled. But they didn't materialize. And, as you well know, right after Camp David, I called King Hussein, outlined to him the terms of the settlement, and then sent Secretary Vance to Amman, and also to Jeddah, and he came back through Damascus. And then I answered a series of questions that King Hussein put to me about our interpretation of what the Camp David agreements meant. So I think that, subsequent to Camp David, and during it, we had the sense that King Hussein at least understood the basic terms of the agreement.

Penthouse: Didn't you virtually promise President Sadat that you would bring in other Arab support?

Carter: Yes.

Penthouse: Which means that at the time you must have thought it was more possible than it turned out to be.

Carter: Yes, well, we had every expectation that King Hussein and President Sadat would have a productive discussion leading to Jordanian participation. And I went to Camp David with the determination to represent as best I could the interests of the Palestinians. There were some goals we had in mind, obviously shared between me and President Sadat. One was that any future discussions would include the Palestinians as full participants, along with the Jordanians. Second, that the premise of the discussion would be

KOOL ULTRA

KOOL
ULTRA
ULTRA LOW TAR
KOOL
ULTRA
100's
ULTRA LOW TAR

No other ultra brings you a sensation this refreshing. Even at 2 mg., Kool Ultra has taste that outplays them all.

Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; 100's, 5 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1982 B&W T Co.

that the Palestinians should have a voice in determining their own future. Third, that it would lead to full autonomy for the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza. And, fourth, that no final decision would be made about the West Bank and Gaza without a separate referendum to be held among the Palestinians themselves—that they would have the right either to reject or accept any agreement concerning the West Bank and Gaza that had been worked out among the Egyptians, the Israelis, the Jordanians, and the Palestinian leaders themselves. I felt that my own commitment to the Palestinian cause, to Palestinian rights, was one factor that was important, and it's obvious that President Sadat shared my goal.

Penthouse: When you speak of having intended ultimately to bring in the Palestinians, and when you said earlier that you wished that you had consulted them earlier, were you thinking of Arafat or of other people?

Carter: Well, indirectly with Arafat; as you know, we had a national commitment not to negotiate with Arafat unless the PLO would acknowledge Israel's right to exist. But when I met with King Hussein earlier, and with Crown Prince Fahd and King Khalid of Saudi Arabia and also with President Assad, in every one of my private conversations with those leaders I encouraged them to intercede with Arafat to encourage the Palestinian leader to recognize Israel's right to exist, so that we could begin direct conversations with the Palestinians.

This was my hope and it was also my expectation for a long time, and I might say that the leaders of Syria and Jordan and Saudi Arabia and Egypt all promised to try to encourage Arafat to do this, so that we could include them in the determination of the future course of Middle East history.

Penthouse: Syria promised?

Carter: Yes, Syria. The concern that I had then, and the concern that I have now, is: the longer this process is delayed, the more Israel will tighten its control over the West Bank and Gaza, and the Golan Heights as well, with increasing settlements. As you know, I characterized those settlements as both illegal and an obstacle to peace, and at Camp David I was convinced that Begin promised no more settlements there until the peace negotiations had been completed. Subsequent to Camp David, he denied that he had made that commitment, but in my judgment there was no question about it.

Penthouse: Given the growth of the settlements since the agreement, he could be said to have dealt with you in bad faith. You twice accused him of subterfuge at Camp David.

Carter: It's hard to say, because there's room for a difference of opinion. You know, we had dozens of very intense negotiations, leading to agreement, and this is the only one on which, subsequent to Camp David, we had an open difference of opinion. There was an expressed target date of three months to conclude the Egypt-Israel treaty, and Begin maintained that his promise to stop the settlements was only for the three-month period.

Penthouse: But the Egypt-Israel treaty had nothing to do with the West Bank and Gaza.

Carter: It was certainly my understanding that he had promised to stop the settlements throughout the duration of the peace negotiations, not just the Egypt treaty.

Penthouse: Judging from what you say in your book, either Begin dealt in bad faith or he deceitfully allowed you to draw a wrong conclusion, or he is now simply guilty of mendacity.

Carter: I hate to attribute motives to someone else unless I am sure about them, but Begin's interpretation of the Camp David agreement was certainly contrary to the interpretation that both President Sadat and I had. And I explained my interpretation as clearly as I could to King Hussein and to the [other] Arab leaders as an answer to the questions that were prepared and presented to me subsequent to Camp David. That series of answers, which I myself wrote, is the best interpretation that I could put on the Camp David agreement, as to what America understood the agreement to mean: the undertaking on the settlements was not a part of the agreement for an Israel-Egypt peace; it was a part of the agreement for an overall peace in the area.

Penthouse: What was King Hussein telling you and President Sadat during the negotiations? There were two telephone calls to the king, weren't there?

Carter: Yes, with President Sadat, not with me. But President Sadat reported to me that King Hussein was supportive of the peace process and had no argument with the terms of the Camp David agreements as they were described to King Hussein by President Sadat at the time. But, as you know, on an open-line telephone call, it is not possible to go into the hundreds of nuances of the agreements. I think, subsequent to the Camp David agreement, King Hussein needed to have the support of the other Arab leaders as well as of the PLO in order to be a full participant—support he did not get. And, subsequent to the Camp David agreements, Prime Minister Begin felt the full pressure of political criticism, primarily from his own party members, who, by the way, until this very moment, have never supported the terms of the Camp David agreements.

Penthouse: Hussein is virtually back in the same situation now, with a little more strength, because the Palestinian organizations within the PLO have little choice but to follow Arafat's preference for negotiation over warfare. Do you see anything good likely to come out of this present situation, such as more Palestinian flexibility?

Carter: I don't know. It's hard to predict the future in the Middle East. I've never been successful so far! My own intention, as a

IN THE APRIL FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

THE SEXUAL ATHLETE: BORN OR MADE?

Dr. C. A. Tripp, a former Kinsey associate, defines sexual athleticism in a lengthy interview. Among the points he makes are:

- A sexual athlete is a person who wants and has sex at least once a day, with enthusiasm and focal interest. But mere frequency of orgasm does not qualify a person as a sexual athlete.
- Sexual athletes are both born (first) and (then) made. Heredity is crucial to high sexual outlet. But early sexual frustration leads to a lifetime craving that can never be satisfied.
- Like other athletes, sex superstars possess an extraordinarily robust physical substrate. Their nerves, muscles, reflexes, glands, and even psychological input give them an unusual capacity for arousal.
- Sexual athletes who do not play the field, and artificially hold down their sex drive for religious reasons, often suffer from extreme neurosis.
- Three percent of the female population have a sexual response far greater than anything men are capable of.

THE CLITORIS NOBODY KNOWS

Debunked by Freud but resurrected by Masters and Johnson, the clitoris is involved in every female orgasm. Yet it is still the subject/object of much scientific speculation and public controversy.

A GIZMO NAMED DESIRE

John Garside never had an impure thought about a machine until he saw an ad for Accu-Jac.

SEX AND PRIME TIME

Crotch shots, jiggling breasts, and tight buttocks in cutoff jeans are the stuff of prime-time TV, but actual sex is dreaded.

private citizen, is to continue my study of the factors involved and to try to work for the realization of the hopes for peace during these next few months at Emory University, where I will be a professor. I will begin a one-year analysis of where we might go from now to find peace in the Middle East, and I'll be eager to talk to leaders of the Arab countries and to the leaders of Israel and to the representatives of the Palestinians; so that I can present, I hope, to the public, the factors that exist, some of the options for action, and the benefits that could be derived from a general peace settlement.

In my judgment, the Israelis must withdraw from the West Bank and Gaza, both their military forces and their government. The Palestinians must be given full autonomy and be permitted to determine their own future. They must have a voice, a final voice, in determining the status of the West Bank and Gaza. These kinds of things would be a great step forward, and they must be combined, in my judgment again, with recognition by the Palestinians and the Arab leaders that Israel has a right to exist.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the West Bank and Gaza should be a homeland for the Palestinians, and that they themselves should decide on its final status, whether it's to be an independent state, federated with Jordan, or whatever? Is that correct?

Carter: That's what the Camp David agreement prescribes.

Penthouse: What about East Jerusalem?

Carter: The position of the United States government has always been that East Jerusalem is part of the West Bank.

Penthouse: You said in your book—and it must have been very much in your mind recently, when Jihan Sadat was here—that Sadat was the politician you admired more than any other in the world.

Carter: Yes.

Penthouse: His critics have said that he was vain, that he needlessly insulted leaders whose support he needed, that he was sometimes rash. Do you still accord him the same superlative of being the world's most admirable politician?

Carter: Yes. I have my faults and Sadat had his faults. If there was one difference that I had with Sadat on a fairly continuing basis, it was that he was too impatient with, or critical of, other leaders in the Middle East; and I always encouraged Sadat, both publicly and through my private messages, to be more understanding of the problems that other Arab leaders had and to try to work more harmoniously with them. In my judgment, had Sadat survived, he, like Egyptian President Mubarak, would be extending a hand of friendship to the Saudis and the Jordanians and the Moroccans and others who had been alienated from him since his initiative in going to Jerusalem and his signing of the Camp David accords.

So, yes, I still maintain that Sadat's boldness and his political sacrifice in attempting, in his own way, to secure peace

DON'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT US.

Moving? We need 4-6 weeks notice of a change of address. Fill in the attached form.

New Subscription or Renewal? One year of Penthouse is $30 in the U.S. $40 in Canada and overseas. Please enclose a check or money order for the appropriate amount and allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Listing/Unlisting Service? Penthouse makes the names and addresses of its subscribers available to other publications and outside companies. The publications and companies selected are carefully screened for their acceptability and quality of their offers. If you would like your name removed from this mailing list please check the appropriate box on the coupon.

PENTHOUSE
P. O. Box 6000, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

Please check the appropriate box below.
Payment must accompany order.

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list.

☐ This is a change of address; my new address is below.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Attach mailing label

HMCP6

OUR BEST OFFER EVER!

100 STIMULANTS FOR ONLY $1.00
WE PAY SHIPPING AND HANDLING

PDK Labs, Inc., manufactures the Highest Quality Stimulants to help you stay alert when you need it most. Our Regular Strength Tablets are equal to two (2) cups of coffee, while our Extra Strength Tablets are equal to three (3) cups of coffee. THIS IS A LIMITED OFFER, ONE PER HOUSEHOLD.

FREE! SHIPPING & HANDLING

ACT TODAY WHILE SUPPLIES LAST!

For information on our Diet, Sleep Aids and other Stimulants, We invite you to call:
TOLL FREE Outside N.Y. State (800) 645-1721
In N.Y. State (516) 585-8000

REGULAR PRICE $10/100
$45/1000 WITH ADDITIONAL DISCOUNTS FOR BULK SHIPMENTS.

$1.00 OFFER

Yes! send me 100 Stimulants of the potency I have checked

☐ **Extra Strength** ☐ **Regular Strength**

Enclosed is my payment of $1.00 Or Charge—
☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Acct. # ______ Exp. ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

Mail coupon to:
PDK™ Labs, Inc. 65 Air Park Drive, Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

PDK™
STIMULANT TABLETS
REGULAR STRENGTH
Caffeine 125mg.
Phenylpropanolamine 50mg.
100 TABLETS

in the Middle East was a heroic and an admirable thing.

Penthouse: Four years after Camp David, how secure do you see the Egypt-Israel peace treaty? How do you see future relations between the two countries?

Carter: I think the relationship has been strained very severely. My judgment is that both the Egyptian and Israeli peoples want to have peace. The people of Lebanon and of Syria and of Jordan also want to have peace, and the Palestinians want to have peace, too.

But each one of those entities in the Middle East has ancient misunderstandings, ancient hatreds, and public political statements have been made by their leaders, so that this desire by the people for peace and stability and the maintenance of good relations has been thwarted. I don't think it's hopeless, but I'm not sure that we'll have success. Obviously, in the last number of months, with the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, the entire fabric of interrelationships in the Middle East, including relationships between Israel and Egypt, has been torn and damaged.

Penthouse: You say you'll be going to the Middle East within the next few months. Would you hope to meet with Arafat while you're there? Since you're no longer a member of the government, you can meet with whom you like.

Carter: That would be an option that I would pursue. I wouldn't be bound by any oath or commitment not to do so. If I don't manage to meet with Arafat, I would certainly want to meet with some representatives of the Palestinian cause who could explain to me under what circumstances the present deadlock might be removed.

Penthouse: Are you thinking of the West Bank mayors who have been removed by the occupation authorities for supporting the PLO?

Carter: Certainly, yes, among others.

Penthouse: What's your assessment of President Mubarak?

Carter: I think he's a good man. I know him well. I had many occasions to be with him while I was still president, and subsequent to my leaving the White House. My judgment is that he is a strong man, and that he is much closer, perhaps, to the domestic political scene than was President Sadat. I think he is much more attuned to the need for friendship and understanding and an easing of tensions with the other Arab leaders, and my hope is that the other Arab leaders will quickly re-cement their ties with Egypt. I think this would be better for the Arab world, for the Middle East generally, for our country, and for Israel.

Penthouse: What do you think of President Reagan's so-called peace initiative? Has he simply rediscovered Camp David?

Carter: I think his initiative is eighteen months later than it should have been. But I don't see anything in it that would be contrary to my own concepts of what peace should encompass. I am more concerned about the Israeli settlements than President Reagan seems to be, and I have been more forthcoming in calling for a Palestinian homeland and the honoring of Palestinian human rights than has President Reagan; and I took rather stronger action when Israel invaded Lebanon in 1978 than President Reagan did this year. But basically I think his initiative is a good move, and I have supported it.

Penthouse: Is the Fez Resolution—which calls for peace among all the states in the area—a move in the right direction?

Carter: Yes, it's a move in the right direction; but, knowing what I do about the Israeli position, I think there are some elements in it that will not be acceptable [to Israel], and looking at the recent comments that Prime Minister Begin and others have made, I think there are some things there that are obviously not acceptable to the Arab leaders. But I think the Fez Resolution was a step in the right direction.

Penthouse: As was the Fahd plan, which calls for the implementation of various U.N. resolutions, among which was one that stated implicitly that Israel was to be recognized by the Arab states?

Carter: Yes, I think so. But, you know, it would be so helpful if the Arab statements would just say clearly that "with peace, we will recognize Israel's right to exist." This, I don't think, would be giving up anything.

Penthouse: You mean, instead of euphemisms like "the security of all states"?

Carter: Yes, because although most people recognize that it is being said, it gives the Israelis a chance to deny that it is being said, and it keeps that obstacle there. My position has been that it is best for the Arab cause and for the Palestinian cause to take advantage of the opportunities for the enhancement of Palestinian rights, and let the Israelis show whether or not they are negotiating in good faith.

Penthouse: Do you think that if the Arab leaders and the PLO announced that they were going to accept the 1947 U.N. resoluion creating a Jewish state, this would cause a lot of sleepless nights in West Jerusalem?

Carter: *(Laughing)* I think it might.

Penthouse: There would be a crisis.

Carter: It would create some turmoil. In some ways, both sides are afraid of peace. I thought the Israelis made a constructive commitment in the Camp David accords by recognizing the Palestinians' rights, their right to determine their own future as a full negotiating partner, having a veto, in effect, over the permanent status of the West Bank. That was a substantial concession on the part of the Israelis. At the time, it was rebuffed by most of the Arabs and by the Palestinians. It was rejected as not being significant. I thought then and I think now that it was significant, that rejection played into Israel's hands; and of course some of the overtures that have been made by the Palestinians and other Arabs have been rebuffed by the Israelis.

And so there is still no means by which the entire issue can be assessed in its totality, the honest differences of opinion be understood by the public, and the advantages of peace be understood by those who are most directly affected. That's one area, as a private citizen, not having the restraint of public office—and not having the authority of public office, either—where I might be able to help. I'm not sure, but I'll make an effort.

Penthouse: Would you plan to go to Syria?

Carter: Of course that would depend on the attitude of the Syrian officials; but I would like to go to Syria. I have met with President Assad on only one occasion, with Foreign Minister Khaddam several times—but that was in Europe. Yes, Syria would be one of the places I'd like to visit.

Penthouse: To sum up, on your Mideast trip, which leaders are you particularly anxious to meet?

Carter: I'm not trying to ask for invitations. But I would hope to go to Israel and Egypt, to Jordan, Saudi Arabia, perhaps to Kuwait and some other Gulf countries, as well as to Damascus, but I haven't made a final plan. There is a need for me to understand more clearly the latest ideas and thinking of the leaders of the Middle East, and I believe that I can best determine the answers to that question by talking to the leaders themselves.

Penthouse: What's your assessment of King Fahd? You knew him as prime minister.

Carter: Yes, I knew him well and I think very highly of him. I have always found him to be reasonable; he's been a friend of our nation. He has indicated to me that what Saudi Arabia wants is peace with honor and the recognition of the Palestinians' rights. The Saudis have never deviated, in my judgment, from that commitment to an independent Palestinian nation, an independent Palestinian state. My own judgment is that an independent state would not be the best starting approach, but that's an honest difference of opinion.

Penthouse: What is your broad opinion of the situation in the Gulf now? Has it worsened since the early days of the Iranian revolution? Are the dangers greater for Iran's neighbors?

Carter: Well, the main danger that I saw as president was that of possible intervention by the Soviet Union into the Gulf region. This is why I took as strong action as I did when the Soviets went into Afghanistan. We did everything we could, short of military action, to convince the Soviet Union that they had made a mistake, and to prevent their being successful in their attempted takeover of Afghanistan. I think that if the Soviets stayed out of the Gulf region, eventually that area could be restabilized. The Iraqi-Iranian war has now reached kind of a stalemate. I don't know what will happen in the future, but there's a stalemate roughly along the original borders between the two countries. I think Iran is still suffering adversely from the radical nature of the Khomeini regime. Perhaps, in some ways, the war with Iraq, even though they were not the aggressors, has taught the Iranians to limit their revolutionary attempts to intrude on the affairs of other countries, which they were doing in Iraq. If the Iranians can ever recognize that they ought to take care of their own affairs first and not intrude on those of other nations, then I think stability could remain in the Gulf.

Penthouse: You talked of the fear of Soviet intervention. Do you mean physically, with forces, as in Afghanistan, or do you mean in indirect ways?

Carter: Either way. As you know, in my State of the Union speech in 1980, after the Soviets went into Afghanistan, I said very plainly, and to Brezhnev privately, that any intrusion by the Soviet Union into the Gulf area would be interpreted as a direct threat to the security of the United States, and that I would take commensurate action to protect our interests, using military force if necessary. And I think it's that serious, if the Soviets should try. So, in every way, through helping the Afghan freedom fighters, through trying to preserve the status quo between Iran and Iraq, trying to prevent disruption of existing regimes, I think our country should try to prevent any opening there for the Soviet Union to intrude on.

Penthouse: The feeling among the leaders of most countries in the area is that the Soviet Union is not the worst threat. The Saudis would say that the main threat to their security comes from Iran and from Israel, and the Jordanians would say from Syria and from Israel, when talking of the actual likelihood of invasion of their territories.

Carter: Well, it depends on whether you're talking about an immediate threat or a more serious, long-range threat. The closer the Soviets get to the Gulf, the more relationships among the individual nations would be disrupted and destabilized. I cannot dispute the fact that, in Jordan, their main concern right now would be from Syria or Israel. I can neither respond nor disagree with it. The entire region, including Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, Egypt, and Israel, would best be served if we could work out some relationship between Israel and its neighbors that would bring honor to all countries, based upon the elimination of the violation of Palestinian rights. That would tend to lessen any threat to Jordan from whatever direction, any threat to Saudi Arabia from whatever direction, and also tend to keep Soviet influence out of the Near East and Gulf regions, so that one could accomplish all the goals that we have.

Penthouse: Part of a final agreement would be the total evacuation of the Israeli settlements?

Carter: Well, the agreement that we worked out at Camp David was that Israel would withdraw its military forces and its government and would give full autonomy

PENTHOUSE
Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 156–161, contact these manufacturers or stores.

PHILIPPE MONÈT
390 Fifth Avenue, Suite 506
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212)564-8527

Leather Designs, San Francisco, Calif.
Mano-A-Mano, New York, N.Y.
Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago, Ill.
Z & N & Z, Los Angeles, Calif.
Donnys Funky Bway, Detroit, Mich.

MARK ELLIOT
350 Fifth Avenue, Suite 612
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212)736-0210

Barney's, New York, N.Y.
Macy's, San Francisco, Calif.
Judy's, Van Nuys, Calif.
Oak Tree, St. Louis, Mo.
Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.

H. COTLER COMPANY
10 West Thirty-third Street
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212)971-6464

Trash & Vaudeville, New York, N.Y.
Emporium Capwell, San Francisco, Calif.
Merry-Go-Round, Philadelphia, Pa.
Man Oh Man, South Ford, Mich.
Up Against the Wall, Washington, D.C.

BEN VERONIS DESIGN
327 West Thirtieth Street, Studio 3F
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212)563-2261

Steve's of Soho, New York, N.Y.
Eleganza, Washington, D.C.
Wilkes-Basford, San Francisco, Calif.
Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago, Ill.

RANDY ALLEN FOR MIRAGE
411 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212)685-4500

Louis, Boston, Mass.
Charavari, New York, N.Y.
Macy's, San Francisco, Calif.
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
Barney's, New York, N.Y.

KANSAI YAMAMOTO FOR
ACHILLEUS SPORT
40 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212)586-6119

Kansai Boutique, Soho, N.Y.
Aero Menswear, Philadelphia, Pa.
Davis for Men, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Guy, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Macy's, San Francisco, Calif.

HARBOR IMPORTS
350 Fifth Avenue, Suite 7107
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212)695-3880

Village Cobbler, New York, N.Y.
The Executive Shop, Atlanta, Ga.
Phillip's Shoes, all stores, Michigan
The Shoe Factory, Los Angeles, Calif.

BOBBY TO
50 West Fifty-seventh Street
New York, N.Y. 10019

Burdines, Miami, Fla.
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
To Boot, New York, N.Y.
Aero Menswear, Philadelphia, Pa.

VIDEOCLUB DELIVERS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!
X-RATED HIGHLIGHTS
$39.69

Uncensored Video Movies in the Privacy of Your Own Home

PURCHASE ANY VIDEO CASSETTE YOU WANT FOR A LOW $69.69 plus $6.00 shipping & handling.
The same titles are selling elsewhere for $99.00 and up.
(No membership fee is required for purchase.)

OR JOIN THE EXCLUSIVE TRADE-IN-PLAN
An annual membership costs only $39.69 and allows you to trade any like-new video cassette previously purchased from us for a low $9.69 plus $6.00 inspection fee.

IF IT'S ON VIDEO, WE'VE GOT IT!
For our catalog and a $5.00 gift certificate send $2.00

CALL TOLL FREE 800-223-2388
Canada, 1-800-263-3777
NEW YORK, 800-522-5237 or 212-541-9810

MasterCard
VISA

VIDEOCLUB
237 West 54th Street, Dept. PAM, New York, NY 10019

to the Palestinians, and that after five years of negotiation the final status of the West Bank would be determined and it would have to be approved by the Palestinians in a referendum. President Sadat's contention was that West Bank sovereignty did not lie in Israel or Jordan, but that sovereignty in the West Bank and Gaza lay with those who actually dwelled there. I couldn't disagree with that premise.

Penthouse: Let's talk of the current crisis in Lebanon. What would you have done if you had still been president?

Carter: That's the kind of question I like to avoid answering, because if I had been president for the last twenty months I'm not sure that events would have been the same. When Israel went into Lebanon in 1978, I took very strong action immediately, by notifying Prime Minister Begin that Secretary of State Vance would introduce a resolution of condemnation in the United Nations Security Council. We would sponsor such a resolution if Israel didn't withdraw, and I would notify Congress that the military weapons that we had sent to Israel were being used illegally. And as a result, as you remember, UNIFIL [the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon] was formed and Israel did indeed withdraw from Lebanon. Whether that strong action would have been successful this year, I can't say, but I would have done everything possible to prevent an intrusion by Israel into Lebanon to begin with, or to encourage their early withdrawal and a limit to their intrusion. The attitude of Secretary Haig made no sense to me. I think if Secretary Shultz, whom I know and respect, had been secretary of state, the United States might have taken more positive action. I really don't understand his predecessor at all.

Penthouse: Secretary Weinberger believes that there should be a large U.N. force throughout Lebanon, possibly as many as 20,000 men, to help the Lebanese disarm all the militia with the approval of the Lebanese government. What's your view of that?

Carter: I'll put it this way: I'd like to see all the Israeli and Syrian forces withdrawn as soon as possible. I'd like to see a strong central government established in Lebanon, if possible, and whatever international forces would be required to maintain order—I don't know how to put a number on the troops—should be used so long as Lebanon asks for them. I'd prefer U.N. forces rather than forces outside the U.N., and certainly forces that are multinational in nature.

Penthouse: Do you think that the present Franco-Italian-American force should stay until all the militias are disarmed and there is a Lebanese government genuinely in control?

Carter: I think that's a political judgment that would have to be made by the Lebanese authorities, working with the Italians, the French, and the Americans. If I were president, I would defer heavily to Lebanese desires. How soon that circumstance [full Lebanese government control] can come, I don't know, but I think that after what happened in West Beirut we should be cautious about too early a withdrawal, and make sure that the people there—all the people there, Christians, Muslims, Palestinian refugees—are protected. Having no inside information, I can't say how long that might take.

Penthouse: In retrospect, would you have wished that you had consulted more with the Lebanese government? President Sarkis was known to be looking for an invitation to come to Washington, and you never invited him.

Carter: Yes, I think that's a subject that should have been addressed more strongly by us, and by the French and others. As a matter of fact, President Sadat brought up the Lebanese situation almost every time I saw him. This preyed on his mind. He was very worried about the Lebanese and the threat to the stability of Lebanon from both the presence of the Syrian forces and the Israeli-Christian militia forces in the south. I think it would have been better had our country played a stronger role in Lebanon.

Penthouse: You said in the book that Israel was more interested in the status quo than in peace, and I think most observers of the scene would agree with you. You said a moment ago that a just solution to the Palestinian problem was essential for Israel's security as well. Do you feel that Israel's desire for either no movement or the slowest possible movement could lead to a failure of the peace process and another Arab-Israeli war, in which Israeli territory itself would be attacked for the first time?

Carter: Yes, that's always a possibility. The longer there is delay in trying to negotiate a final settlement, the more danger there is that the West Bank and Gaza will never be freed of Israeli occupation by negotiation alone. So I think it is counterproductive for the Palestinians and the Arab countries to avoid the opportunity for negotiations. I think Begin and Defense Minister Sharon would like to have the unrestricted opportunity to increase the settlements in that area.

Penthouse: You said in the book that one of the guidelines from which you started was that Israel was a strategic asset, and that of course has also been said by scores of American leaders. In what way do you see Israel as a strategic asset? Do you see its large and efficient forces as something that could be used in the interest of the United States in some way?

Carter: I have the firm belief, as I stated in the book, that it's God's will that there be a nation for the Jews. This is my religious belief. My own hope is that Israel will be a peaceful nation, living within recognized borders, in peace with its neighbors. If that hope of mine could ever be realized, then of course Israel with its adequate military strength can be a stabilizing force in the Middle East. It would have to be predicated on Palestinian rights, because I have the belief, as I have said many times when I was president and since, that the Palestinians should have a homeland and that they should be treated as human beings with a right to own property, assemble, debate issues, and vote; and this issue, this question, occupied more of my time during the four years that I was in the White House than any other foreign policy matter.

I think we made some progress, but the hopes that I had when I left the White House have not yet been realized. I don't assume that they won't be in the future. If the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza continues to be a festering sore, then Israel's strength could be a factor for continued bloodshed, as has been the case in Lebanon.

Penthouse: When you say a peaceful Israel's strong forces could be a stabilizing element—in what way? To intervene in conflicts?

Carter: No, not as a police force, but just as a center for high technology, for the development of the natural resources of the region, as a place for displaced Jews to live, as an exhibition of the workings of democracy—these kinds of things.

Penthouse: How does military strength fit in with these objectives?

Carter: I think the United States can handle its own military needs in the Mediterranean area; but if there should be a massive threat from outside the Middle East, as from the Soviet Union, in the future, then Israel's military strength could certainly be a benefit in stabilizing the situation.

Penthouse: Such as coming to the aid of Turkey?

Carter: I'd rather not get too specific.

Penthouse: I take it that you still believe in the inadmissibility of the acquisition of territory by force.

Carter: Yes, I do. As you know, after quite a bit of argument and debate, this principle was included in the Camp David agreement.

Penthouse: Is there anything you would have done differently in the Iranian hostage crisis?

Carter: I can't think of anything that I could have done differently, and I haven't seen anything in the analyses by any others that suggested any practical ways of dealing with the situation differently.

You know, this was one of the most difficult periods of my life; and even in retrospect, under the circumstances that then prevailed, I don't know of anything that I could have done differently. (*Laughing*) Knowing now what I did not know then, I would have had another hydraulic system available in our number-six helicopter, or sent another helicopter, but that was an unforeseeable development. I wanted to preserve the lives of the hostages and protect our nation's honor, and I was finally successful in doing both.

PARADISE COMPANY

SLIP INTO PARADISE

And paradise was never more alluring.
More sensuous. More attainable. Slip into paradise... Soon.

A. Naughty, next to nothing body suit. Cotton panel, with snap crotch.

B. Fani Panti.™.. slip into these and kiss panty lines goodbye.
C. Matching, sexy La Bra.™ Front closing.

D. Sheer Pleated Teddy. Plunging neckline, lace trim. The ultimate in femininity.

E. Flirty Babydoll. Sheer top with matching G-string panty.

F. Sheer Handkerchief Babydoll. Sensuous lace trim and matching panty.

G. Seductive Play Set. Satin and lace push-up bra. Lace G-string. Garter with sheer satin detail on back. Black seamed stockings.

photography David Gurian

ORDER TODAY! P043

CIRCLE CHOICE(S). SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

A	BLACK/NUDE	S M L	15.00
B	BLACK/BEIGE RED/PURPLE	3-11 12-18	8.00
C	BLACK/BEIGE RED/PURPLE	32 34 36	12.00
D	BLACK/WHITE	S M L	20.00
E	TURQUOISE/ROSE	S M L	16.00
F	PEACH/RED	S M L	16.00
G	GARTER FITS ALL 12.95 STOCKING FITS ALL 7.95	G-STRING FITS ALL 4.95	BRA S M L 13.95

COMPLETE SET: $35.00

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax

I enclose $ ________ (check or money order) or charge me—VISA-Master Charge. Add $2.00 for shipping for first item plus $1.00 for each additional item. Canadian residents please remit in U.S. funds.

Card No. ________ Exp. Date ____
Interbank Number

Name ________
(signature for card)

Address ________

City ________ State ____ Zip ____

Mail to: PARADISE COMPANY, INC.
P.O. Box 67812, Los Angeles, CA 90067

THE END

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

general prosperity. No more future to save for, no virtue in thrift. No money spent on war, defense, feeding the starving half of the world."

"How about the moon?" Willett asked.

"The moon?" It seemed, on the face of it, a frivolous question. "The moon," Val said, "is, I think, already been drawn into the gravitational field of Lynx. Lynx's mass is very much greater than the earth's. We'll miss the moon during our period of tranquillity. No more destructive tides. No poetry, either. No popular songs. A lot of our literature will become meaningless."

"Not meaningless," Willett said. "Just sad. My son," he said, "is on the moon. I used to get letters from him. I don't suppose there'll be any more letters."

"I didn't know you had any family," Val said, surprised.

"Oh, yes. I never hear from any of them, but I used to hear regularly from George. George on the moon. Has there been trouble on the moon?"

"Moonquakes? Without doubt. And now the moon is dragged away from us. But it will be back."

"With Lynx?"

"With Lynx." Val traced ellipses and circles on the coffee table with a brandy-wet finger. "Lynx is entering into its first year as a member of this planetary system. It will be a brief year—not much more than two hundred days. There seems to be some ancient inexplicable law about distances having to be maintained between planets. I've had it explained to me, but I was little the wiser. Remember, I'm only a writer of fantasies, not a scientist at all. *Am*," he then said bitterly. "Why do I keep saying *am*?"

"Go on about Lynx."

"Remember that earth itself goes round the sun. At present our position, ironically enough, is favorable to us. We could have been much closer to Lynx. But in the fall the two solar orbits will be very close indeed. The gravitational pull of Lynx, which we're feeling already, will then be irresistible."

"So it's earth that will do the colliding?"

"We shan't think of ourselves as the assailants," Val said. "Even the specialists are using Ptolomaic terms, not Copernican. We suddenly think geocentrically. We always have, really. We will till the end. Lynx will rise, with our moon sidling around it. Lynx will approach. Lynx will be incredibly large in the sky. Lynx will hit. But every bit of our soft and shifting geology will yearn toward the tough male mass of Lynx. We offer ourselves, as children of earth, to the jaws of the beast. Sorry," he grinned. "That's the writer coming out. The bad writer," he said with disgust.

"I take it," Willett said, "that this place where you were going was not what you said."

"No. A spaceship taking civilization in microcosm into the great darkness, looking for a new light, a fresh habitable planet. Strictly speaking, I should be out there in the middle of the American land mass looking for it. A soldier who's lost his outfit looking for his outfit. I'm AWOL."

"But you don't know where it is?"

"No, and I don't care where it is. You and I stay together."

Willett took in several liters of dusty air and then let them out again. Noisily. "Your place," he said, "is not only with the duty you were chosen to perform but also with the wife of your bosom."

"I'm freed from the duty by not knowing where it is. That frees me also from my wife. Though the law says now that she's not my wife. I don't think I love her, anyway. Perhaps I'm not capable of loving a woman. Going to bed, yes, feeling a transitory tenderness. But engaging the mind, the psyche, of a woman—no."

Willett looked at the sunburst clock on the wall. "I have another lesson to give," he said. "This time the mazurka." He left. Val watched his big back on its way to his duty, along with the rest of his huge frame. He smiled with sad affection.

> Val, clutching tight
> a frail girl, felt her slipping. . . .
> She went over,
> arms out, as if begging
> for applause.
> Thunder gave it.

That night was the most terrible of all the terrible tidal phase. Both Val and Willett woke, heavy with brandy, to the smashing of windows, the unwished bounty of red and silver light, lightning like giant probing tendrils, sea and thunder vying for intensity of terror of sheer ragged noise, and the silver-red medallion of the sky partners in destruction flashing in and out of the torment of clouds. Val felt his hair turning to a nest of porpentine bristles as he tried with a dry mouth to say: "Christ, look, the water. It's up to, up to—" It was crashing, dirty gray-green-white sloggering knouts, at the windowsill. Willett said nothing. Instead he grasped Val's arm in rough fatherliness and dragged him out of bed and to rapid dressing and then out of the room. The corridor was already filling with panic. Willett shouted:

"The whole damned creation is doing a mazurka. We must make for the highest building in Manhattan. The Partington Complex. If that isn't enough—well, we've had good times together. Come on," he barked. And he led the way to the sky reception area, already filling with thirsty water. On the heliroof, fearful of being dragged down by the hurricane to the sea that brimmed the streets, they made, thirty or so of them, tight embracing groups of eight or ten, turning themselves into a single tottering beast with many legs and arms, wheeling drunkenly to the nearest covered skywalk. It swayed with furious irritability. They came into the terrible open again on the roof of the Newman Tower, whipped and pushed and dragged savagely, drenched breathless, jeered at by the intermittent monstrous light up there. A single beast of sixty legs, they sidled toward the next skywalk. Val, clutching tight a frail girl called May Roth, felt her slipping, was conscious of the vibration, if not the noise, of desperate screaming. She was pulled from the joint grasp of weakening arms by a violent windstream and was to be seen, sickeningly, backing as in a dance, to the roof's edge. She went over, arms out, as if begging for applause. Thunder gave it. "On, on," Willett's great silent mouth must be yelling.

They fought the final pitch to the vast roof of the Partington Complex, which spread out on all sides of the central strong, slender tower like a playing card poised on a pen tip. Val and Willett were among those who had reached that desperate near-haven when the violent voices of air yelled derision at the swaying tunnel poised over an infinity of black Atlantic, and they saw the desperate pleading arms of the others, their useless crying mouths, as the skywalk buckled at an Olympian wind buffet into an inverted *V*, sending some sliding straight into the maelstrom, others fighting to hold onto the apex of the inverted deck of the skywalk, bleeding hands slipping on blood, and then, gracefully, taking its time, the skywalk was an arrow pointing to Lynx as in protest, then it fired at the ocean below and plunged.

The way into the Partington Complex via the roof consisted of an ornate deck house, now much punished, with a fancy ironwork gate tormented by the elements to a nest of serpents. That gate, broken free at the catch and massively though soundlessly clashing, offered but weak opposition to their crawling panting entrance. They—Val, Willett, ten or so others, all men—found themselves broken, bloody, torn, breathless in a great empty upper hall, whose chairs and table and magazine stands danced drunkenly from one wall to another with the sway and shudder of the whole structure. There were no beds to seek in this tower dedicated to commerce. Under the perilously clicking of emergency lights in the comfortless space it was enough for now to lie agonizingly filling dry lungs, hoping dawn would come soon, feeling a faint grim satisfaction that, if moon and Lynx were to get them now, they had done their utmost, scaled their highest mountain.

KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

You've got what it takes.

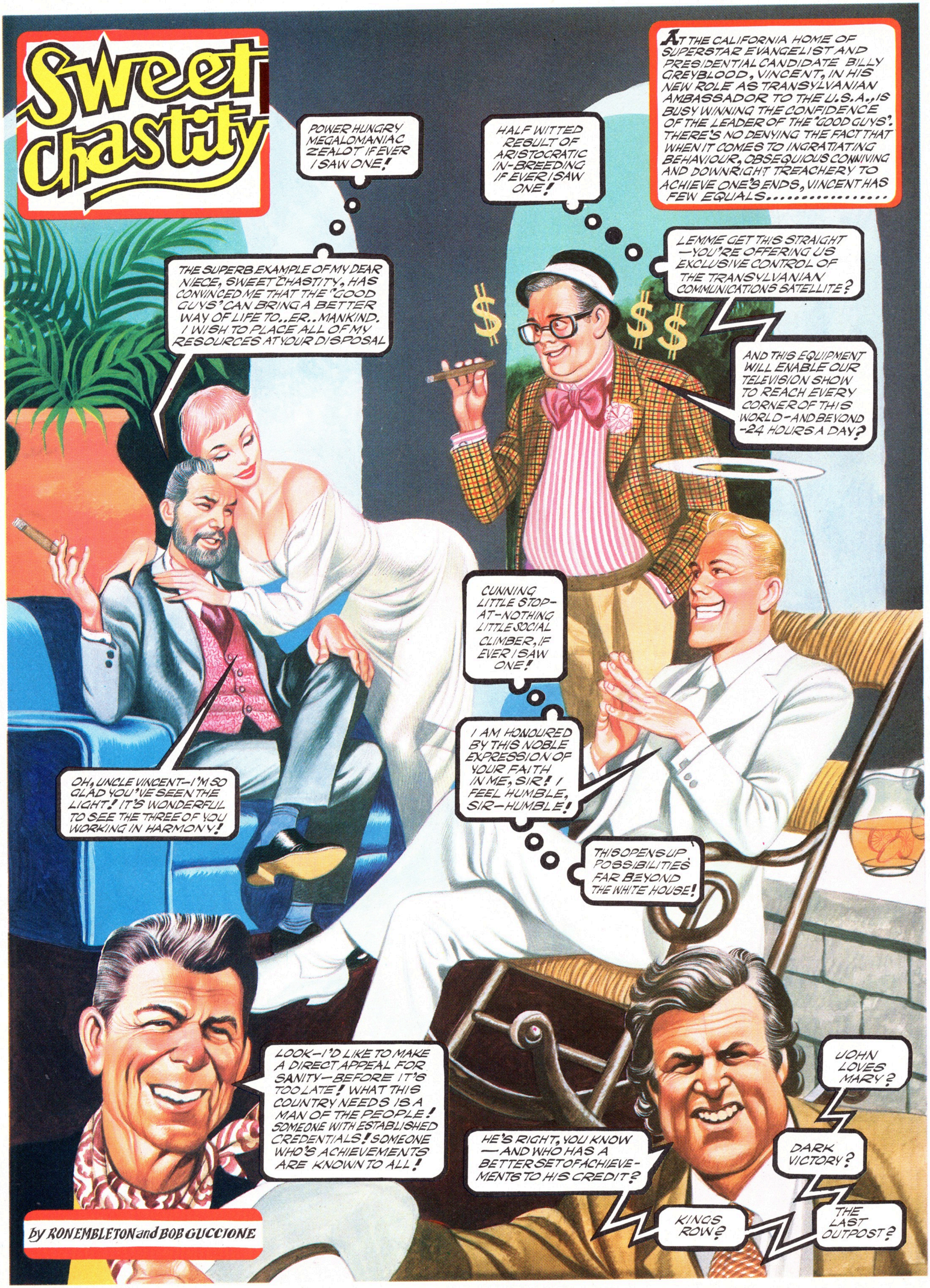
Salem Spirit

Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.

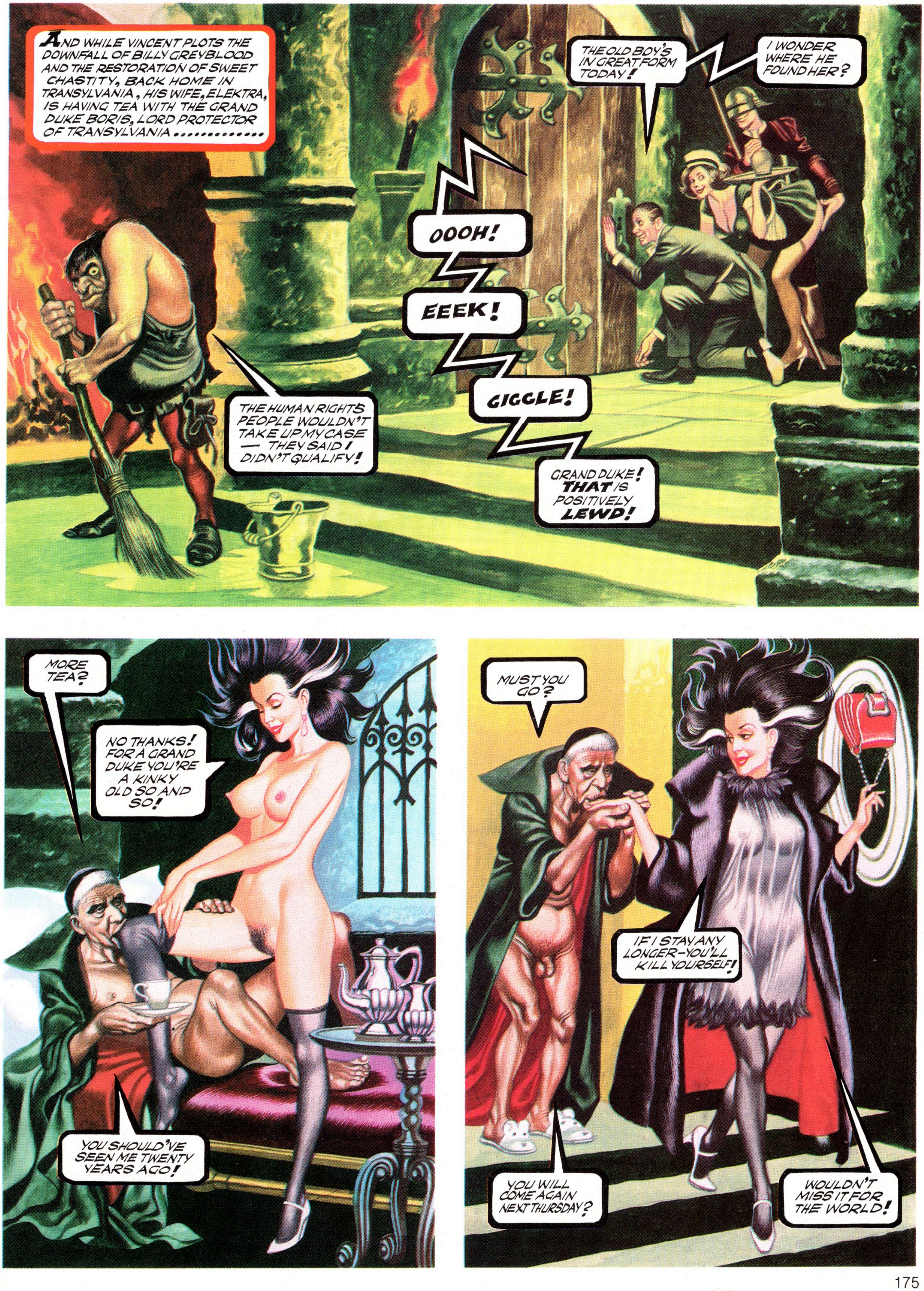
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

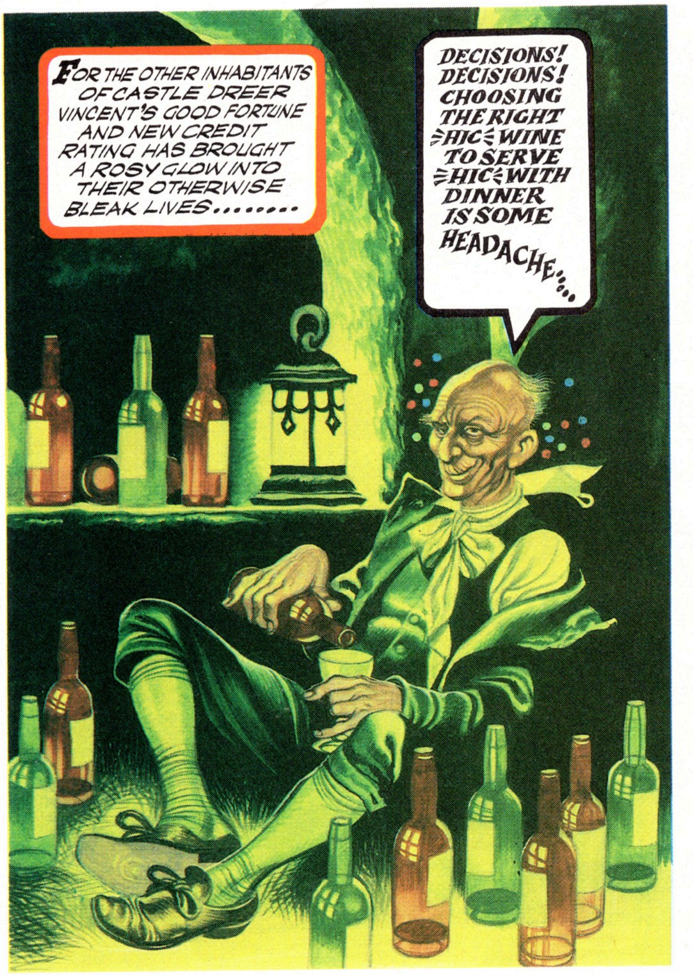
Salem
20 CLASS A
Menthol Fresh
Salem
Salem
100s
20 CLASS A
MENTHOL FRESH
Salem
100s

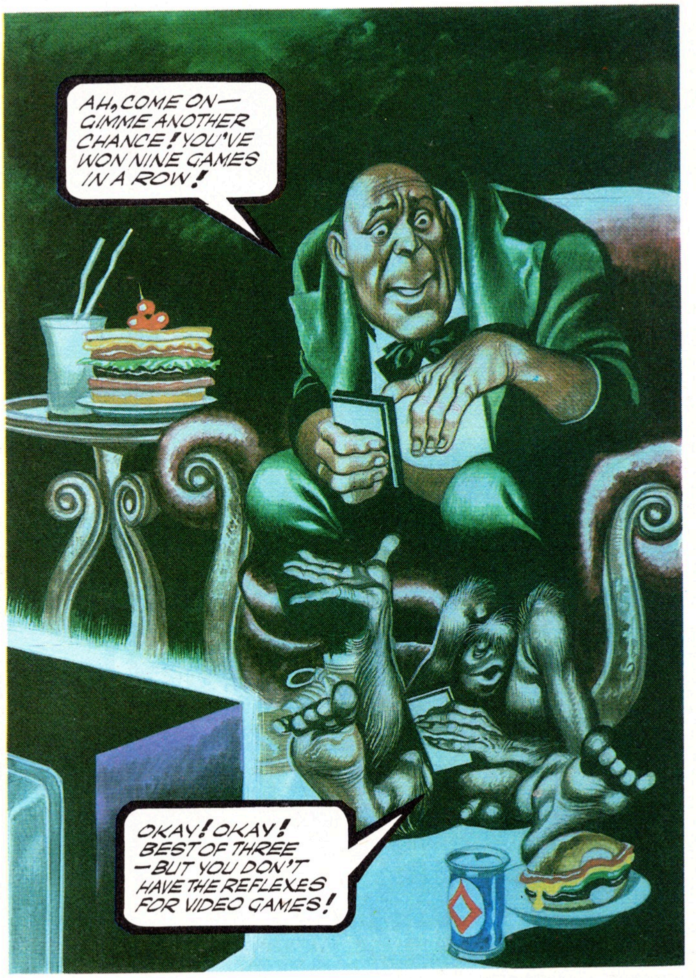
Sweet Chastity

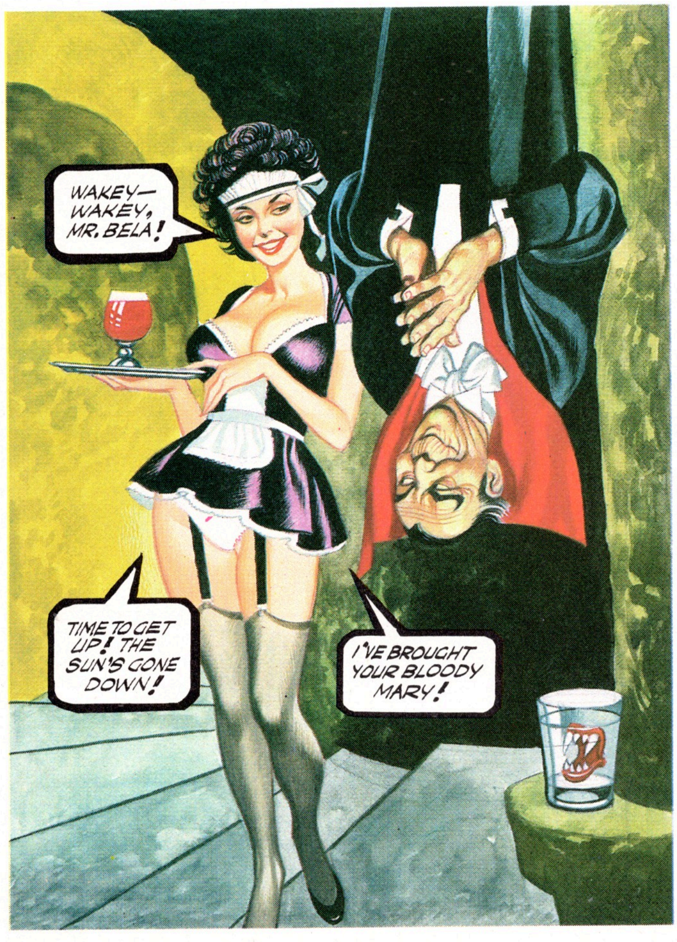

AT THE CALIFORNIA HOME OF SUPERSTAR EVANGELIST AND PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE BILLY GREYBLOOD, VINCENT, IN HIS NEW ROLE AS TRANSYLVANIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.A., IS BUSY WINNING THE CONFIDENCE OF THE LEADER OF THE 'GOOD GUYS'. THERE'S NO DENYING THE FACT THAT WHEN IT COMES TO INGRATIATING BEHAVIOUR, OBSEQUIOUS CONNIVING AND DOWNRIGHT TREACHERY TO ACHIEVE ONE'S ENDS, VINCENT HAS FEW EQUALS.............
POWER HUNGRY MEGALOMANIAC ZEALOT IF EVER I SAW ONE!
HALF WITTED RESULT OF ARISTOCRATIC IN-BREEDING IF EVER I SAW ONE!
THE SUPERB EXAMPLE OF MY DEAR NIECE, SWEET CHASTITY, HAS CONVINCED ME THAT THE 'GOOD GUYS' CAN BRING A BETTER WAY OF LIFE TO..ER..MANKIND. I WISH TO PLACE ALL OF MY RESOURCES AT YOUR DISPOSAL
LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT —YOU'RE OFFERING US EXCLUSIVE CONTROL OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE?
AND THIS EQUIPMENT WILL ENABLE OUR TELEVISION SHOW TO REACH EVERY CORNER OF THIS WORLD—AND BEYOND —24 HOURS A DAY?
$ $ $
CUNNING LITTLE STOP-AT-NOTHING LITTLE SOCIAL CLIMBER, IF EVER I SAW ONE!
I AM HONOURED BY THIS NOBLE EXPRESSION OF YOUR FAITH IN ME, SIR! I FEEL HUMBLE, SIR—HUMBLE!
THIS OPENS UP POSSIBILITIES FAR BEYOND THE WHITE HOUSE!
OH, UNCLE VINCENT—I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE SEEN THE LIGHT! IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE THE THREE OF YOU WORKING IN HARMONY!
LOOK—I'D LIKE TO MAKE A DIRECT APPEAL FOR SANITY—BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A MAN OF THE PEOPLE! SOMEONE WITH ESTABLISHED CREDENTIALS! SOMEONE WHO'S ACHIEVEMENTS ARE KNOWN TO ALL!
HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW —AND WHO HAS A BETTER SET OF ACHIEVEMENTS TO HIS CREDIT?
JOHN LOVES MARY?
DARK VICTORY?
KINGS ROW?
THE LAST OUTPOST?

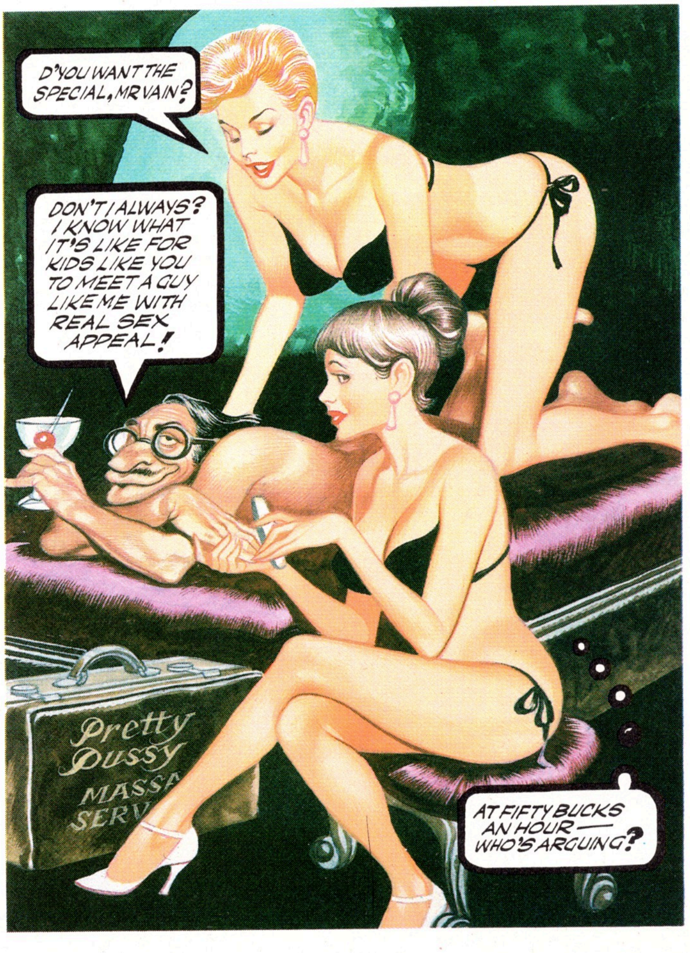
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

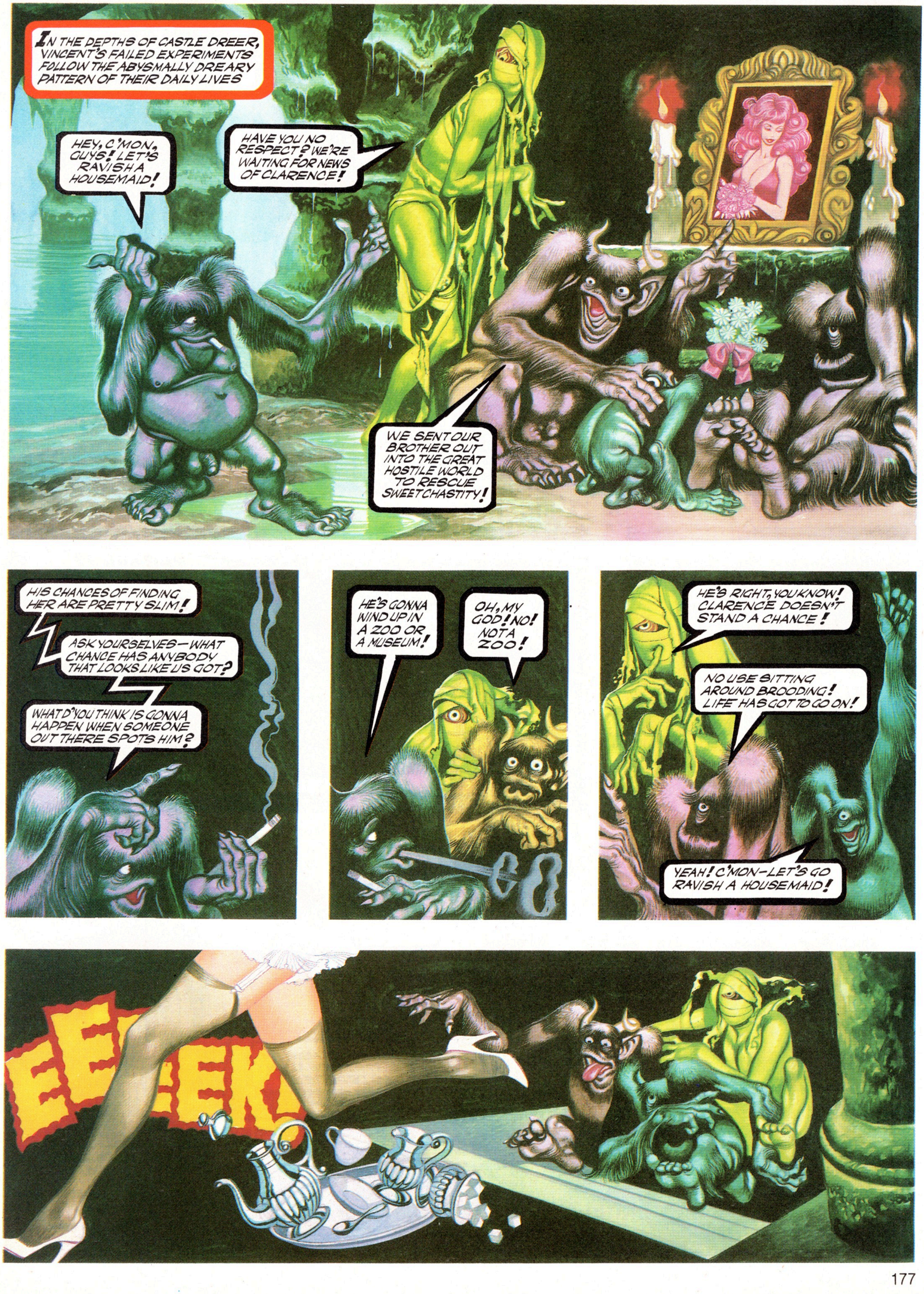

AND WHILE VINCENT PLOTS THE DOWNFALL OF BILLY GREYBLOOD AND THE RESTORATION OF SWEET CHASTITY, BACK HOME IN TRANSYLVANIA, HIS WIFE, ELEKTRA, IS HAVING TEA WITH THE GRAND DUKE BORIS, LORD PROTECTOR OF TRANSYLVANIA ....
THE OLD BOY'S IN GREAT FORM TODAY!
I WONDER WHERE HE FOUND HER?
OOOH!
EEEK!
GIGGLE!
THE HUMAN RIGHTS PEOPLE WOULDN'T TAKE UP MY CASE — THEY SAID I DIDN'T QUALIFY!
GRAND DUKE! THAT IS POSITIVELY LEWD!
MORE TEA?
NO THANKS! FOR A GRAND DUKE YOU'RE A KINKY OLD SO AND SO!
YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN ME TWENTY YEARS AGO!
MUST YOU GO?
IF I STAY ANY LONGER—YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF!
YOU WILL COME AGAIN NEXT THURSDAY?
WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!

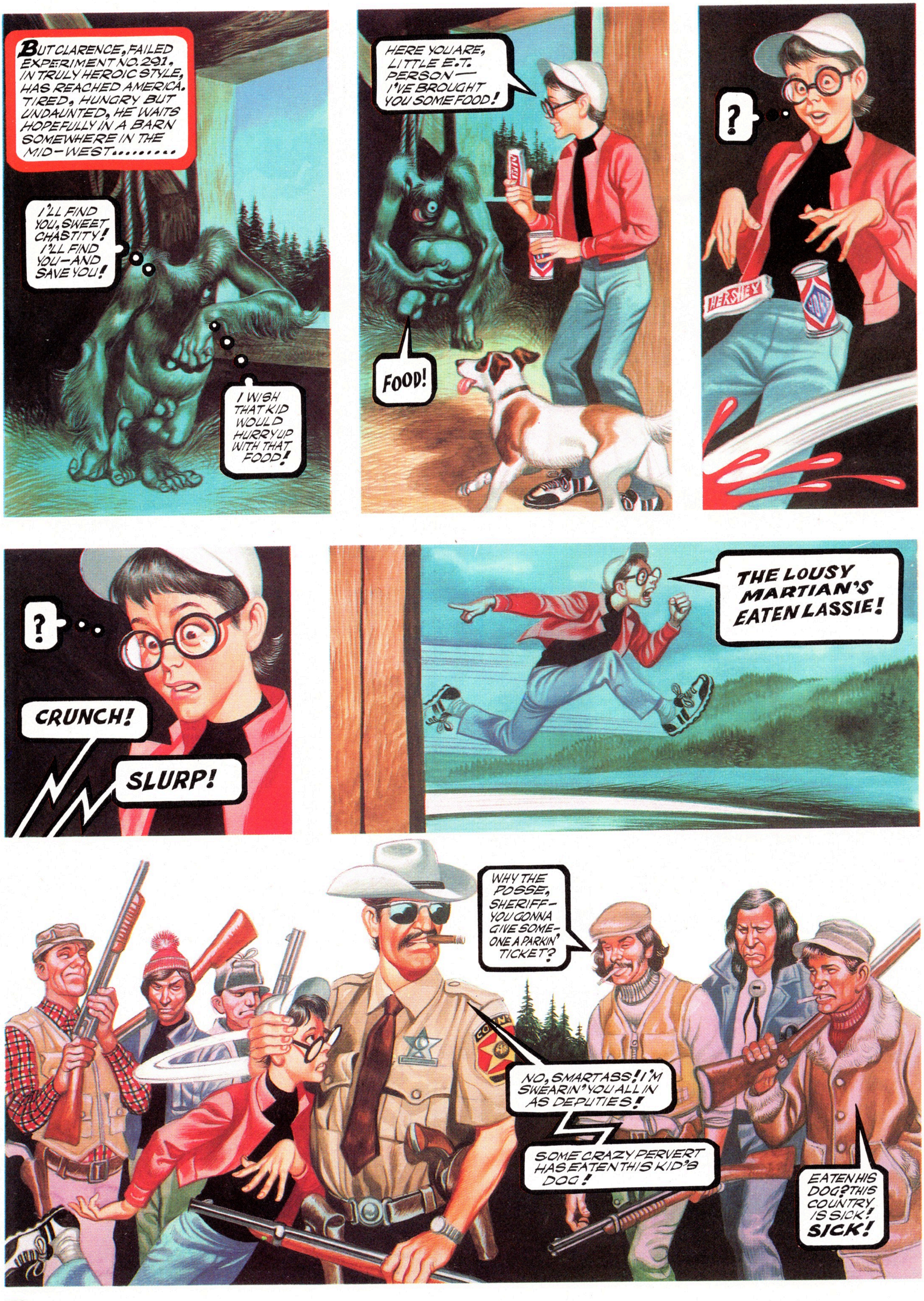

FOR THE OTHER INHABITANTS OF CASTLE DREER VINCENT'S GOOD FORTUNE AND NEW CREDIT RATING HAS BROUGHT A ROSY GLOW INTO THEIR OTHERWISE BLEAK LIVES........
DECISIONS! DECISIONS! CHOOSING THE RIGHT *HIC* WINE TO SERVE *HIC* WITH DINNER IS SOME HEADACHE...

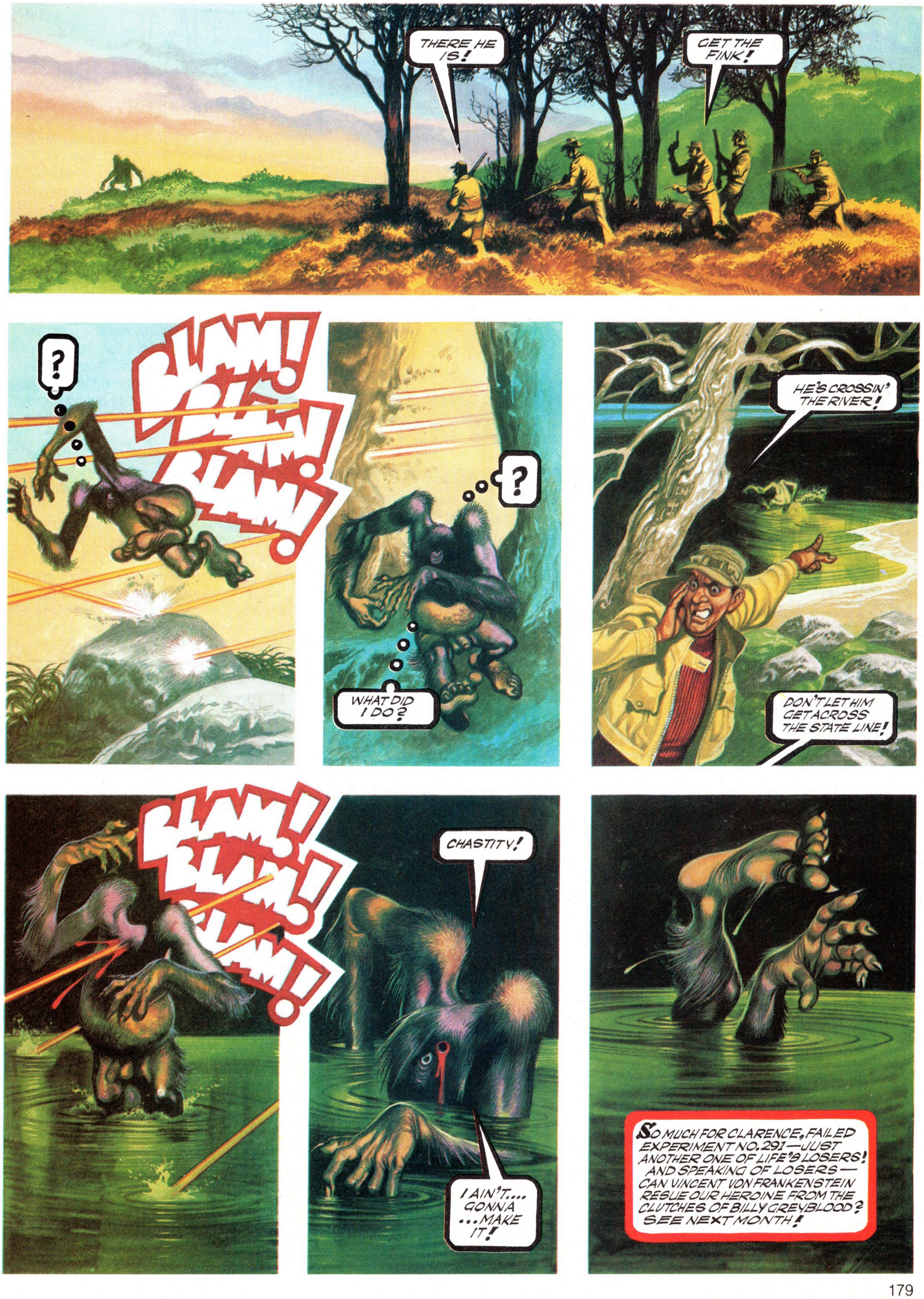

AH, COME ON— GIMME ANOTHER CHANCE! YOU'VE WON NINE GAMES IN A ROW!
OKAY! OKAY! BEST OF THREE —BUT YOU DON'T HAVE THE REFLEXES FOR VIDEO GAMES!


WAKEY— WAKEY, MR. BELA!
TIME TO GET UP! THE SUN'S GONE DOWN!
I'VE BROUGHT YOUR BLOODY MARY!


D'YOU WANT THE SPECIAL, MR VAIN?
DON'T I ALWAYS? I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR KIDS LIKE YOU TO MEET A GUY LIKE ME WITH REAL SEX APPEAL!
Pretty Pussy MASSA SERV
AT FIFTY BUCKS AN HOUR— WHO'S ARGUING?


IN THE DEPTHS OF CASTLE DREER, VINCENT'S FAILED EXPERIMENTS FOLLOW THE ABYSMALLY DREARY PATTERN OF THEIR DAILY LIVES
HEY, C'MON, GUYS! LET'S RAVISH A HOUSEMAID!
HAVE YOU NO RESPECT? WE'RE WAITING FOR NEWS OF CLARENCE!
WE SENT OUR BROTHER OUT INTO THE GREAT HOSTILE WORLD TO RESCUE SWEET CHASTITY!
HIS CHANCES OF FINDING HER ARE PRETTY SLIM!
ASK YOURSELVES—WHAT CHANCE HAS ANYBODY THAT LOOKS LIKE US GOT?
WHAT D'YOU THINK IS GONNA HAPPEN WHEN SOMEONE OUT THERE SPOTS HIM?
HE'S GONNA WIND UP IN A ZOO OR A MUSEUM!
OH, MY GOD! NO! NOT A ZOO!
HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW! CLARENCE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE!
NO USE SITTING AROUND BROODING! LIFE HAS GOT TO GO ON!
YEAH! C'MON-LET'S GO RAVISH A HOUSEMAID!
EEEEK!


BUT CLARENCE, FAILED EXPERIMENT NO. 291, IN TRULY HEROIC STYLE, HAS REACHED AMERICA. TIRED, HUNGRY BUT UNDAUNTED, HE WAITS HOPEFULLY IN A BARN SOMEWHERE IN THE MID-WEST........
I'LL FIND YOU, SWEET CHASTITY! I'LL FIND YOU—AND SAVE YOU!
I WISH THAT KID WOULD HURRY UP WITH THAT FOOD!
HERE YOU ARE, LITTLE E.T. PERSON— I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME FOOD!
FOOD!
?
HERSHEY
?
CRUNCH!
SLURP!
THE LOUSY MARTIAN'S EATEN LASSIE!
WHY THE POSSE, SHERIFF— YOU GONNA GIVE SOME-ONE A PARKIN' TICKET?
NO, SMARTASS! I'M SWEARIN' YOU ALL IN AS DEPUTIES!
SOME CRAZY PERVERT HAS EATEN THIS KID'S DOG!
EATEN HIS DOG? THIS COUNTRY IS SICK! SICK!


THERE HE IS!
GET THE FINK!
?
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
?
WHAT DID I DO?
HE'S CROSSIN' THE RIVER!
DON'T LET HIM GET ACROSS THE STATE LINE!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
CHASTITY!
I AIN'T... GONNA ...MAKE IT!
SO MUCH FOR CLARENCE, FAILED EXPERIMENT NO. 291—JUST ANOTHER ONE OF LIFE'S LOSERS! AND SPEAKING OF LOSERS—CAN VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN RESUE OUR HEROINE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF BILLY GREYBLOOD? SEE NEXT MONTH!

How To Pick Up Girls

A lot of books claim they can help you do better with girls. Fact is, there's **only one classic** — only **one** book that has sold over 1,000,000 copies. Yes, the original, authentic HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has helped more men pick up more girls than any other book in the world! And now it can help you, too! You'll learn: • The best opening lines • **How to get a girl horny** • What makes a man sexy • **Getting girls to pick you up** • Why you don't have to be good-looking • **And much, much more!** Don't be fooled by imitations — HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the original hardcover bestseller that will make picking up girls **easier than you ever dreamed possible!** Order today. *(See coupon below)*

How To Touch A Woman Best

If you know how to touch a woman right she is almost **powerless** to resist you. And now, THE ART OF SENSUAL MASSAGE can show you how to touch a woman like no other man she's ever met! You'll learn: How to meet a woman by rubbing her back • **Touching a girl's hidden "pleasure zones"** • Oiling her body for maximum orgasms • **Why your fingers are your greatest sexual tools** • Over 100 frank, instructional photos • **And much, much more!**

Your **hands** can win women by the hundreds. So order THE ART OF SENSUAL MASSAGE today—it'll give you the touch of a man who knows exactly how to give a woman what she wants! *(See coupon below)*

Make Love To More Girls

Now there's a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your sexual powers the moment you enter a room. This oversized hardcover bestseller, HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN, shows you: • **Over 100 big, erotic photos of lovemaking** • How to excite a girl with just words • **The aphrodisiac touch** • How to undress a woman • **Sexual positions women love best** • Giving a woman multiple orgasms • **And so much more!**

Yes, every man has the ability to be a great lover. And now HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN can give you the skills to seduce one new woman a week . . . guaranteed! Order today!

Save $6.00!

☐ Please send me **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** right away. I've enclosed **just** $12.95 plus $2.00 shipping.

☐ Please send me **THE ART OF SENSUAL MASSAGE** right away. I've enclosed **just** $13.95 plus $2.00 shipping.

☐ Please send me **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN** right away. I've enclosed **just** $13.95 plus $2.00 shipping.

☐ Please send me **ALL THREE BOOKS** for the low, low combined price of **just** $38.85 plus $2.00 shipping . . . a savings of $6.00!

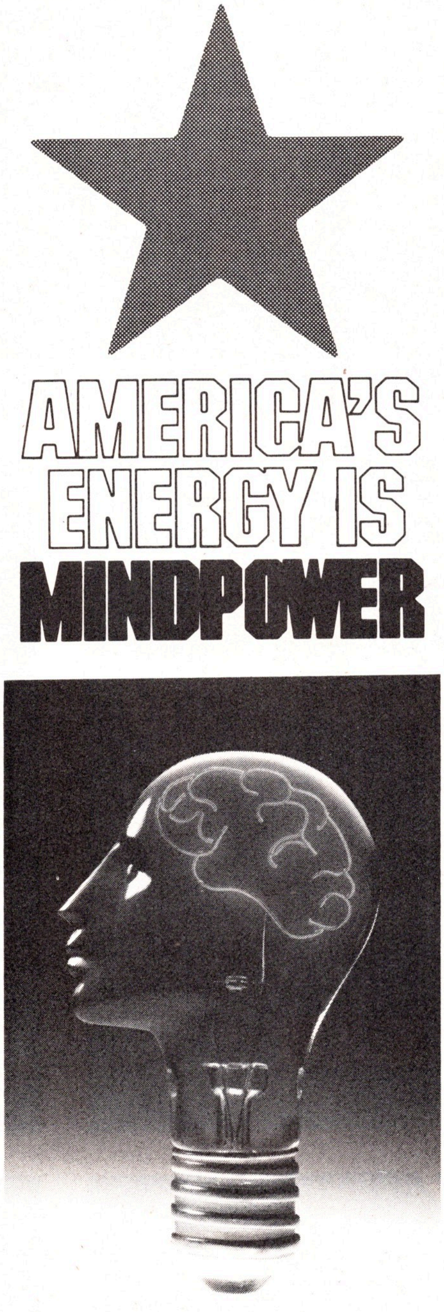
MC and VISA accepted. Cardholders send card # and exp. date or call **toll free anytime: 800-631-2560.** Books shipped in 48 hours. Money-back guarantee.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City, State, Zip ____________________

SYMPHONY PRESS, INC.
Dept. PH-4, Box 515, Tenafly, N.J. 07670



In the sixties
higher education
was a high priority.
Not today.
Put education's
priority back
where it belongs
and you put
America up
where it belongs!

VICTIMS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

sex was the only way that I could express love. It was the only way that I knew that someone really loved me. When my wife had sex with me, I knew she loved me. If she didn't, I felt that she didn't love me."

Mickey tenses and pauses before relating the final chapter in his "marriage" to his ten-year-old daughter.

"I started by taking my penis and rubbing it on her vagina, which progressed later on into oral sex, which she would perform on me and I would perform on her. I also showed her portions of a porno magazine, in order to get her aroused, with actual shots of a man and a woman involved with intercourse or oral sex, whatever the picture was. And I also showed her portions of a porno film for the same reason—to get her aroused. And then it just went on and it just continued on."

Mickey's incestuous relationship was compulsive. He could not control his behavior. He never doubted that what he was doing was wrong and harmful to his ten-year-old daughter. "But it was something that I couldn't even control. I wanted so badly to stop it but I couldn't."

After three years of sexual relations with his child, Mickey's wife learned about what was going on in the basement of their home. After procrastinating for a while about what to do about it, she finally notified the police. Mickey was arrested, and eventually found himself at the Adult Diagnostic Treatment Center—a prison for sex offenders.

Because society—rightly—views such people as among the most reprehensible and repulsive of criminals, we have had our perceptions of them distorted by ignorance and myths. Among the main stereotypes are those of the "dirty old man" or the seedy-looking individual who lurks in the shadows of schoolyards, awaiting his prey. But these, say experts, are both anomalies among sex abusers of young children.

Dr. Nicholas Groth, director of the Sex Offender Program at the Connecticut Correctional Institution at Somers, says that the child sex molester could very well be the boy next door: "Generally, in order to safeguard children against sexual victimization, they are admonished to watch out for advances from strangers. For the most part, however, the child molester is not a stranger, the large majority being in fact known and often related to their victims. . . . Generally speaking, we have not found any social or demographic characteristics that differentiate the child molester from the general population, not his race, religion, intelligence, education, vocation, socioeconomic class, or the like."

Dr. Ira Mintz, who runs the Adult Diagnostic Treatment Center in New Jersey where Mickey is incarcerated, also rejects the pedophile stereotypes: "I think child

LOSE up to 20 lbs. the 1st Week
(Average fat & fluid loss: 10-12 lbs.)

LOSE up to 40 lbs. in just a Month
(Average: 20-25 lbs.)

and PAY NOTHING NOW!

Doctor guarantees fast weight loss of 20, 50, 100 lbs. or more!

As much as *YOU* need, as fast as *YOU* can! No Pills • No Drugs • No Devices

SAY GOODBYE TO FAT, FOREVER!

"It's true! I don't care how fat you are (Some of my patients are hyper-obese). I don't care how many diets you've been on in the past, or how many times you've thrown away your money on the latest weight-loss fad or gimmick. If your only health problem is fat, your problem is over.

"My SLIM-FAST Plan will take that excess weight off fast and keep it off without pills, drugs, devices, or injections. My plan allows your body to lose the most weight it is capable of losing in a short period of time without regular visits to my office.

"You can lose 5 to 8 lbs. in 48 hours, 20 lbs. in a week, or 40 lbs. in just a month. But even if your loss is only average, your clothes will start feeling loose this week and your pants or skirt will be falling down within 30 days!"

FAT BURNING FORMULA

"You'll start out on my specially developed SLIM-FAST Formula, a tasty and nutritious mixture that will help turn your body into a fat-burning furnace from glassful to glassful. You will literally burn up fat, melt away excess weight and reduce bulging body measurements THE VERY FIRST DAY!

"This is the fastest medically sound over-the-counter plan to reduce weight and waistline, EVER. With just the formula alone, you will lose more weight than hours of running, calisthenics, weight-lifting, or swimming. Of course, I recommend exercise with my SLIM-FAST Formula. This combination is the fastest, most permanent weight loss method known to medical science—the same method that results in losses up to 20 lbs. the first week!"

TAKE OFF EVERY EXTRA POUND—AND *KEEP IT OFF*!

"Step by step, I'll repattern your eating habits. In just a short time, I'll take you off the formula and you'll be eating 3 full meals, plus a snack each day!

"Now, the food you eat no longer turns to fat. Thanks to my SLIM-FAST Plan, you will actually reverse your body's process for building up fat! You will stop excess fat-building calories from entering your system. And, you will keep them from being turned into ugly bulging fat!"

IT WILL WORK FOR YOU—COMPLETELY AT *MY* RISK!

"That's right. You *can* lose weight fast. And, my SLIM-FAST Plan is completely safe. Of course, as with any weight-loss plan, check with your own doctor. But no matter how many pounds overweight you find yourself right now, if you're in good health, my SLIM-FAST Plan will let you take it off fast and keep it off—or your money back in full (less postage and handling, of course).

"Just fill out the coupon and postdate your check for 30 days from today. You'll pay nothing now (not for 30 days), but I'll send you my SLIM-FAST Plan, NOW! Try it. Use it. Watch pounds and inches disappear. If for any reason you're not delighted with the results, send it back. I'll return your check or money order UNCASHED! Even if you send it back later, I'll still send you a prompt refund. Thousands of satisfied customers make me bold enough to offer you this super guarantee!"

"So, try it. Take your choice of tasty chocolate, delicious vanilla, fruity strawberry, or rich banana. Use my formula for five full days. You will be trimmer. You will be slimmer. You will be lighter. And, you will see the difference in your mirror and by the fit of your clothes. Just the same, if you're not happy with my plan for any reason, simply return the unused portion within 30 days for a prompt refund, no questions asked!"

DON'T DELAY!

"Send me your order now. I guarantee that if you follow my plan compared with any other over-the-counter plan, you will lose the most weight that you're capable of losing in a short period of time. And, you will continue to lose as much weight as you want to. Best of all, you will keep that weight off!

"But don't just take my word for it. Try it. Order now, at my risk. Mail in the coupon today!"

Dr. Morton W. Levine, Plastic Surgeon and Obesity Specialist.

"My individual plans have been successful with over 10,000 patients, some of whom are pictured here. Now, I've created an over-the-counter plan that will work for you. In 4 easy steps, my SLIM-FAST Plan will help you take it off and keep it off or your money back."

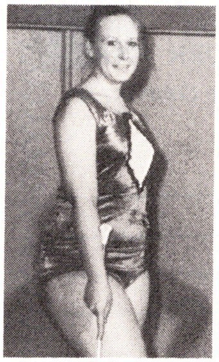
SEE FOR YOURSELF!

"Take a look at some of my patients. Though you may not lose as much or as fast, remember... compared with any other over-the-counter plan, your body will lose the most weight it is capable of losing in a short period of time!"

'LOST 69 lbs.'

SUSAN HOFFMEYER
Baton twirling champ

"I LOST 69 lbs. and I'm still losing! I was never hungry or tired. I have more energy than before. It's wonderful! You lose the weight and Dr. Levine does all the worrying. He's changed my eating patterns and my life."



Before

After

Before

After

'LOST 55 lbs.'

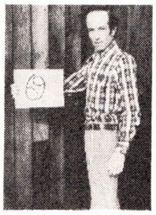
NORMA B. NADDEO

"I LOST 55 lbs. and I feel great! I have maintained my weight for over 3 years. My waist and hips are each 10½ inches smaller and I look and feel better than ever. Even my business has benefitted!"

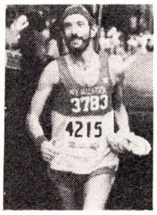
'LOST 93 lbs.'

HARVEY LEONARD

After 42 lb. loss



After 69 lb. loss



After 5 yrs. Still 93 lbs. lighter and running in the N.Y. Marathon

"I LOST 93 lbs. in 5 MONTHS and kept it off for 5 YEARS! I lost 12 inches from my waistline and 9 inches from my hips. I never felt better. I have more energy and I'm more alert."

© 1982 The Body Shoppe, Inc.

SLIM-FAST
Weight Loss

TURN YOUR BODY INTO A FAT-BURNING FURNACE

from glassful to glassful!

Now, in four great tasting flavors—You'll love it.

Order NOW!

M.C. & Visa card holders only NO C.O.D.'s

call TOLL FREE 800-824-7888 Operator #898

☎ 24 hours a day... 7 days a week... including Sunday ☎

In California 800-852-7777 In Alaska & Hawaii 800-824-7919

MAIL NO – RISK COUPON TODAY

The Bodv Shoppe, Inc., Dept. XMJ309, P.O. Box 1046, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

Dear Dr. Levine,

Please RUSH me your SLIM-FAST Plan for quick weight loss as indicated below. I enclose my check or money order. I will try the Formula for five full days. If for any reason I am not completely satisfied, I will return the unused portion within 30 days for a prompt refund (less postage and handling), no questions asked! N.Y. & Ct. residents add sales tax. ☐ Check here if you want me to hold your check, m.o., or credit card slip uncashed for 30 days.

Mr. Mrs.
Ms. Miss________________
Address ________________
City ________________
State ________ Zip ________
Phone No. ________________
☐ Visa ☐ M.C. Exp. date________
Account # ________________

- ☐ **5-Day Supply $9.95 + $1.30 p&h (Total: $11.25)**
  Available *only* in: (check one box only)
  - ☐ Vanilla (#7491)
  - ☐ Chocolate (#7581)
- ☐ **15-Day Supply $19.95 + $2.35 p&h (Total: $22.30)**
  Available *only* in: (check one box only)
  - ☐ Assortment #7013–Vanilla and Chocolate
  - ☐ Assortment #7023–Strawberry and Banana
  - ☐ Assortment #7043–Vanilla, Chocolate, Straw.
- ☐ **30-Day Supply, $34.95 + 3.25 p&h (Total: $38.20)**
  Available *only* in: (check one box only)
  - ☐ Assortment #7015–Vanilla and Chocolate
  - ☐ Assortment #7045–Vanilla, Chocolate, Straw.
  - ☐ Assortment #7155–Van., Choc., Straw., Ban.
- ☐ **60-Day Supply, $49.95 + 4.85 p&h (Total: $54.80)**
  Available *only* in: (check one box only)
  - ☐ Assortment #7107–Vanilla and Chocolate
  - ☐ Assortment #7127–Vanilla, Chocolate, Straw.
  - ☐ Assortment #7137–Van., Choc., Straw., Ban.

$2 THIS COUPON ENTITLES BEARER TO ONE, 2-YR. $2

FREE
SENSUOUS ADULT
CATALOG
SUBSCRIPTION

COLOR CATALOG OF CONDOMS, LINGERIE, ADULT BOOKS AND MORE.

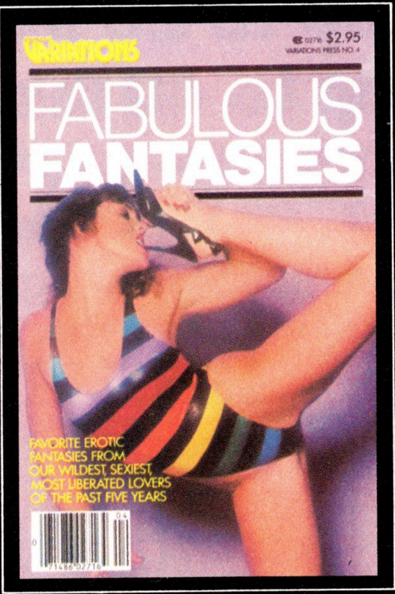
PLUS . . .
$2 OFF FIRST ORDER

JUST FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND SEND IT IN!

FROM:
NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ____________
STATE ________ ZIP ________

TO: FEDERAL PHARMACAL, INC.
DEPT. PH483
6652 N. Western Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60645

$2 $2


VARIATIONS
$2.95
VARIATIONS PRESS NO. 4
FABULOUS FANTASIES
FAVORITE EROTIC FANTASIES FROM OUR WILDEST, SEXIEST, MOST LIBERATED LOVERS OF THE PAST FIVE YEARS

FABULOUS
FANTASIES
ALL IN ONE BOOK

NOW AVAILABLE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE

molesters are involved in many more offenses than they are reported for," Dr. Mintz, who has met hundreds of such people, told us. "I would say that most of them know the child. You can be a babysitter or in the Boy Scouts or involved in the church. They know the family, they know the little boy or girl, and it's seductive. And they want a long-term relationship."

Dr. Mintz was quick to point out, however, that a minority of child molesters "*are* assaultive and *are* dangerous. And they have killed or threatened to kill and mutilate."

On the whole, however, most child sex abusers have a relationship with their victims that goes beyond just sex. Mickey and his ten-year-old daughter are two obvious examples. But there are many, many other kinds of relationships that pedophiles form with their victims.

Ed, for example, has been in prison since 1979 for sexually abusing children. He is twenty-seven years old and by his own admission has never had a satisfactory sexual relationship with an adult.

In the mid-1970s Ed volunteered for the Big Brother program. "I always wanted to have a brother, a family," he recalls. "I was an only child. My parents would never have more kids; they never told me that they tried until just recently. . . . I just thought that they wouldn't try because I was dirty, I was sick—they didn't want another one like me. In fact, they used to tell me that: 'We don't want another problem like you.' "

Before long, Ed's involvement with his young charges in the Big Brother program took a dark turn. "It started when I just had [sex with] kids in the program, two or three boys. . . . And then I started writing letters to kids in my neighborhood and asking them . . . erotic letters, like a story out of a book or something, some porn book. Basically telling them I'd like to teach them how to give a blowjob, make them feel good." These were boys who were about thirteen years old.

Ed was first arrested in 1975, but "it took me until about 1977 to get sentenced," he recalls. "I was sentenced to some probation time, three years' probation." But his sick compulsion overrode his fears about the law. "All the time I was going to court there was no fear—I was still having kids . . . boys constantly." In 1978 he was arrested again. And once again, the authorities did little.

"They charged me in Pennsylvania and nothing came of it. They just kind of let me go. . . . And they dropped it, or they didn't push it, and I wasn't going to open my mouth, because I didn't want to go to jail. . . . Gives you an idea of where our judicial system is at."

Ed's sexual predilections for young boys was becoming more and more compulsive and repetitive. He stopped going through the pretense of acting like a "big brother" to the boys he met:

"By 1979 I was starting to go out and pick up kids on the boardwalk, which I never did before. . . . I'd just walk up to a kid and proposition him—'Hey, you want five bucks? I know how you can make it.'—that kind of stuff. Just by giving him a blowjob or whatever."

Ed's third arrest in 1979 turned out to be his last; however, he was not through seeking out young boys. On the day that he was sentenced by the judge to the Adult Diagnostic Treatment Center for sexually molesting young boys, Ed had expressed fears in the court about being remanded to a county jail before a transfer to the prison could be effected. The judge understood what might happen to Ed if the other inmates in the county jail knew that he was a child molester. At the bottom of all prison hierarchies are the snitches and child molesters, and it was not too far-fetched to imagine the thin, nervous, sandy-haired twenty-four-year-old standing before the bench being killed before he ever got to the treatment center. So the judge allowed Ed a few more days of freedom before reporting directly to the center. What happened next illustrates the compulsiveness of child sex offenders:

"And he let me off. I went off, and I'll tell you how stupid . . . well, how unafraid I was of being caught. That afternoon, when I went home, I rode downtown and got a sandwich at a place I get sandwiches at. I was riding across the street and there was this other little kid that I'd been wanting for a while and I started talking to him, trying to get him . . . and this was the day I was sentenced to come here and I had three days left. I said to myself, 'Well, fuck it. I don't care.' I never really cared anyway. . . ."

Another myth about pedophiles is that they are terribly, fearfully ashamed of what they are doing and never reveal their dark secret to anyone. In fact, however, they often act in concert with other adults in seeking out children, or, at the very least, relate their experiences to one another. Some go as far as forming an organization to promote pedophile sex activity and lobby to get the consent laws changed.

Several such organizations operate in this country and Europe. They include the Rene Guyon Society, the Childhood Sensuality Circle, the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA), the Paedophile Information Exchange (a British group), and the French Group de Recherche pour une Enfance Differente (Organization for an Alternative Childhood). All of these groups deny publicly that their members engage in illicit activities.

The Rene Guyon Society, named after a psychologist who wrote about sexual activities of children in various cultures, issues a small newsletter that, according to its spokesman, Tim O'Hara, is sent to over 5,000 members. The newsletter is a hodgepodge of slogans, information, and polemics to keep up the fight to change the laws protecting children from pedophiles. Here are some examples from a few newsletters sent to us:

"Our Slogan: Sex by Year Eight
Or Else Its [sic] Too Late!"

"When we have been asked by lawmakers as to what age sex should begin, we answer 4, 5, or 6. . . ."

"Decade of Anal Sex Research Ends. . . .

"The cavity is large enough at age 4 for both boys and girls to painlessly hold an adult's penis—an act they constantly desire from adult males they love."

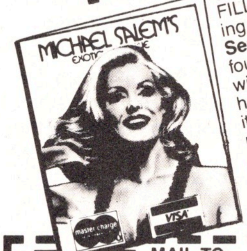
And in an apparent encouragement of incest, the Guyon Society reassures any parents reading the newsletter that "children *keep* family sex secrets." But the society's spokesman, Tim O'Hara, insisted that the Guyon Society members do not engage in illegal sex acts with children—they only wish to have the laws changed. "We are a people who started this twenty years ago. We do not engage in illegal acts. None of us have a background in illegal acts, because we believe the legislature will listen to us."

O'Hara was asked whether he thought it was realistic that the laws prohibiting child sex abuse—what many pedophiles call "intergeneration sex"—would ever be changed. "We are almost to the edge of saying that we have the support and are getting the majority we want," he replied. Then he added: "Oh yes, I think that it's around the corner. It's because of the jails being filled, and the fact that so many important people are lining up on our side." But O'Hara would not tell us who these "important people" were. He then expressed his unhappiness with *Penthouse* for its failure to agree with his views.

"It's your magazine that can stop this chain of thinking, viewing sex with children as harmful. But if you want to promote body guilt, as most of your questions indicate, then you're being one of the master devils of the journalistic world."

Although pedophile groups insist that their members are not having sex with very young children, there is evidence to the contrary. The Los Angeles Police Department's Sexually Exploited Child Unit showed us letters that contain graphic accounts of such experiences. In one, a man related his sexual encounters with his son and daughter—who were two and three years old. Another wrote how, through his membership in the Guyon Society, he was able to meet other parents who were willing to swap their children for sexual purposes.

The North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) is a great deal more sophisticated than the Guyon Society in its



MICHAEL SALEM'S
EXOTICA BOUTIQUE

WHERE YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY!

Send for exciting FASHION-FILLED **CATALOGS** featuring the NEWEST Erotic **Sensations** in lingerie, foundations, garter belts, wigs & shoes, **PLUS** hundreds of unusual items available in regular & **larger** sizes.

For PHONE orders & in person purchases, call (212) 371-6877

MAIL TO:
MICHAEL SALEM
ENTERPRISES, INC.
PO Box 1781, Dept. P483
FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10150

Check Catalog(s) Desired:
☐ Exotic Boutique Catalog Subscription ($5.00) (deductible from first order)
☐ Sexual Aids Catalog ($10.00)
☐ TV and Rubber Clothing Catalog ($15.00)
☐ Sexually Explicit Video Tape Catalog ($10.00)
☐ Catalog of Restraints ($15.00)
☐ EXCITING BOOK by MICHAEL SALEM *How to Impersonate a Woman* ($40.00)

Dealerships Available—Write for Details

I enclose $_____ in ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ MO
(NY Residents please add tax) U.S. Funds Only
Airmail USA add $5.00 Airmail Foreign add $15.00
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ________ State ______ Zip _______
I am over 21 years of age *(SIGNATURE)* _______________

ALL MAIL SENT DISCREETLY IN PLAIN WRAPPER

Sexual Aids: **How to order them without embarrassment. How to use them without disappointment.**

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be used for additional mailings or solicitations. Nor will it be sold or given to any other company. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction—or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. P-04-83
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

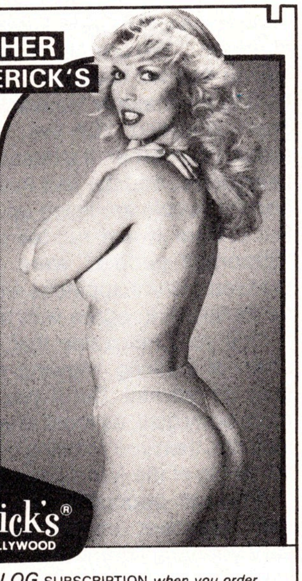
Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________ Zip ________

Our catalogue and products are sent only to adults over the age of 21. Your age and signature are needed below.

I am __________ years old.
Signed ____________________

Xandria, 1245 16th Street, San Francisco
Void where prohibited by law.



EXPOSE HER
TO FREDERICK'S

SHE'LL LOVE YOU FOR IT!

NEXT-TO-NOTHING PANTY lets her derriere stand out with s-m-o-o-t-h **NO**-panty line. V-cut front. Nylon and **Lycra®** spandex. Black, Nude or White. One size fits all.
#3—4363
2 for $12.88
$7 each

frederick's®
OF HOLLYWOOD

FREE *CATALOG* SUBSCRIPTION *when you order.*
OR *send today* **$2** for **11 Issues, $3** for a **Two year** subscription for the Frederick's Catalog. Filled with hundreds of **SEDUCTIVE** fashions, **WILD** lingerie, **FASCINATING** foundations, **ALLURING** dresses, sportswear and shoes. Plus **SEXY** He-man fashions too!
Subscriptions in U.S.A. ONLY

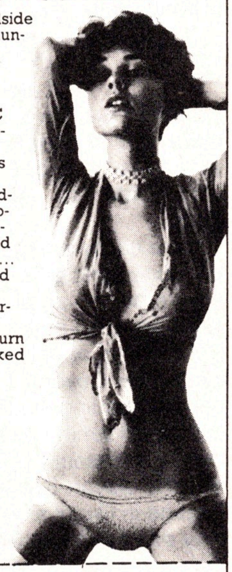
FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD
6610 Hollywood Blvd. Dept.3704, Hollywood CA. 90028

Style #3—4363 Qty. ________ Color ________
Add $1.85 shipping charge—NO C.O.D.'s
California residents add appropriate tax.
I enclose $________ ☐Check ☐M.O.
Not ordering right now—BUT RUSH ME YOUR CATALOG
I enclose ☐**$2 (11 Issues)** ☐**$3 (Two year** subscription)
Subscriptions in U.S.A. ONLY

Name________
Address________ Apt.____
City________ State________ Zip____

PLEASE PRINT

© 1983



FREE
AN INVITATION TO THE SEXUAL ADVENTURE OF YOUR LIFE!

• 32-page full-color "Bedside Companion" features hundreds of ways to make you a better lover... everything from Erection Creams to Glowing Vibes! • THE MAGIC SEX SPOT—it's your opportunity to get up to $15.00 worth of sex aids for only 99¢! • PLUS a chance to enter the Bedside Companion Sweepstakes and win a brand-new 1983 fully-equipped Sports Car! That's right... all FREE when you send us the coupon below. We'll rush you your personal copy of The Bedside Companion by return mail...in a plain unmarked package of course!

HUNDREDS OF BEDROOM IDEAS AND BIZARRE EROTIC EXPERIMENTS FREE!

Valentine Products, Inc., Dept. FC-128
PO Box 6400, Newtown, CT 06470
Please send me the "Bedside Companion" package absolutely **FREE! Code 04952.**

NAME________
SIGNATURE *(I am over 18 years of age)*________
ADDRESS________
CITY________ STATE________ ZIP________

Hottest Gift Of The '80s!

From
"Gifts In Bad Taste"
HERPES

Be A Part Of The Craze That's Sweeping The Nation!
20 Million People Can't Be Wrong, Pass It On.
He's Not Cute But He'll Grow On You.
Don't Worry If He Leaves Home, He'll Be Back!
The Gift That Keeps On Giving.
Get Him Before He Get's You.

Copy[illegible] Taste 1982

HERPES $5.98 (Plus $1.50 Postage & Handling)
WE'LL SEND HERPES TO YOUR FRIENDS!
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED.
MAIL CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
"Gifts In Bad Taste"
20926 VENTURA BLVD. #600 WOODLAND HILLS, CA. 91364

BANKAMERICARD VISA
master charge

Send me ____ HERPES at $5.98 plus $1.50 per HERPE for postage and handling. Calif. residents add 6½ % sales tax.
Name ________
Street ________
City, State ________ Zip ________
M/C VISA # ________ Exp. Date ________
Signature ________
VISA and MC accepted. Card holders may also order by phone.
Call (213) 340-7050 Allow 2-4 weeks for delivery.

espousal of adult-child sex. NAMBLA members, who exist in many states across the country, are drawn together for one purpose: they are male adults who desire sex with young boys. They share a common belief that they are persecuted for their views by an ignorant society: A NAMBLA editorial states that "men who follow their hearts and awaken their consciousness as boy lovers take a very dangerous path. Any man who follows his natural and wholesome feelings for boys into any erotic activity has gone beyond the bounds of 'normal' acceptable social behavior." The editorial then continues to blame Western "imperialism" for spreading the notion that there is something wrong about adult men having sex with young boys.

NAMBLA devotes a great part of its literature to espousing the establishment of legal defense funds for men in custody or facing trial and to inveighing shrilly against various law enforcement officials who oppose the activities of the organization. It should be mentioned that NAMBLA is anathema to many of the larger gay rights groups in the country.

NAMBLA is absolute in its position: "Repeal all age-of-consent laws!" One of its pamphlets tells who joins the society. "Our members reflect a cross section of the population. They include teachers, artists, cooks, writers, social workers, professors, editors, priests, students, prisoners, runaways, and so on. They are old and they are young. Some are gay identified, others are not. Some men are attracted to prepubescent boys, others to teenage boys. Some have wider-ranging sexual attractions."

Ed, the former Big Brother, told us that he was familiar with NAMBLA and its literature. He said that within his prison the group's propaganda and erotic pictures were freely available. This is especially shocking when one considers the fact that these inmates are supposedly going through a therapeutic and rehabilitative process to prevent them from resuming molesting children after they're released.

For quite a while it seemed that no one from NAMBLA would grant us an interview to present the organization's response to our questions. Finally, however, Michael Lavery, an attorney for the organization—and a member—contacted us and agreed to talk to the magazine.

Lavery, who is in his mid-thirties, lives in New York City's West Village, an area frequented and inhabited by many of the city's gays. Throughout the interview Lavery constantly lit and relit one of the pipes from his rather large collection. Although not an official spokesman for NAMBLA, Lavery was willing to discuss the group's position.

"NAMBLA is in favor of consensual sexual activities between people without regard to age, and they're an organization which seeks to change such laws," Lavery told us. "And when I talk about consensual sexual activity," he added, "it can include a whole variety of things, and not necessarily include raping a sixteen-month-old. And add that, in fact, whether it's this society or other societies, a parent who is manipulating the genitals of a ten-month-old to soothe them for not crying is performing a sexual act."

If a NAMBLA member, we asked Lavery, considers a thirteen-year-old mature enough to have sex with an adult, would that same NAMBLA member also trust the boy with his credit card, car keys, or checkbook? Lavery would not answer the question directly.

"To suggest that use of a credit card and use of a bank account and use of my car is the same thing as use of my body . . . That isn't what you said, but again, that's a hidden assumption. The assumption being, necessarily, that there is this man who is making use of this child rather than two people who are enjoying each other."

Pushed further on the question, the NAMBLA member was asked if one could consider consensual sexual activity between the thirteen-year-old and an adult an equal decision?

"I don't think that it's a negative decision. The fact that a thirteen-year-old gets his cock sucked is not a negative act."

Lavery would not draw the line at any

Skinny Men and Women

GAIN WEIGHT FAST!

with BODY BUILDER-P

THE THINNER YOU ARE, THE MORE YOU HAVE TO GAIN!

- At last, the weight gain program that you've been waiting for. If you've tried everything you could think of . . . and tried . . . and tried . . . and couldn't gain weight, **Body Builder-P is for you!**
- If you've been waiting for the right weight gain product, the one that will work with your body (not against it) to put on extra pounds as fast as you possibly can, **Body Builder-P is for you!**
- If you just need to gain a few pounds, or you really need to put on a lot of weight, **Body Builder-P is for you!**

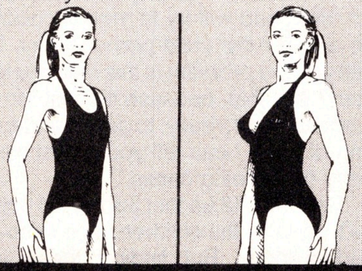
The fact is, **Body Builder-P** is for anyone who has ever wanted or needed to gain weight . . . because it's easy, because it's fast, because it's safe and most important of all because it works!

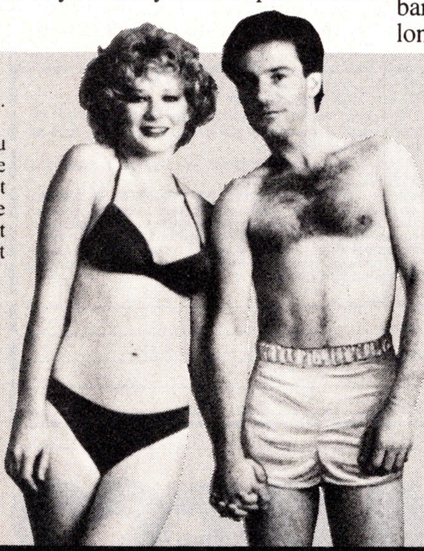
With **Body Builder-P**, you'll put on pounds faster than you ever dreamed possible. Now, there's no reason to wait and suffer the embarassment of being too thin for one minute longer!

FOR WOMEN

Think about it . . . knobby legs . . . flat chest . . . less hips . . . sunken in face . . . the list goes on!

Why worry and hide in baggy clothes when you could be showing off a beautiful body! You'll see what a difference *Body Builder-P* can make in just one week! You can look forward to those feminine curves . . . see the seductive new you blossom right before your eyes . . . and just as important . . . right before his eyes too!

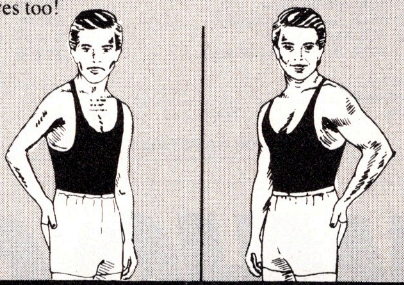




FOR MEN

Spindly legs . . . weakling arms . . . scrawny chest . . . don't suffer when you can do something about it and become the man you want to be.

Women love men with some "meat on their bones." And you'll feel a new sense of pride and self confidence when your fantastic full, masculine body appears quickly . . . right before your eyes . . . and just as important . . . right before her eyes too!



WHICH BODY DO YOU WANT?!

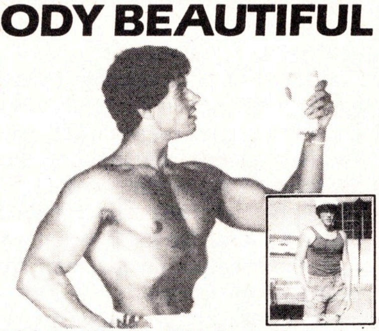
WOMEN—If you picked the curvaceous, full figured body, but right now your chest is too flat, your legs are too thin, and your hips don't exist, *Body Builder-P* will change your life!

YOU HAVE EVERYTHING TO GAIN!

MEN—If you picked the handsome, manly body, but right now you look like a skinny weakling, *Body Builder-P* will make you the man you want to be!

©1982 The Body Shoppe, Inc. 111 Brook St., Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

THIN and BONY to BODY BEAUTIFUL



Chris Sabatino, 1981, Class I NBA, Teenage Mr. America

"I was down to 135 lbs. of skin and bone when I built up 37 lbs. of muscle and became a champion. Now, you can use my *Body Builder-P* as part of your exercise program to gain weight and put some flesh on those bones. Girls, add curves, fill out, and get the figure you always wanted. Men, add inches of muscle and get an impressive manly body. You can do it! But don't wait. Order NOW!

Body Builder-P is used to gain weight (not fat) and build body mass as part of the exercise program of champion bodybuilders. Imagine what it will do for you, whether you need curves or muscles.

This high powered natural food supplement contains rich protein, concentrated and fortified with 12 vitamins and 7 minerals, as well as all 8 essential amino acids. It blends into a delicious shake with juice or milk. And, it gives you added energy and leaves you feeling great!

You'll be amazed! This incredible formula goes to work immediately. Start to see results THE VERY FIRST DAY! In just a few days, you'll be looking at yourself in the mirror and you'll start to understand the incredible power of Body Builder-P! Then you'll get on the scale and realize that you've added pounds and pounds of impressive, attractive flesh.

So, don't wait even one more minute. Order your *Body Builder-P* NOW! If for any reason you're not 100% satisfied, simply return the unused portion within 30 days for a prompt refund (less p&h, of course), NO QUESTIONS ASKED! Don't delay. Mail in the coupon today!

The Body Shoppe, Inc. Dept.PMJ309
P.O. Box 1046, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

Yes, I want to gain weight fast! Rush my *Body Builder-P* as indicated below. If I am not 100% satisfied, I can return the unused portion within 30 days for a prompt refund, NO QUESTIONS ASKED! My check or M.O. is enclosed (NY & Ct. residents add sales tax)

☐ #928, 7 day supply of Body Builder-P at $12.95 + $1.75 p&h (Total: $14.70)
☐ #9282, 14 day supply of Body Builder-P at $21.95 + $2.65 p&h (Total: $24.60)
☐ #9283, 21 day supply of Body Builder-P at $29.95 + $2.95 p&h (Total: $32.90)

Mr. Mrs.
Miss Ms. ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______
☐ M.C. ☐ VISA (min. $20) Expir. date ______
Account # ______

age for a child to have sex with an adult. "No. As long as it's consensual." His reasoning was simple. "Because sex is not bad. Sex is good." For children, it was asked? "For anyone. For anyone . . . I happen to think sex is good for anyone. And good sex is good sex." Lavery did not believe it was possible for anyone to demonstrate that sex between adults and children is harmful to children.

If Rene Guyon and NAMBLA members do not believe sexual abuse of children is harmful, Ralph Bennett and Bill Dworin have reasons to believe otherwise. Both men have devoted years on the Los Angeles Police Department to enforcing the laws that protect children against sex abuse. They are among the few experts who come into contact with both victim and victimizer. Bennett and Dworin also see the side of child sex abuse that NAMBLA and Rene Guyon do not like to acknowledge, the commercial exploitation, i.e., child prostitution and pornography, of children. In their office inside the Parker Center, Bennett explained: "I don't think there's any way to put a definition on the extent of the problem, because it's so much underground. You're dealing with a subculture. You're dealing with the pedophile. And the ones that have an interest in children and will try to molest children try to acquire the child pornography. I can't tell you *the problem is this big*, you know. I can't say that, because it's just too much underground, really, to get an understanding of it. All I can tell you is that we keep very busy doing cases."

Bennett told us that part of his unit's job is to identify the children used in so-called kiddie porn. But finding these victims doesn't necessarily guarantee them protection. "We have much more success prosecuting for child molestation than we do on, say, the pornography laws," Bennett said. "It's not illegal to possess child pornography. It's illegal to produce it, it's illegal to distribute it. What we find is that the pornography is merely the extension of the molestation. The kids are being molested, and it's easier to use the pornography to support molestation [charges] than it is to use molestation to support your charges of pornography."

Most child pornography, Bennett told us, is produced in Europe; however, a good share does originate in this country. The Netherlands, according to the LAPD detective, is the world's largest producer of commercial child pornography. Bennett opened a large file cabinet that was filled with confiscated magazines. We read such titles as: *Children Love*, *Kids, Girls & Boys*, *Runaway Sex*, *Baby Sex*, and *Boy Scout Manual* among dozens of others. Books that catered to pedophiles included *Her Horny Nephew*, *Hard Boys for Teacher*, and *Chicken Troop*.

Bennett and Dworin ridiculed the contention that pedophiles and their organizations do not exploit children. Bennett told us that often they procure children for other pedophiles. "Well, I'm sure they do, be-

NICOLE

Tightly fitting camisole top and g-string panty are beautifully made of white eyelet 100% cotton. Camisole is designed to round each breast perfectly and ties at the cleavage with soft satin bows. Sizes: P(7-8), S(9-10), M(11-12), L(13-15). Just $18.50.

SEXUAL FANTASIES

New! This powerhouse paperback goes beyond other books previously published. Profusely photo-illustrated with dozens of explicit, full-size photos, it covers topics (some previously taboo!) such as narcissism, bestiality, the aggressive female, and more. 128 pages, oversized deluxe edition. Regularly $16.95. Now Only $12.95!

ILLUSTRATED KAMA SUTRA

The exclusive new illustrated Kama Sutra is a picture book of sexual positions you will never forget! The erotic work of the ages — banned for over 70 years, now in a new explicit illustrated edition. One of the most important works of erotic literature. Dozens of explicit photographs. Just $4.95.

SPECIAL: Both books for only $13.95.
Complete money-back guarantee if not delighted. Order today!

Adam & Eve Box 900, Dept. PH-81
Carrboro, NC 27510
ADAM & EVE®

☐ #9W Nicole (Size____) $18.50
☐ #54B Sexual Fantasies $12.95
☐ #G9 Kama Sutra . . . . $ 4.95
☐ #56B Both Books (Save!) $13.95

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________

OVER ONE MILLION SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

FREE Sex Books worth $50.00!

That's right! We'll show you how to get $50.00 worth of giant 8½" x 11" photo-graphic sex books in sizzling, red-hot color, FREE! And, you'll find out how to get another 9 FREE Bonuses including everything from a sexual comicbook; to a cologne that attracts women; to a massage lotion that gets hot when you blow on it.

Plus, you'll be able to get up to 60% discount on many more explicit sex photo books. They're all filled to the brim with beautiful people doing anything and everything to excite themselves, each other, and YOU! And, there's plenty for every taste and sexual preference.

To get complete information, red-hot sample photos, and a long list from which you can choose $50 worth of the hottest juiciest sex photo books FREE, just fill in the form below, sign the age certification, and be sure to include $1to cover p&h. That's all there is to it. Act now!

© 1983 21st Century Products, Inc., 111 Brook St., Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

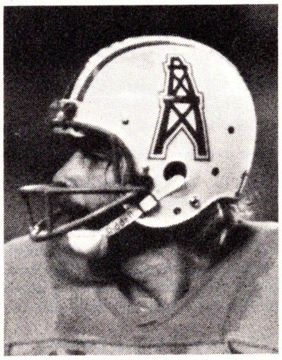
21st Century Products, Inc. Dept. DMJ309
P.O. Box 1048, Scarsdale, NY 10583

Yes! Send me the red-hot sample photos and info on how to get $50-worth of sex photo books free and all the other free items, too.

Rush it in a plain wrapper. I've signed below and enclosed $1 to cover p&h.

NOTICE! SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED! I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature ____________
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________



WHO CARES?

Kenny Stabler, quarterback and motorcyclist.
"If I were to show up on the field without any protective gear, chances are I'd be laughed out of the stadium. Or carried out. Yet I see a lot of cyclists riding without even a helmet. And that's nothing to laugh off. Like any sport, motorcycling requires proper equipment. That's why, if I don't have a helmet, I don't ride. Period."

RIDE AWARE. SHOW YOU CARE.

MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL, INC. MIC

cause they are pedophiles. Pedophiles procure children for themselves and other people, their friends." Part of this exploitation of children, we learned, was the bent of pedophiles to take pictures of the children they were sexually abusing either for commercial pornography or to titillate their friends.

Bennett offered us a sampling of this type of material. The photographs, usually Polaroids, had been bound in photo albums by the police. One was called "John Duncan and Friends." John Duncan was a Los Angeles Parks superintendent, a position that put him into contact with hundreds of children. Duncan and his adult friends had a ring of children, ages ranging from five to twelve, with whom they engaged in various sexual activities. The photographs show the adults in actual sexual acts, intercourse, fellatio, etc., with the youngsters. Duncan and several of his cohorts were eventually arrested and convicted. After serving part of a five-year sentence he was released. Shortly after this a parole officer visiting Duncan's apartment found a new batch of pictures. He was sent back to prison.

Another photo album seen that day at police headquarters was especially disturbing. It was entitled "The Wedding," and it was apparently photographed and staged by the victim's father. The first page of photos shows a very young girl being dressed up in a wedding gown. The next page of the "wedding album" depicts the welcoming of adult guests to the gathering. Next we witness a mock wedding ceremony between the child and her father. Finally, the consummation of the "honeymoon" is graphically depicted.

With the distinct exception of sexually abusing children, pedophiles, for the most part, are not engaged in criminal activities. And since experts concur that they come from every socioeconomic, racial, and religious group, it seemed to us that pedophiles would show tremendous guilt about the consequences of their obsessions.

But Bill Dworin said that this was not the case: "A pedophile is not ashamed of what he is doing. They're proud of their sexual activity. And so they have groups and they brag about it in their correspondence. They have meetings. NAMBLA has meetings every once in a while to push it, to legalize it, to lobby through the state legislatures, trying to change the laws on consenting sex acts. Which is any age, from a three-year-old child . . ."

Dworin emphasized that while pedophiles profess great love for children, they are terribly exploitive of the youngsters. For instance, he cited the case of a Los Angeles magazine for pedophiles entitled *Person to Person*. Each edition sold for five dollars and was sent out to about 10,000 pedophiles. The magazine specialized in helping pedophiles contact young girls.

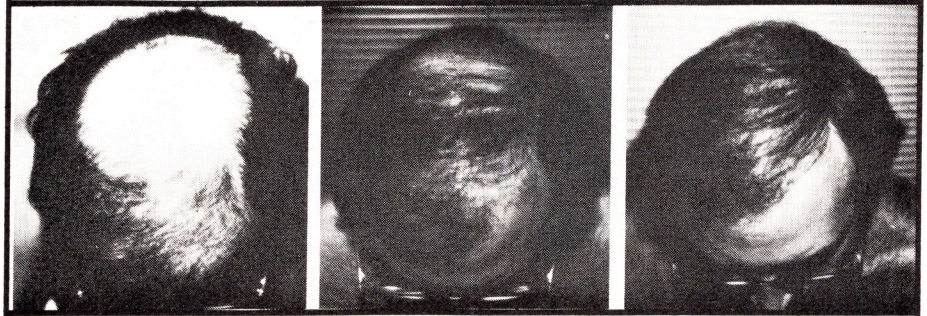
In addition to photographs of children ranging from five or six years old to early teens, the magazine carried such ads as

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

BALDNESS CURE?

EXCLUSIVE

THE PHOTOS SHOWN ARE NOT STUDIO PHOTOS. THEY WERE TAKEN BY AN ACTUAL CLIENT AT HOME. THE POOR REPRODUCTION ON THIS PAGE IS DUE TO THAT FACT.



According to the Federal Trade Commission nothing now exists that can re-grow hair on a balding scalp.

Although **scores of satisfied clients,** both men and women, that once suffered from the problems of pattern baldness **are convinced** the formula known as **MEDI-TEC 90™ was the cause for their regrowth of hair,** their own documented testimonials stating the incredible results achieved with the use of MEDI-TEC 90™ is not what the Federal Trade Commission calls acceptable proof.

NOTE: The actual file photographs shown on this page, photographs of the progressive re-growth of hair experienced while using MEDI-TEC 90™ have not been altered.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

But with the complex regulations binding the F.T.C., the possibility of coincidence prohibits F.T.C. endorsements.

FACT: That there is a definite progressive regrowth of hair while under the MEDI-TEC 90™ program is not in question.

WHAT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE REGROWTH OF HAIR?

For the many who have used MEDI-TEC 90™ and experienced the re-growth of hair. The daily application of the MEDI-TEC 90™ solution was the cause. They feel, as the following testimonials state, that without the daily application of MEDI-TEC 90™ their suffering and embarrassment would not have ended.

"I'm writing you this letter because I must apologize. When my husband ordered your product I was mad. Throwing money away on some worthless product again. But now after about 5 weeks hair is growing. I can see it myself with my own eyes." **Mrs. S.C.**

"I started using your formula at — — (a well known private clinic). Now I apply it (MEDI-TEC 90™) myself at home. The formula works — my hair has grown on the balding areas and it only cost me 1/3 the price." **Mr. P.G.**

"What more can I say but thank you, thank you, thank you." **Mr. L.M.**

"Besides the fact that your product works...It's easy to use, no odor and not greasy!!" **Mr. H.B.**

"Your product has done more for me than grow hair on my scalp...It has given me back my confidence..." **Mr. C.D.**

NOTE: Formulations developed for the treatment of pattern baldness are presently used by expensive clinics in the United States and many countries around the world. The fact is you can apply these same formulations to your scalp at home without the expense or embarrassment of going to a "baldness" clinic. The Robertson-Taylor Co., a division of Intra-Medic Formulations Inc, believes that an affordable "at home" treatment must be made available. The suffering of baldness should not be a penalty of a moderate income.

SEE RESULTS IN WEEKS.

The fast acting MEDI—TEC 90™ Formula will start to work immediately. This exclusive formula will begin to allow the hair follicle to "breath". In 2-4 weeks you will start to see evidence of new hair growth in previously bald or thinner areas. After that your new hair will gradually continue to fill in and thicken.

MEDI-TEC 90™ — THE ODORLESS, GREASELESS, EASY TO USE FORMULA

This powerfully effective formula is easy to use. It is odorless, it is greaseless, and it is easily applied with a spray applicator that is supplied at no extra charge. Simply spray MEDI-TEC 90™ onto the thinning or balding areas of the scalp a few times each day. You will see results. GUARANTEED!

CERTIFIED GUARANTEE

Use the MEDI-TEC 90™ formula for 30 days. If you do not see the progressive re-growth of hair over the entire balding area of your scalp, the same re-growth of hair experienced by others who have used the MEDI-TEC 90™ formula. Return for a prompt and full refund.

ORDER THE MEDI-TEC 90™ FORMULA NOW!

Order now! MEDI-TEC 90™ will work for you. You have nothing to lose but the time it takes for you to fill out and mail the coupon below.

A full head of healthy hair is worth the effort.

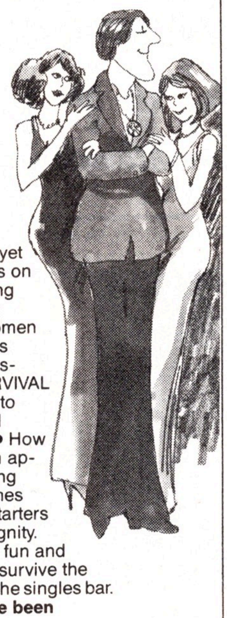
Thank you,
The Robertson-Taylor Co.

MEDI-TEC 90™ Therapeutic Lotion and Scalp Stimulant
National Drug Code Registration #51729-4490-08
(1 month) 8 oz. $24.50 ______
MEDI-TEC 90™ Therapeutic Lotion and Scalp Stimulant
National Drug Code Registration #51729-4490-16
(2 months) 16 oz. $42.50 ______
MEDI-TEC 90™ Therapeutic Shampoo and Scalp Cleanser
National Drug Code Registration #51729-4390-08
8 oz. $12.50 ______
Total $ ______
(Shipping & Handling) $ 2.00
Total Amount Enclosed $ ______
NO C.O.D.'s PLEASE. Check/Money Order ☐
MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐
Card # ______ Exp. Date ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______
Zip ______ Phone ______
Mail To: THE ROBERTSON-TAYLOR CO.
Suite 290, 781 W. Oakland Park Boulevard
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33311 PH-M

THE ROBERTSON-TAYLOR CO., A DIVISION OF INTRA-MEDIC FORMULATIONS, INC.

Required Reading for Singles!

The Singles Bar Survival Manual



Never-before published, yet "field-proven" techniques on attracting, meeting, leaving with, and loving the most beautiful and exciting women who frequent singles bars everywhere! The fully illustrated SINGLES BAR SURVIVAL MANUAL details: ● How to stand out from the crowd (without saying a word) ● How to make beautiful women approach you ● Role-playing and winning at mind games ● Proven conversation starters ● How to escape with dignity. PLUS, hundreds of other fun and exciting ways to happily survive the highly-charged world of the singles bar. **This is the manual you've been waiting for. Order today!**

Mail check or money order for $9.95 (Ohio residents add 6% sales tax) plus $1.50 postage and handling to: RAGNAR PRESS INC., Dept. PH4, P.O. BOX 92, West Carrollton, Ohio 45449.

Name

Address

City State Zip

(Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery)

ARE YOU A TRANSVESTITE?

$18.50
TRANSVESTITE
Catalog
A CENTURIAN PUBLICATION

In the never-before published Transvestite catalog, you'll find a wide variety of outfits and costumes that will suit your fetish: soft lingerie, panties, undergarments, shoes, boots, corsets, clothing, hosiery, wigs, makeup, uniforms, vaginas, breasts, female torsos, genital harnesses, and transvestite devices.

To order your TRANSVESTITE CATALOG, send check or money order for $18.50 plus $2.50 postage and handling to: **EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD.,** P.O. BOX 6500, Dept. DAS0144, Englewood, NJ 07631. NJ residents add tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD™

CALL TOLL FREE 800-526-4797

Giant Photo Books!

Alternate Sexual Lifestyles

162 Erection Collection—Handsome men, incredibly erotic photographs, 60 pgs. $12.50
555 Flashback—7 guys show you that doing it together and alone, is terriffic! $12.50
180 Lesbian Lovers—Over 200 sexy ladies do it all to each other and a toy or two. $6.00
191 California Hardware—100 graphically colored pgs. excerpt the films *Staghorn* and *3 on 1.* $25.00
192 Roommates—Blonde on blonde, Oriental delights, pretty pink lips, much more. $6.00
194 County Fair—2 cowboys prove they can ride western style. $12.50
197 Hot Rocks—48 color pgs. from the Drive Shaft series. 2 hot guys every which way. $12.50
684 Double Dynamite—100 all color pgs. show 2 cousins discovering each other and 2 execs pick up a hitch-hiker. $25.00
498 Collect Call—48 erotically photographed pages of two men in love. $13.50
161 AC-DC—48 pgs. of bisexual and lesbian sex. $6.00
501 Too Hot To Stop—Two boys and a girl do it all. $13.50
506 Girls Who Love Toys—100 color pgs., boy-girl, 2 girls-boy, 1, 2, & 3 girls $25.00

© 1983 21st Century Products, Inc. 111 Brook St., Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

21st Century Products, Inc., Dept. 7MJ309
P.O. Box 1048, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find my check, M.O., M.C. or Visa information. Please rush me in a plain wrapper the item(s) indicated below under your 30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE (N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax)

Book Total
N.Y. & Ct. tax
Add $1.50 p&h per item
TOTAL:

Name
Address
City
State Zip
☐ M.C. ☐ Visa (min. $20) Exp.
Acct. #

NOTICE! SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED!

I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature

Don't make your mail come looking for you.

If you don't notify everybody at least one month before you move, some of your favorite mail may spend a lot of time looking for your new address.

Just pick up a Change-of-Address Kit at the Post Office. Moving should be an enjoyable experience. But it won't be fun if your mail is left behind.

Let everybody know where you're moving to.

© USPS 1981

"White Gentleman seeks mother or families with pre-teen daughters," or, "Lolita Lover with 13-year-old lover that looks 9, wishes correspondence with woman or couple with daughter 5 to 13. Meetings possible." Or, "Uninhibited Male, 35, wants to correspond and meet consenting adults & pre-teen girls. Willing to travel."

After working so many years on this detail, Ralph Bennett was asked, How does one warn parents and the public? How can ordinary people relate to this?

"They can't," he replied flatly. "Most people aren't aware of it, and they don't want to be. . . . I go up and give talks, take along these magazines. Some get sick over this stuff. They don't want to know about it. And you can understand, and if you really dwell on it, it's a very depressing job to know that these kids are being abused like they are. But yet you've got to [go on]. It's a job, and you've got to keep your proper perspective. I have a fantastic wife and little boy I adore and that's where I'm coming from."

Attempting to treat child sex abusers can be especially frustrating. Most abusers are treated in prison because the law mandates that something be done with them before allowing them back on the streets. But one program we visited treats child sex abusers who are not in prison. It is the Special Behavior Clinic of the New York State Psychiatric Institute, in New York City.

Upon entering the basement complex of the clinic, this reporter was introduced as a child sex offender seeking treatment. When the error was pointed out to Ken Cullen, a therapist and spokesman for the clinic, he chuckled. "We've just about seen everybody here. We've seen doctors, lawyers . . . no Indian chiefs yet, but that's the only exception."

Ken Cullen also expressed his frustration at alerting the public to the problem: "There is no way to say to the child, 'Look out for a man who's sixty and who's around schoolyards.' Well, a child molester could be the nice young guy who's a crossing guard and only holds jobs that bring him in contact with kids. And he could be the wonderfully attentive softball coach. It can be the Boy Scout leader."

Cullen belittled the idea that children who have sex with adults are not psychologically and emotionally hurt. "Usually what happens is they know something's wrong. Something is radically wrong, and they're bad because of it. They develop a colossal negative self-image, with lots of self-doubts about their own ability to decide what's right and wrong."

Cullen also derided those who claim to be speaking on behalf of children in advocating consensual sex between adults and kids.

"Basically there's no free choice going on. Taking a traumatized child, a child who is unsure and uncertain, and presenting yourself as an authority figure, as someone who knows what is right and wrong, who knows what life has and what should be done with life and what the good parts of life are, and you are conditioning this child. It's the worst form of conditioning that goes on, and to present it as an innocent activity in which the child has free choice and the opportunity to exercise free choice is absurd, a total distortion of the facts."

How many children are the targets of attempted or actual sexual molestations? Obviously, there can be no definitive statistics, but from working with a small group of pedophiles at the clinic, Cullen was able to offer a frightening picture of what is happening all across the country:

"How does 16,666 hit you for attempted child molestations? That's for a group of roughly ninety pedophiles. That means that not all the time were they able to get the kid in the car, or to get the kid home, but they stopped just short of or didn't stop just short of having sex with the child. That's from our patient experience here. And that's on their own report."

The program at the clinic is too complex to be described here except to point out that its purpose is to "recondition" a sex abuser to associate sexual gratification with socially acceptable releases. The program was established and is run by Dr. Gene Abel, a pioneer in sex abuse therapy. One important condition for those entering the program is that they not be court-ordered to do so. Thus it is hoped that only child sex abusers who really want to change their lives will enter the program. It is too soon to tell if the program is successful, since it has been in operation only a scant two years.

What should be done with adults who sexually abuse children is still a matter of intense debate. Some say that they ought to be kept in prison forever, others talk about treatment and rehabilitation, and still others openly espouse a death penalty for offenders. If there is agreement at all, it is that children and their parents must be educated about sex abusers.

Children must be taught that they have the right to tell an adult not to touch their bodies. Individuals who work at jobs where they come into contact with children should be screened. Ed, a sex offender who can speak from experience, advises young children who are approached to walk away politely from those making sexual advances. Local police departments are eager to talk to parents and parent groups about what they can do to lessen the chances of their children's being sexually abused. Below is a partial list of organizations to contact for information or help relating to the problem:

Sexual Behavior Clinic, New York State Psychiatric Institute, 722 West 168th Street, New York, N.Y. 10032 (212) 568-9696

Alpha Human Services, Inc., 2712 Fremont Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55408 (612) 872-8218

Darrow Clinic, 1635 Pearl Street, Denver, Colo. 80203 (303) 388-1540

"PEEK-A-BUNS"
New European-styled crotchless pantyhose in black, sexy-sheer and super stretch to fit all.
$5 EACH
PLUS LINGERIE CATALOG
Bedroom Fantasies, the most extraordinary lingerie catalog ever. 36 Full-color, full-size pages with 200 sheer delights from the world passion capitals.
Send $5 for Pantyhose & Catalog plus $1.50 postage & handling. Send $2 for Catalog only. Mail check or money order to:
DEPT.PH-4
P.O.BOX 231
TENAFLY,NJ
07670
© Copyright 1983 Bedroom Fantasies
Bedroom Fantasies
Candidates for Home Party Supervisors write for details.

Subliminal Seduction Tapes™

put more on their mind than just good music ...

Have you always wanted to seduce women without even trying? Better yet have them seduce you! Now you can as easy as turning on your stereo with Audio Subliminal Seduction. This program originally developed by behavioral therapists to **release sensual subconscious fantasies** and bring about heightened sexual desires will add an exciting new dimension to your next romantic encounter. Relax and enjoy the beautiful music that most fits the mood of the evening as your guest suddenly develops an **uncontrollable urge** to do more than just make idle conversation. Guarantee yourself an evening you will never forget by ordering now! A must for any gentleman's collection. Selected cassette programs available in popular and mood classic.

____audio subliminal seduction ***popular***
14.95 cassette only
____audio subliminal seduction ***mood classic***
____14.95 cassette only
____both selected programs 26.90
☐ check ☐ money order
☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard
Account No. ____________ Exp. date______
Signature ____________
NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ____________ STATE______ ZIP______
MIDWEST RESEARCH, 6515 Highland Rd., Suite 203-38 , Pontiac, Mich. 48054.
Satisfaction money back guarantee ©1981

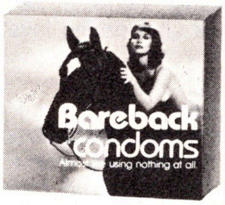
A condom so thin...it could only be named "Bareback."

IT'S ALMOST LIKE USING NOTHING AT ALL.

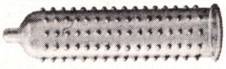
Finally, a condom so super-thin that its very name... Bareback™—spells out the pleasure you're able to achieve.

To produce a safety-tested condom this thin and this sensitive, took years of development. Even its modern lubricant, silky smooth SK-70 feels different. It eliminates the messy wetness associated with some other condom lubricants.

This lubricant, together with this super sensitive condom, offers the natural sensations all men prefer. Bareback. It's what you've always wanted in a condom. And less.



FOR THE TIMES A WOMAN DOESN'T WANT TO BE TREATED GENTLY.



The Rough Rider™ condom is covered from head to shaft with 468 raised studs.
It creates sensations that are far more stimulating than regular textured condoms.
Yet, still sensitive. Lubricated with silky-smooth SK-70.®

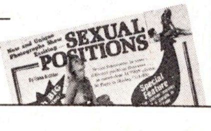
STAMFORD HYGIENIC DEPT. PP-42
733 Canal Street, P.O. Box 932 Stamford Ct. 06904
☐ 6 Bareback & 6 Rough Rider Condoms $5.50
☐ 40 Deluxe Assortment $11.00
☐ 100 Super Deluxe Assortment $21.00
☐ With condom order—3 special offers **REG $34.85** now $17.95
☐ New 40 pg. color catalog $2. (Free with order.)
☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA ☐ Check ☐ M.O. ☐ Cash (Charges $10 min.)
Account # ____________ Expires ____________
Signature ____________
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. SHIPPED IN DISCREET PACKAGES.
OVER 800,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

THESE SPECIAL OFFERS AVAILABLE WITH ANY CONDOM ORDER ONLY:
☐ **ULTRA STAY-LONG $4.95. NOW $2.95**
Now the excitement can last longer than ever, because you'll have the staying power to leave her breathless with ecstasy.

ULTRA STAY LONG

☐ **MOUTH OF LOVE $18.95. NOW $9**
The perfect substitute lover. This variable speed male masturbator will give you the ultimate climax. Batteries included.

☐ **SEXUAL POSITIONS $10.95. NOW $7.95**
An incredible variety of positions in this 224 page book filled with explicit sections on foreplay, oral sex and group sex.



Safe Deposit.

Some people are still looking for a safe place to deposit their money. Some place where they can keep an eye on it at all times.

Well, buying U.S. Savings Bonds is a safe, easy, and profitable way to a safe deposit. Because Bonds can be replaced if they are ever lost, stolen, or destroyed.

Plus, Bonds offer some safe guarantees: like a guaranteed way to save, through the Payroll Savings Plan (a little is taken out of each paycheck automatically); a guaranteed interest rate; and guaranteed tax benefits. And Bonds are backed by the safest, most solid guarantee of all. America.

Add it all up. U.S. Savings Bonds are the safest deposit. You can keep your eye on these *and* watch them grow.

Take stock in America.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

Ad Council A public service of this publication and The Advertising Council.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

shaped and fuzzy like a peach. I like to run my lips against it. He has a great mustache, and I love the great feeling I get when he nuzzles against my swollen pussy. His lips are the best for kissing, large and soft. His cheeks are as soft as a baby's butt. Just putting my face next to his makes me wet. I love the dimple in his chin that I run my thumb across while we are kissing, which he is very good at. He doesn't gobble me up or wet my whole face. He's gentle and pokes his tongue around slowly. He will suck on my lips or nibble them. If he does that too much I'll cream my pants. Is being that turned on by a really good kiss unusual? Is it unusual to be so aroused by my man's facial features? There's a lot more to my man than just cock and ass.—C.F.

I am always happy when my requests produce results: I recently asked, in this column, if anyone was more turned on by faces than by the usual cocks, tits, legs, etc. Thank you for your letter! My own lover, with whom I have been for the last seventeen months, has never stopped fascinating me with his marvelous, lived-in, happy face—unlike some of my younger lovers in the past, who, though they may have had pretty faces, often lacked character. I know, for instance, a very handsome woman in her early fifties who does not have a single line on her face. She is still unmarried and living peacefully with her parents. This spinster has never had a man and never loved or lost anyone dear to her, and therefore her pretty face actually looks to me like a blank piece of paper. Life has written nothing upon it. If someone has a face that is not only sensual but also full of character, then it can be a true pleasure to focus on it during lovemaking.

GO SUCK YOURSELF

Many of my friends and I have discovered that the sight of a full-breasted woman sucking her own tits is a real turn-on. Most recently I asked my wife if she would suck and lick her nipples for me. She thought it was a strange request and impossible to fill. Much to her surprise, she was able to easily lower her head and slide her 36C nipple in her mouth. My question is whether or not this is a normal form of masturbation to a female. I know a male would suck his cock were it possible.

My wife was initially uncomfortable with my request until I suggested that she jerk me off and direct my semen onto her tit, then give me the pleasure of watching her massage, lick, and suck her beautiful nipples. We have also discovered that she really enjoys having me gently massage her tits and ass with a fresh load of warm semen. It feels especially good right around her anus and works as a lubricant to finger-bang her ass hole.—J.M.

I have actually been photographed sucking my own breasts. I held up both my breasts and pushed them together. I could flick my tongue from the left to the right nipple and get my mouth around each areola. It was a great turn-on for me as well as for the photographer. In those days such pictures seemed sensational. Now, anything goes. I would not describe sucking one's own tits as a form of masturbation. Once, however, I experienced an orgasmic sensation when my lover sucked my breasts for almost fifteen minutes, meanwhile masturbating himself. The sight of his tongue flicking my nipples and his hand sliding up and down his shaft made me come simultaneously with him.

Have you tried sitting astride your wife, facing her, with your penis between her breasts and her head supported on a few pillows? Then let her suck your cock and afterward rub it between her breasts. You can do it yourself or she can assist you by rubbing the base of your cock. Then you shoot your load over her tits, chin, or face—whatever turns you or her on. Now, who said sperm could not be used as a body lotion?

PASSION RATIONS

I am twenty-five and my girl friend is twenty. We have been going together for three years now. She is the greatest girl personalitywise, is faithful, and has great looks and a great body as far as I'm concerned. Everything she does turns me on.

For the first six months to a year our sex life was great. We had sex anywhere from two to twelve times a week. She was a real lover, a man's dream come true. Oh, by the way, we have never had intercourse, because we agree we won't until we are married. She is a virgin. When we have sex we have dry sex, with our clothes on.

It used to be I could kiss her and finger her. She would kiss my neck, chest, ears, and lick my chest. She does not like oral sex and won't even touch or look at my penis. I have eaten her twice and she loved it.

Now months have passed and we have sex only two or three times a month. I have to beg and fight for that little bit. She will not relax and says it hurts when I finger her or touch her down there. I can touch and kiss the areas that would drive most girls crazy but it does nothing for her. How do I know if she is frigid and, if so, what can be done about it?

I am the type of guy that could enjoy having sex two or three times a night, seven days a week. I would like to kiss and fondle all areas of her body and have a lot of our foreplay, which used to be good. We did it for hours. Now she wants to get sex over with as fast as possible and she wears out easy. I would like to kiss her feet, legs, thighs, breasts, stomach, pussy, arms, but she will not let me.

I love this girl, and not screwing her until we're married doesn't bother me. I just want sex as often and as good as it used to be. Why did she change, and what can I do to get her back the way she was? Are there any devices or aids? We love each other and everything is great except the sex.—E.S.

I don't know what it is you are having but I wouldn't dare call it sex. I honestly think she is a frigid woman without any sex drive. She might need a more experienced lover to bring her out. If she does not even want to look at your penis before marriage, I doubt if she will ever want to suck it afterward. There must be millions of horny chicks out there waiting for you. Don't waste your devotion on a woman who is obviously a piece of wood.

LET'S GET NOT SO PHYSICAL

I'm a married twenty-five-year-old male and go to college part-time. When I was eighteen a girl my age moved into the house next door to my parents' house. She was a real beauty. We hit it off and spent a lot of time together. One Saturday, when her parents were out of town, I finished my usual lawn mowing and knocked at the screen door. There was no answer but the door was open and I knew she was there, so I went in.

I found her sitting in the living room, fresh out of the shower, dressed in only a robe that left nothing to the imagination. She looked up at me and smiled and told me her folks had left my money on the table. My mouth was hanging open and I just stood there, with my cock trying to escape from my cutoffs. She stood up, walked over to me, knelt, and with my eyes bugged out, gave me my first blowjob. I came instantly, and after swallowing my come she went back to the couch, sat down, leaned back, and said, "Your turn." She never let me fuck her, but we continued eating each other for over a year until they moved to another city.

You've probably heard the old joke where the guy says, "Suck, dammit! 'Blow' is just an expression." Well, in the middle of one of my blowjobs, Cindy let me have it. I was lying back, enjoying her soft lips on my cock and squeezing her nipples, when I felt her lips and teeth tighten around my dick. She blew and the air went in. She released her grip on my cock and the air sort of gurgled out of my cock as it went limp. During the last month of our mouth orgies, she did that four or five times until I told her she was a mean bitch.

There have been six other women between Cindy and my wife of two years. Sue is twenty-six and very attractive. Our relationship started off purely sexual, and even though we're married it has never grown to any other level. When we met, she was fresh out of a bad marriage and I was horny as hell. We spent eight months fucking each other to death. Sex isn't everything, and we have had short separations and talked of divorce, but we're still trying to make it work.

When we read your column, my cock always responds and nothing is sexually out of bounds. I enjoy watching her play with herself while I read, and at some point she throws the magazine down and dives onto my tool. Sue is a better cocksucker than Cindy or any other woman I've had. She sucks on my balls and then guides her tongue up the shaft to the tip and then deep-throats me. I play with her tits and pussy or let her sit on my face until she has to have my cock in her pussy. If we've been fucking a lot, I can last forty-five minutes or an hour and make her come a dozen times. When we were first together, we screwed five or six times a night, but now once is about it. If I'm really horny, we know it will be short, and she uses her vibrator until she's ready. On the few occasions when we've gone at it for a second time, usually about halfway through, I began to lose my hard-on. And that's why I'm writing you. Sometimes it's even difficult to get it up the first time.

Is it possible that Cindy injured something when she blew into my cock? Or maybe I've just lost interest in Sue. I love her, but sex is the only basis of our relationship, and between the arguing we do and my problems, even that's a chore.

I have tried to get her to consider swing-

Send For Our
FREE CATALOG!
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR INHIBITIONS

At Stamford Hygienic, we recognize what sex researchers have long known...that sexual aids are a perfectly normal, healthy way to realize your full sexual potential.

Our new 40 page color catalog of adult books, erotic sex aids, condoms, lingerie, and much more arrives in our discreet envelope. We promise you products of the highest quality. Books, lotions, sex aids can be yours **FREE** with every order!

OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER:
7" VIBRATOR
(Regularly $6.50)—For only $2.00
☐ Free 40 page "For Lovers Only" Catalog.
☐ 7" Vibrator $2.00 with Catalog.
I am over 18.
© 1982

Name __________
Address __________
City __________
State __________ Zip __________

STAMFORD HYGIENIC CORP. Dept. PP-43
733 Canal St., P.O. Box 932, Stamford, CT 06904

50% off XXX Films!
SAVE on Swedish Erotica, Diamond Collection & other HOT films!

This is a very special situation, so first come, first served. 40%-50% off regular price of $30.00 each. We've only got a limited supply at these prices and we can't sell them by title, but we can guarantee you films that are so hot they may burn a hole through the plain package we ship them in. Just indicate your choice of Regular or Super-8 and tell us whether you want one for $18 (40% off) or two different sizzlers for $30 (50% off).

Supply is limited. So, hurry and don't miss out. Each film will satisfy your high standards in every way or return it for a prompt refund (less p & h, of course). Better order two at half price right now!

Top Films like *Mouthful, College Girls Vacation, The Screamer, Rear Door Entry, Sailor & Babysitter,* and many more!

Top stars like Seka, John Holmes, Annette Haven, Johnny Keyes, Serena, Jamie Gillis, and all your other favorites.

© 1982 21st Century Products, Inc.,
111 Brook Street, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

21st Century Products, Dept. WMJ309
P.O. Box 1048, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

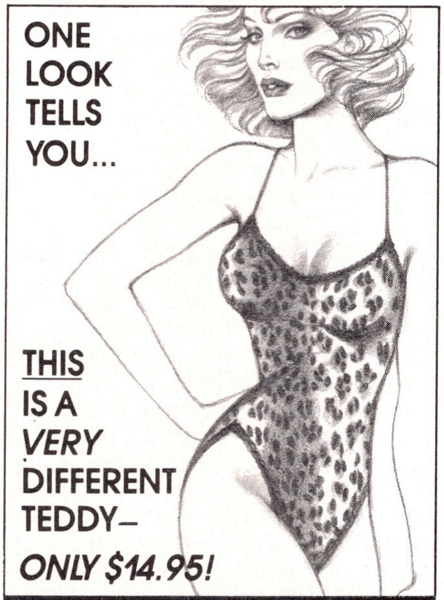
Please rush me the film(s) indicated below in a plain package. I understand if I am not completely satisfied, I may return them within 10 days for a prompt refund of my purchase price (less p&h).

Check appropriate box: (N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax)
#456, One ☐ Reg. 8mm., ☐ Super-8 XXX film for $18.00 + $1.50 p&h (Total: $19.50).
#458, Two ☐ Reg. 8mm., ☐ Super-8 XXX films for $30.00 + $2.00 p&h (Total: $32.00).

Mr., Mrs., Miss, Ms. __________
Address __________
City __________
State __________ Zip __________
☐ MC ☐ Visa Exp. Date __________
Acct. # __________

NOTICE! SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED!
I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature __________
(No Canadian Orders will be accepted for these films.)


ONE LOOK TELLS YOU...
THIS IS A *VERY* DIFFERENT TEDDY—
ONLY $14.95!

WEAR ONE AND PROVE IT!

Skin-tight, leopard-print, high-cut leg, super fit, super stretch Lycra Spandex. An exercise suit, or bathing suit— or undies. Petite, small, medium, or large. Order your teddy today. Use your MC or Visa. Send $14.95 plus $2.50 for postage and handling to:

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD™
Dept. DAS0146 P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631.

CALL TOLL-FREE 800-526-4797
Due to health laws item is not returnable.

GARTERS
Sexy Black garter comes with no-tear plastic clips. $8.95.

SEXY STOCKINGS
Black sheer nylon stockings in sizes A(8½-9). B(9½-10). C(10½-11). $5.95.

GARTER and STOCKINGS ONLY $12.50!

NEW SEX MANUAL
An Adam & Eve Exclusive
Complete Manual of Sexual Positions is a brand new book of sexual positions with over 200 photos — many in blazing color — features foreplay, the P.C. muscle, threesomes, and a multitude of positions for couples including anal and oral positions.

Extra! The latest detailed information on the Grafenberg Spot. When properly stimulated, this "G-spot" can lead to intense, unique orgasms of a power never before thought possible.

Explicit 7" x 10" paperback is the most complete picture book of sexual positions ever offered. Nationally advertised at $14.95, now available for just $9.95 with money-back guarantee.

FREE PHOTO BOOK
To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exclusive line of sexual bestsellers, we're making an unprecedented introductory offer. A FREE 176-page book bursting with erotic photos of a beautiful nude couple whose intimate embraces reveal the full passion of sexual love. Send just $2.00 for postage and handling, and we'll rush your free photo book to you.

SEXUAL POSITIONS
Would you believe 12 variations of the Missionary Position alone? This incredible turn-on of a book is just bursting with the most imaginative sexual positions ever, with new photographs never before published anywhere! 224 action packed pages in color and black & white — plus a special feature, flip-corner "movies" of a couple in action. Treat yourself and your lover to an unforgettable experience! "New Sale Price" $8.95. Your money refunded in full if you are not completely satisifed.

SEXUAL MASTERPIECE
Intercourse Illustrated is a sexual masterpiece with over 200 up-close, explicit photos of erotic sex positions! Rear entry, side-to-side, standing and acrobatic positions — plus some delightful oral sex variations for you to enjoy! This incredible volume is filled with hundreds of exciting sex techniques that will bring a spontaneous, joyful excitement to your lovemaking. This oversized volume is available at a special introductory price, $9.95.

SAVE! SPECIAL BOOK COMBINATION OFFERS!
Combination A: Intercourse Illustrated and Complete Manual $16.95.
Combination B: All Six Books: $26.50.

ADAM & EVE GUIDE
Over 100 full-page black & white photos present nearly all the ways you and your love partner can stimulate, arouse and satisfy each other. Features frank, explicit photos on sex positions, arousal techniques, and oral sex to name a few. An incredible introductory price — just $4.95!

101 SEXUAL POSITIONS
That's right! Over 100 sexual positions are included in this all-new photo book of sexual love. In 101 Sexual Positions, you will learn techniques handed down through the ages and lavishly illustrated in dozens of never-before-published photos. 176 pages. Introductory price, only $4.98.

SPECIAL CONDOMS!
Your choice of the best men's contraceptives, including Trojans, ribbed Texture Plus, and NEW DOUBLE PLAY, the revolutionary new condom that stimulates both inside and outside. For men who prefer a snugger fit, we offer Slims — the condom that is 5% smaller. Choose from 36 brands of condoms, including natural membrane, textured and colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Sample pack of 22 condoms: $5.00.

GUARANTEE
Use and enjoy your Adam & Eve sexual aids for 10 days! If you are not absolutely satisfied with your order, you may return the merchandise to us, and your money will be refunded in full — no questions asked!

Adam & Eve **P.O. Box 900, Dept. PH-79**
Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush in plain package under money-back guarantee.

☐ #1WW Sexy Garters	$ 8.95
☐ #4WW Black Stockings (Size_____)	$ 5.95
☐ #5WW Garters and Stockings (Size_____)	$12.50
☐ #26G New Sex Manual	$ 9.95
☐ #FB2 Free Photo Book	$ 2.00
☐ #H4 Sexual Positions	$ 8.95
☐ #GG9 Sexual Masterpiece (Intercourse Illustrated)	$ 9.95
☐ #7LL Adam & Eve Guide	$ 4.95
☐ #9L 101 Sexual Positions	$ 4.98
☐ #C6 Special Condoms Sampler	$ 5.00
☐ #52B Book Combination A	$16.95
☐ #57B Book Combination B	$26.50

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ______

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON ALL ITEMS

ing without telling her how serious I am. I've also considered having an affair just to see if my problem is our relationship instead of me. I thought of seeing my doctor, but he has the bedside manner of a clipboard and is not the type you tell that someone blew in your cock.—P.W.

You really should see a doctor, even if you have to go to a specialist. Tell him you are occasionally suffering from erection problems. I also think that your marriage is really on the rocks. The sour moments and negative aspects of living with a woman with whom you have nothing in common may well be the reason for your power failure. Before you try swinging, I would suggest you start a flirtation with someone else, even if it does not mean going to bed with her. The way your cock responds may be indicative of where your problem lies. Once things are resolved, try looking for something more than sex.

PRIVATE LESSONS

My wife and I live in an average middle-class neighborhood. You know, kids, dogs, lawns, and a station wagon in every driveway. My wife and I both work, and her job takes her out of town occasionally. Recently, while my wife was away, I had an interesting visit from Collene, a girl who lives in the neighborhood. She asked if she could come in and talk with me about a problem of hers, namely, her boyfriend.

We sat down in the living room, and Collene really floored me with her problem. She said her boyfriend, Mark, wouldn't have sex with her because she was an "inexperienced virgin." I was speechless, then told her she should discuss her problem with her girl friends, not me. She told me her girl friends told her to talk to an older guy. She told me she had been taking the pill for six months, so that wasn't a problem with Mark. She asked if I thought she was sexy enough. I told her yesssss! because she is a real cute kid and really built nice. That wasn't a problem. It was back to her inexperience with sex. She asked me if I could show her some things about sex and making love. I told her she should leave, because all I need is a neighborhood mistress. Collene wouldn't leave, since she knew my wife would be gone for two days. She told her mother she would be staying with one of her girl friends who was going to cover for her if her mom called. I asked her again to leave, but she unbuttoned her blouse to reveal a sheer bra surrounding two small but firm breasts with gorgeous, hard, deep-red, protruding nipples. "Am I turning you on?" she asked.

I was speechless. I was just enjoying her young beautiful body. Next she peeled off her skintight jeans to reveal two fabulous legs and a pair of white panties to match her bra. She then came over and sat in my lap as I almost passed out. She said to take her upstairs and teach her how to screw. I was overcome. I couldn't control myself.

I took Collene to my bed to begin her lesson. First I tongued her virgin pussy for an eternity, and she really loved it. I was rock-solid and wanted to get into her virgin snatch. As I eased it in I told her to have me stop if it hurt her. I slowly pushed my cock in as she moaned and squirmed. When I was all the way in I could feel that I was stretching her, because my head was pressed against the end of her vagina. Collene didn't mind, though, because she started to meet my every thrust. She was so tight she seemed to stick right to my cock. I nibbled her breasts and nipples, getting her really excited as her juices started to flow freely. When I came she told me she could feel it spurting inside her. She clung to me and wouldn't let go even as I started to get soft. When I took it out of her she asked how she could make me hard again. I told her to suck on my cock if she wanted to. Collene was very gentle and her soft lips got me hard in about twenty minutes. She kept sucking, trying to get my entire dick into her mouth. I told her she would have to push my dick down her throat. She tried it several times until about fifteen minutes and fifty gags later she succeeded. After she took all of my dick she moved up and down my shaft, almost making me come.

I laid her back down and tongued her

some more before sticking my dick into her small, tight, well-lubricated hole. She loved every minute, moving with me like a shadow. Then she shrieked and dug her nails into my back. "Ooooh, it feels sooo good, better than before," she said. I suppose she was coming for the first time. When I got my rocks off again we took a rest and talked about sex. She stayed the night and we had sex two more times. When she awoke in the morning, Collene said she was sore but otherwise felt terrific! I asked her to leave because I was afraid I would be caught with this eighteen-year-old nymph. When Collene left she told me she would never tell anyone about last night. It was "our secret," I agreed. We kissed and she was off. About two months passed before my wife had to go out of town on business again, and as I returned home from dropping her at the airport, there was Collene on the patio. "I'm ready for another lesson," she said. I couldn't resist, so we went and spent another night together as teacher and student in sex education.—R.T.W.

When I was a teenager I was not even allowed to wear any makeup, barely permitted to wear a plain brassiere, and was still wearing socks instead of panty hose. Boyfriends were heavily checked out by my parents, and they were never much older than myself. I was, of course, always falling in love either with a schoolteacher or an older boy at school, but it merely remained at just dreaming about him or writing in my diary. Even masturbating was something that happened rarely and often by accident (on the bike or in a swimming pool when standing in front of the water spigot) or while half-dreaming in bed with a pillow between my legs. It may have been a damn old-fashioned upbringing but, by God, we had dreams and ideals and lots of fantasies. I lost my virginity at the age of seventeen to a boyfriend I had been dating for two years. In those two years we taught each other all about sex, from touching to kissing to necking to mutual masturbation and finally to fellatio (since cunnilingus was something I didn't even know existed in those days). Looking back at my youth and comparing it with many young people's experiences nowadays, I can only say . . . it was wonderful being a child, becoming a teenager, and finally blossoming into a young woman.

Of course it must have been fun for you to screw and inaugurate a virgin. I myself have done the same with various young boys. I think making it with teenagers is highly unsatisfactory, though. For a sexual kick, yes, but to carry on a relationship, forget it. Leave the young kid to her own young boyfriends.

Sometimes, when I have just fallen in love again, I fantasize about being a virgin and I wish I never screwed all those men. On the other hand, I would never have become the mature TOTAL WOMAN I feel I am now. Virginity used to be a virtue; now it seems to be a hazard.

"There is nothing wrong with feeling good, but feeling too good can be a crime, that is, if you take your pleasure from prescribed or unprescribed substances."

A NATURAL LIFT!

REPRINT

Energy ● Stamina ● Feeling of well being

A Report on L-2000™ – The Safe Alternative.

☐ There is nothing wrong with feeling good, but feeling too good can be a crime, that is, if you take your pleasure from prescribed substances.

But what if I told you that you could purchase a pill – without prescription – that increased mental alertness and decreased hunger and fatigue? What it I mentioned further that the substance in the pill is 100 percent organic? You would probably be as skeptical as I was when I recently learned of L-2000™.

Lapsang, a variety of the shrub *thea sinensis*, grows wild in Assan as a tree of considerable size with leaves somewhat larger than those of the shrubby form cultivated in China. In China, *thea sinensis* (L-2000™) has been grown for 4,000 years or more. The shrub was introduced into Japan during the 13th Century, then into India, Ceylon and other parts of the East Indies toward the mid-19th Century.

L-2000™ is prepared by cutting, drying and rolling the leaves of stems of the mature plant. The ancient Chinese aristocracy promised a feeling of:

1. Increased mental clarity
2. Alertness and brighter spirits
3. More aware and discriminating sensations
4. Loss of appetite
5. A surge of sustained energy

天

In a symposium on the pharmacology and the physiological and psychological effects of L-2000™ *(thea sinensis)*, Dr. Phillips Frohman, Ph.D., M.D., stated, "The ability of *thea sinensis* (L-2000™) to make life just a little more pleasant is *unquestionable*." It has been said that L-2000™ "induces a state of consciousness midway between gently excitement and easy repose"..."The old and the young, the sick and the well are capable of enjoying this soothing lift." *Wow!*

Apparently, L-2000™'s wondrous powers cure certain types of headaches, neuralgia, menstral distress and bowel complications. But the claims pale in comparison to its elevating effects. Despite the natural suspicion that nothing as promising as L-2000™ can be either available or harmless. M. Grieve – author of "A Modern Herbal", a classic reference source – confirms L-2000™'s potency: "It is a gentle excitant and serviceable where the brain is irritated or depressed by mental exertion, or where there is fatigue or exhaustion."

L-2000™ has long been sold worldwide in many various forms. Recently, the tablet was introduced here in the United States and suddenly L-2000™ took off. The Food and Drug Administration has adopted a wait-and-see attitude.

But how do everyday people react to this natural, miracle lift? Douglas B., a Hollywood television director, states, "I love L-2000™. I first used Lapsang as a diet to quickly lose 10 pounds but I soon discovered its (L-2000™'s) ability to give me unbelievable amount of energy during long shooting days. Now I keep L-2000™ with me all the time."

Daniel S., an award-winning art director, says **of L-2000™, "This stuff gives me a lift! I mean** *really*... it makes me feel great! How can I put it in any other words – my creativity level is alway higher after I use L-2000™." Phil L., a truck driver from Houston, Tex., relates, "All you get on the road is tired and fat. Now, I can drive longer and I don't get jittery or nervous, or get that **heavy crash that you get from certain pills and other kinds of speed." Sheila G., actress** and model, New York, N.Y.: "Being a model, I have to constantly watch my weight. A couple of pounds over and I'm out of business. With L-2000™, I can eat less and work longer – really feeling up! It not only makes me feel good, it makes me look great." Bonnie C., secretary, Chicago, Ill., says, "We all have had bad days at the office...my answer to those days is L-2000™. Laura P. a waitress in Boston Mass., explains, "Working in a restaurant you tend to nibble *all* the time. One of my regular customers turned me on to L-2000™ when I was complaining about gaining weight...well, I'm not gaining weight anymore, because I don't *feel* like nibbling."

Of course, L-2000™, with all its newfound endorsement and controversy, is bound to meet the usual resistance from the major pharmaceutical companies. But, the Food and Drug Administration, which regulates and classifies such substances, will be hard-pressed to halt the importation of this miracle leaf, L-2000™. Remember L-2000™ has been utilized and its benefits have been confirmed for over 4,000 years. That, in itself, is amazing.

DIRECT SHIPMENT FORM

☐ 60 L-2000™ Tablets $19.95 ______
☐ 120 L-2000™ Tablets $37.60 ______
☐ 180 L-2000™ Tablets $52.50 ______
Add $2.00 Shipping & Processing $ 2.00
Total Enclosed ______

Send Check or Money Order (no C.O.D.) or charge to my VISA ☐ or MASTERCARD ☐

#__________ exp. date ______
Name __________
Address __________
City __________
State __________ Zip ______

Mail to: The Robertson-Taylor Co.
781 W. Oakland Park Blvd., Suite 290
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33311 PH-L2

COMING IN THE MAY PENTHOUSE®

MICHAEL SULLIVAN/BLACK STAR

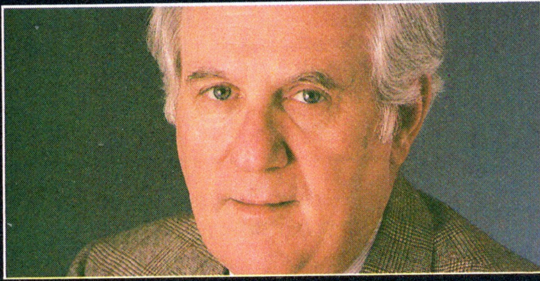
PRISON GUARDS

Violent assaults upon correction officers have become terrifyingly commonplace these days—in New York State alone they now average fifty to sixty a month. But correction officers, unlike the inmates they oversee, have been overlooked by the mass media and civil liberties organizations. In this major, explosive report, author Michael Disend travels inside the often insane and deadly world of today's prisons to interview these "forgotten men," men whose existence is in daily peril. "The inmates are not the ones being terrorized," one guard told Disend. Prisoners who fear for their lives can ask to be put in protective custody. Guards don't have that privilege. As one correction officer said: "I'm doing twenty-five to life here . . . except I'm doing it in eight-hour shifts." You won't want to miss this timely article—as contemporary as the next deadly prison revolt.

DANIEL NOBORI

ARARAT

When D. M. Thomas's best-selling novel *The White Hotel* was first published, it was instantly acclaimed as a literary tour de force. Now, in *Ararat*, Thomas has turned the corner into another dimension—constructing a story within a story. By brilliantly weaving the real with the surreal, Thomas has skillfully crafted the tale of a much-praised storyteller and *his* tale of unrelenting power and obsession, excerpted next month in *Penthouse.*



JOHN MUTH

MARITAL RAPE

Sidney Siller, one of our most prominent divorce lawyers, has a word of warning to America's husbands: "Without third-party corroboration, your bride can say you raped her at any time during your marriage, and that simple charge could lead to your arrest, prosecution, and jail in eleven states." In an angry, outspoken "Advise & Dissent," Siller, president of the New York Criminal and Civil Courts Bar Association, shows how a few feminist leaders have managed to write their obsessions into law and warns that unless men organize in self-defense, the very privacy of their marriages will be invaded by the specter of women's liberation.

JOHN COPELAND

LOSING IT IN THE EIGHTIES

The winning of the sexual revolution meant the end of guilt, the beginning of new freedom, and a better time to be had by all. And one of the major fringe benefits was that losing one's virginity no longer had to be the momentous, anxiety-fraught experience (where's my orgasm? so that was it? how did I do?) it used to be back in the good old/bad old days. Today teenagers are definitely losing it sooner, but are they really getting anything more out of it? Writer Marjorie Rosen interviewed a number of recently deflowered persons to find out what the rites of passage are all about in the liberated eighties. The results of her survey may surprise you. And if you disagree, *Penthouse* offers a losing-it-in-the-eighties questionnaire of its own for you to fill out and send back to us. Stipulation: those who paid up before January 1, 1980, need not apply.

Myers's. The first collection of luxury rums.

MYERS'S
WORLD FAMOUS
MYERS'S RUM
Platinum White
FRED L. MYERS & SON CO.
ARECIBO, PUERTO RICO
PUERTO RICAN RUM
WORLD FAMOUS ·IMPORTED·
MYERS'S RUM
Original Dark
THE PLANTERS' PUNCH BRAND
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
DISTILLED IN JAMAICA UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION FOR MYERS RUM COMPANY LTD. NASSAU, BAHAMAS. SUCCESSORS TO
FRED L. MYERS & SON
FOUNDED 1879
KINGSTON, JAMAICA
WORLD FAMOUS
MYERS'S RUM
Golden Rich
PRODUCED BY
FRED L. MYERS & SON CO.
ARECIBO, PUERTO RICO
750 ML · 80 PROOF
PUERTO RICAN RUM

Miniature model sailing ships, circa 1880's. Royal Louis, French gun ship. USCG Eagle, Coast Guard training ship. La Reale, French cargo ship.

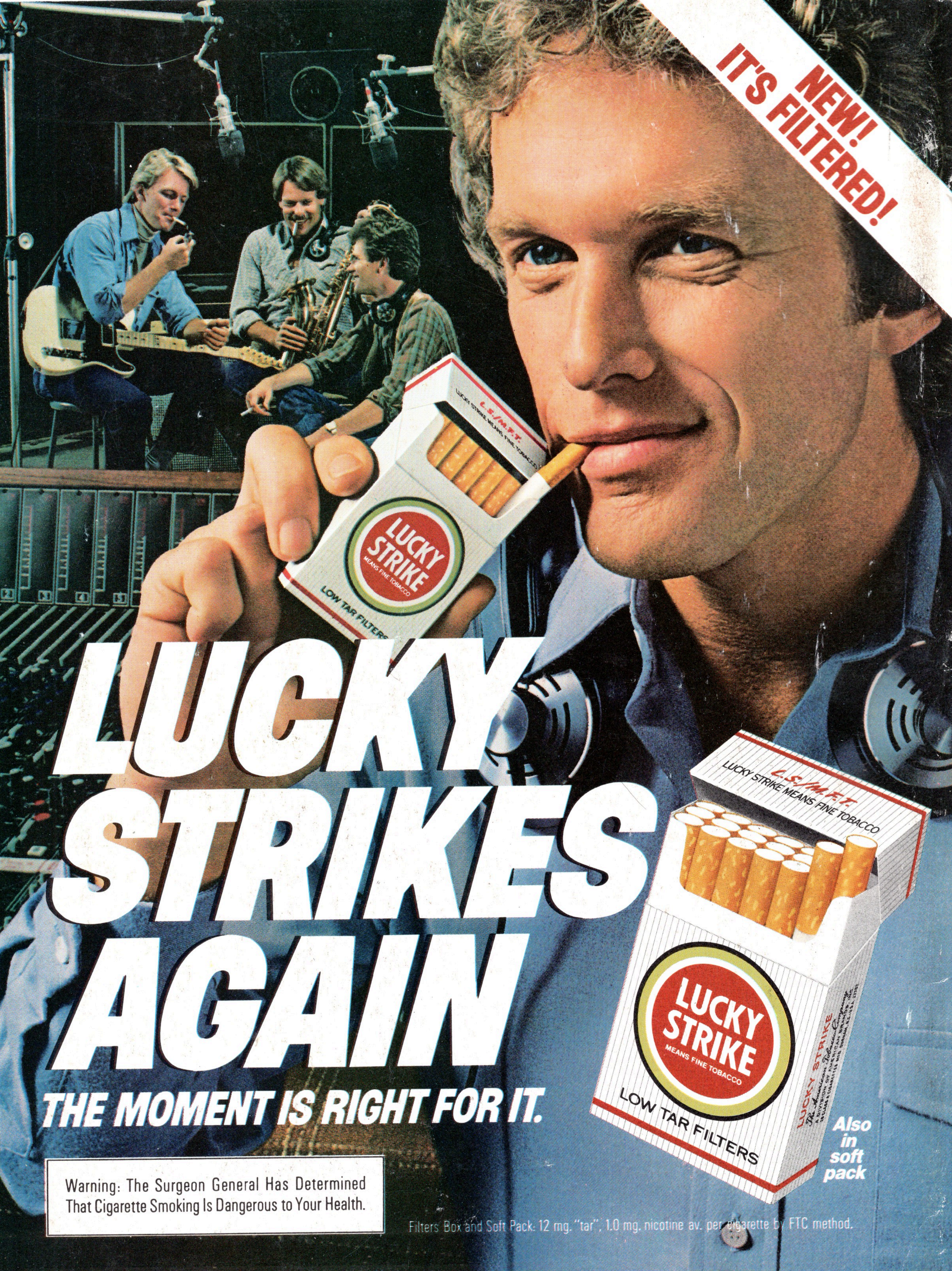
MYERS'S PLATINUM WHITE. Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

MYERS'S ORIGINAL DARK. The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The Beginning of the Myers's Flavor Legend.

MYERS'S GOLDEN RICH. A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.

Myers's Rums. The taste is priceless.

MYERS'S RUMS, 80 PROOF, FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. ORIGINAL DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN ARECIBO, P.R.


NEW!
IT'S FILTERED!
L.S./M.F.T.
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
LUCKY STRIKE
MEANS FINE TOBACCO
LOW TAR FILTERS
LUCKY STRIKES AGAIN
THE MOMENT IS RIGHT FOR IT.
Also in soft pack

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filters Box and Soft Pack: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.